

A
COLLECTION,
Of One Hundred and Eighty
Loyal Songs,
All Written since 1678.

And Intermixt with several New

LOVE SONGS.

To which is Added,

THE NOTES

Set by Several

MASTERS of MUSICK.

With a Table to find every Song.

The Fourth Edition with many Additions.

L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be Sold by *Richard Butts*, in *Princesſ-street* in *Covent-Garden*. 1694.

Price Bound 2 s.

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The Preface.
To the Reader.

Amongst the several means that have been of late years to reduce the deluded Multitude to their just Allegiance, this of BALLADS and LOYAL SONGS has not been of the least influence, While the Fergusons, and Heads of the Factions were blowing up Sedition in every corner of the Countrey, these flying Choristers were asserting the Rights of Monarchy, and proclaiming Loyalty in every street. The mis-inform'd Rabble began to listen; they began to hear to Truth in a SONG; in time found their Errours, and were charm'd into Obedience. Those that despise the Reverend Prelate in the Pulpit, and the Grave Judge on the Bench; that will neither submit to the Laws of God or Man, will yet lend an itching Ear to a Loyal Song, nay, and often become a Convert by It, when all other means prove

The Preface.

*ineffectual. Divine Herbert has it
excellently express'd, where he says,*

*A Verse may find him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.*

It cannot be imagined how many scatter'd Flocks this melodious Tingling hath reduced to their Princely Hives, who otherwise had never been brought under the Discipline of Obedience or Government.

*And, without ostentation I may say, I printed my News-Papers and divers other Pamphlets (that always vindicated the King and Government) to undeceive the People, who were daily impos'd upon by Curtis, Smith, Harris, Care, Vile, Baldwin, Janeway, &c. when no body else would or durst. For This the malice of the Factious Party swell'd so high against me, that They, with the assistance of a certain Instrument, (who swore through two Brick-walls before Oates appear'd,) caus'd me to be imprison'd six times, so that for above six years I was never
free*

The Preface.

as free from Trouble, having seldom less than 3 or 4 Indictments at a Sessions against Me; at other times Informations in the Crown-Office, which villainous contrivances of their Agents, cost Me at least 500*l.* in Money, besides the loss of My Trade and Reputation; The principal Crimes they alledged against Me, were, Let Oliver now be forgotten, a Song; A Huy and Cry after T. Oates when turn'd from White-Hall; The Character of an Ignoramus Doctor; A Dialogue between the Devil and the Doctor; The Prisoners Lamentation for the loss of Sheriff Bethel; All which Phamphlets tended to no other evil, than the laying open the Villanies of Oates and the rest of his Perjur'd Disciples: And when these things were almost blown over, this Varlet quarrels again with Oates's Manifesto; because it so plainly discovers the Impossibilities and Contradictions of Oates in the whole course of his Evidencing: But (thanks be to God) Tempora mutantur, &c. and

The Preface.

Truth daily shines more and more.
For now this Villain is detected, and
turn'd out of his Employment with Dis-
grace, and consequently made incapable
of doing further Mischief to any of his
Majesties Loyal Subjects: But to give
him his due, he drain'd their Purses, for
in 9 Months time they publicly gave
him above 80 l. besides many private
Gratuities, with hearty Thanks for his
good Service, often affirming he did the
Cause more good than a 1000 Men.

These Collections (being of so much
use to detect the Scandalous Lies and
Fallhoods of the Faction, and to
keep the strong-headed Beast within the
Reigns of Obedience) I thought fit to
publish, that the World may see I have
not been Idle in the worst of times,
but have done my endeavour (to the ut-
most of my Talent) for the Interest of
the KING and Government; which
That they may flourish in spite of
all his Adversaries,

Is the hearty Prayers of

Your most Humble Servant.

N T.

Nath: Thompson.

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A choice Collection of *Loyal SONGS*.

The Tune, *How Unhappy is Phillis in Love,*



1.

L Et *Oliver* now be forgotten,
His Policy's quite out of *Dores* ;
Let *Bradshaw* and *Hewson* lie rotten,
Like Sons of *Fanatical Whores* :
For *Toney's* grown a *Patrician*,
By voting damn'd *Sedition*,
For many years
Fam'd *Politician*,
The Mouth of all *Presbyter Peers*.

2.

Old *Toney* a *Turn-coat* at *Wore'ster*,
Yet swore he'd maintain the *King's Right*,
But *Toney* did swagger and bluster,
Yet never drew *Sword* on his side ;
For *Toney's* like an old *Stallion*,
He has still the *Pox* of *Rebellion*,
And never was found ;
Like the *Camelion*,
Still changing his shape and his ground.

B

3. Old

3.

Old *Rowley's* return'd (Heav'n's bless Him)
 From Exile and Danger set free;
 Old *Toney* made hast to address Him,
 And swore none more Loyal than He:
 The King, who knew him a Traytor,
 And saw him Squint like a Satyr;
 Yet, through his grace,
 Pardon'd the matter,
 And gave him since the *Purse* and the *Mace*.

4.

And now little Chancellor *Toney*
 With Honour had feather'd his wing,
 He carefully pick'd up the money,
 But never a Groat for the King:
 But *Toney's* luck was confounded,
 The Duke soon smoak'd him a *Round-head*;
 From head to heel
Toney was founded,
 And great *York* put a Spoke in his Wheel.

5.

And now little *Toney* in passion,
 Like Boy that had nettl'd his breech,
 Maliciously took an occasion
 To make a most delicate Speech;
 He told the King, like a *Croney*,
 If he e'r hop'd to have money,
 He must be rul'd:
 Oh fine *Toney*!
 Was ever Potent Monarch so school'd?

6.

The King issues out Proclamation,
 By learned and loyal advice;
 But *Toney* possesses the Nation
 The Council will never be wise:
 For *Toney* is madder and madder,
 And *Monmouth's* blown like a Bladder,

And L-----ce too,
Who grows gladder,
That they the great York are like to subdue.

7.

But Destiny shortly will cross it,
For Toney's grown gouty and sick;
Inspight of his Spiggot and Fawceter,
The States-man must go to Old Nick:
For Toney rails at the *Papist*,
Yet he himself is an *Atheist*,
Though so precise,
Foolish and Apish,
Like holy *Quack*, or *Priest* in disguise.

8

But now let this Rump of the Law see
A Maxim as learned in part,
Whoe'r with his Prince is too sawcy,
'Tis fear'd he's a Traytor in's heart:
Th en Toney cease to be witty
By buzzing Treason i'th' City,
And love the King;
So ends my Ditty;
Or else maist thou die, like a Dog, in a string.

The Conspiracy: Or, the Discovery of the Fanatick Plot.

1.

L Et *Pickering* now be forgotten,
Old *Rumbold* has wip'd off his scores;
Since *Presbyter Jack* went a Plotting,
The *Jesuits* turn'd out of doors:
For brewing, swilling of Treason,
King-killing without reason,
Of all the pack,
Noble or Peasant,
None can exceed old *Presbyter Jack*.

2.

First, the hot *Sectaries* Voted,
'Twas Treason to murder the King;

B 2

And

4 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

And next the bold *Regicides* Plotted
 To compass the very same thing :
 Their *Votes* and *Arbitrary Power*,
 That sent the Lords to the Tower,
 We now see plain,
 Every hour,
 They'd the old Game play over again.

3.

Rumsey and *Rumbold* indented
 At *Hodsdon* their Ambush to bring ;
 But *Heav'n* and the *Fire* prevented,
 And *Providence* guarded the King :
 The *Whigs* the Treason propounded ;
 But when the Trumpet sounded
 For *Cambridgeshire*,
 All were confounded,
 Taken, or fled, both *Peasant* and *Peer*.

4.

Monmouth for wit, who was able
 To make to a Crown a Pretence,
 The Head and the Hope of the Rabble,
 A *Loyal* and *Politick* Prince :
 But now he's gone into *Holland*,
 To be a King of *no-Land*,
 Or else must be
 Monarch of *Poland* ;
 Was ever Son so Loyal as He?

5.

Lord *Gray*, and *Armstrong* the Bully,
 (That prudent and politick *Knight*)
 Who made of his Grace such a Cully,
 Together have taken their flight.
 Is this your Races, Horse-matches,
 His Grace's swift Dispatches
 From Shire to Shire ?
 Under the Hatches,
 Now above-Deck they dare not appear.

A Collection of Loyal Songs.

5

6.

Brave *Ruffel*, and *Sydney* the Bully,
That stood for the holy *Old Cause*;
And *Trenchard* drawn in for a Cully,
In spight of Allegiance and Laws;
And *Wildman* too, with his Cannon,
With *Walcot*, *Hone* and *Aaren*,
With *Mead* and *Bourn*,
Every man, on
To *Tyburn* goes the next in his turn.

7

Next, Valiant and Noble Lord *H---*d,
That formerly dealt in *Lambs-wool*,
And knows what it is to be Tower'd,
By Impeaching may fill the Jayls full,
And, next to him, Cully *Brandon*,
The Wity and famous *Hind*,
Must take his place,
Who did abandon
All Loyalty, Religion and Grace.

8.

Hone and *Romfe*, the King and His Brother,
That they were to kill 'em confest,
And now they hang up one another,
Holms, *Blaney*, *Lee*, *Walcot*, and *West*:
May all such Traytors, discarded,
To *Tyburn* be well guarded,
And ev'ry thing
Be forewarded,
That would oppose so gracious a King.

6 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

The Whigs Exalration. To an old Tune of Forty One.



Now, now the *Tories* all shall stoop,
 Religion, and the Laws,
 And *Whigs* on *Commonwealth* get up,
 To rap the *Good Old Cause*:
Tantivy-boys shall all go down,
 And haughty *Monarchy*,
 The *leathern Cap* shall brave the *Throne*,
 Then *hey boys up go we!*

2.

When once that *Antichristian Crew*
 Are crush'd and overthrown,
 We'll teach the *Nobles* how to bow,
 And keep their *Gentry* down.
 Good manners has a bad repute,
 And tends to *Pride*, we see;
 We'll therefore cry all *Breeding* down,
 And *hey boys up go we!*

3.

The name of *Lord* shall be abhorr'd,
 Forev'ry mans a *Brother*;
 What reason then in *Church* or *State*
 One man should rule another?

Thus

Thus having peel'd and plunder'd all,
And levell'd each degree,
We'll make their plumpy young Daughters fall,
And he boys up go we!

4.

What though the KING and *Parliament*
Cannot accord together,
We have good cause to be content,
This is our Sun-shine weather;
For if good *Reason* should take place,
And they should both agree,
D'zounds who'd be in a *Round-heads* case?
For hey then up go we.

5.

We'll down with all the *Verfities*
Where *Learning* is profest:
For they still Practice, and Maintain
The *Language of the Beast*;
We'll Exercise in every Grove,
And Preach beneath a Tree;
We'll make a *Pulpit* of a *Tab*,
Then hey Boyes up go we.

6.

The *Whigs* shall rule *Committee-chair*,
Who will such *Laws* invent,
As shall Exclude the *Lawful Heir*
By *Act of Parliament*:
We'll cut his *Royal Highness* down,
Ev'n shorter by the *Knee*,
That He shall never reach the *Throne*,
Then hey Boyes up go we.

7.

We'll smite the *Idol* in *Guild-hall*,
And then (as we were wont,)
We'll cry it was a *Popish-Plot*,
And swear those Rogues have don't,
His *Royal-Highness* to Un-throne
Our Interest will be,

8 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

For if He e're enjoy his own,
Then hey Boyes up go we.

8.

W'l break the Windows which the Whore
Of *Babylon* has Painted ;
And when their *Bishops* are pull'd down,
Our *Ellers* shall be *Sainted* :
Thus having quite enslav'd the *Throne*,
Pretending to set free,
At length the *Gallows* claims its own,
Then hey Boyes up go we.

A new Song on the Fan. Plot, Tune, Hey Boyes up go we.

NOW, now the Plot is all come out,
That caus'd our Doubts and Fears,
And all the Tribe that made the Rout,
Both *Commoners* and *Peers* ;
The mighty Patrons of the Cause,
'Gainst *Pagan Popery*,
Who rais'd a Gibbet for our *Foes*,
And hey Boyes up go we.

2.

With Sanctify'd Religious Zeal
The Brethren did agree
To raise our Ancient *Commonweal*
On Christian Liberty :
To underminethe Church and State,
And blow up *Monarchy* ;
But now, alas ! 'tis our own Fate,
And hey Boyes up go we.

3.

A holy Covenant we took,
To sacrifice the King,
And next to him the Royal Duke,
A Bloody Offering ;
For which, according to the Vote,
The *Papists* all shou'd die ;

But

A Collection of Loyal Songs.

9

But now the *Saints* have chang'd their note;
And hey Boyes up go we.

4.

Our Zealous Covenanting *Saints*,
Associating *Peers*,
Each heart for fear with *Patience* pants,
To lose more than his Ears ;
Toney's dead, and *Monmouth's* fled,
The Helm is turn'd a Lee
The *Plot* (the Nail) is knock'd o'th head,
And hey then up go we.

5.

No longer may the *Papists* boast
Their Bloody black Designs :
Old *Rome* thy Ancient Glory's lost,
For all thy Learn'd Divines :
For Royal Murders, Treasons base,
And matchless Treachery,
The *Jesuits* must now give place,
And hey Boys up go we.

6.

How well did we contrive the *Plot*;
And laid it at their Door,
For which old *Stafford* went to pos,
And many guiltless more ;
But now the Tide is come about,
The Truth of all we see ;
And when the Murder all is cut,
Then hey Boys up go we.

7.

Rumsey's Gold, and *Rumbold* bold,
Conspire to kill the *King*,
And *Pickering* in fatal hold,
Must answer for the thing ;
Nelthorp, *West*, and all the rest,
With *Perkin* may agree,
To be o'th' *Tower* (not *Throne*) posselt ;
Then hey Boys up go we.

Our City *Ryots* and Country *Routs*,
 That to Rebellion tend,
 Our Races, and our Hunting-bouts,
 In Insurrections end;
 The Rebel now is catch'd i'th' Snare
 He laid for Monarcy;
 At last the *Gallows* claims its share,
 Then *hey Boys up go we.*

The Whigs Down-fall.
Tune, Hey Boys up go We.

NOW. now the *Antichristian* Crew
 Shall all go down, because
 Our *Magistrates* do well pursue,
 And Execute the Laws:
 Those Rascals who do always rail
 Against all Law with Spight;
 Would make a Law against the Law,
 Great *York* should lose his *Right*.

To perfect which, they made their choice
 Of *Parliaments* of late.
 Of Members that had nought but *Voice*,
 And *Megrim*s in their Pate:
W. Williams he the Speaker was,
 And is't not wondrous strange;
 The Reason's plain, he told it was,
 Because they would not change.

I've told you Truth, nor think it strange;
 He knew well their intent,
 They never meant themselves to change,
 But change the Government:
 For now cry they the King's so poor,
 He dares not with us part;
 And therefore we most Loyally
 Will break his Royal Heart.

The *Habeas Corpus* Act is past,
Then so far we are safe;
He can't imprison us so fast,
But strait we have Relief:
He can't deny us ought we ask,
In so much need he stands;
And before that we do Money give,
We'll tye up both his Hands.

The President of *Forty One*,
Which were till *Forty Eight*;
Now our Presidents are grown,
For why they had their weight:
So weighty were they, they cut off
Our *Royal Monarch's* Head;
The self same reason bids us now,
To act the self same deed.

And when we have a Martyr made
Of anoth'r Gracious King,
Then all the *Traiterous Plots* we've laid,
We'll to perfection bring:
And to protect our wicked Deeds,
Religion shall go down;
We'll rout out all the *Royal Seed*,
Pretenders to the Crown.

Thus having *Monarchy* destroy'd,
We'll govern by *Free-will*;
The *Light* of th' *Spirit* shall be our Guide,
Then what man can do ill:
Religion is the surest Cloak
To hide our Treachery;
The Rabble we'll confine to th' yolk
Pretending to set *Free*.

Therefore my Country men, trust not
Where *Religion's* the pretence;

12 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

For if you do, you'll find a *Plot*
 To destroy your *Innocence*;
 For those who lead you to *Rebel*,
 You'll find i'th' close to be,
 Pure *Instruments* were sent from *Hell*.
 To foment *Treachery*.

The Downfal of the Good old Cause.
Tune, Hey Boys up go we,

Now the bad *Old Cause* is Tapt,
 And the *Vessel* standeth stoop'd
 The *Cooper* may starve for want of *work*,
 For the *Cask* shall never be hoop'd:
 We will burn the *Association*,
 The *Covenant* and *Vow*;
 The publick *Cheat* of the *Nation*,
Anthony, now, now, now.

No *Fanatick* shall bear the sway,
 In *Court*, *City*, or *Town*;
 Three good *Kingdoms* to *Betray*,
 And cry the *Right Line* down:
 Let them cry, *They love the King*:
 Yet if they hate his *Brother*,
 Remember *Charles they murdered*,
 And so they would the other,

Weavers and such like *Fellows*
 In *Pulpit* daily prate;
 Like the *Covenanters*,
 Against the *Church* and *State*:
 Yet they cry, *They love the King*.
 But their *Business* will discover,
Charles the first they Murdered,
 And so they would the other.

Where

Where these Fellows go to Drink,
In *City* or in *Town* ;
They Villify the *Bishops*,
And they cry the *Stuarts* down ;
Still they cry , *They love the King*,
But their *Business* I'll discover ;
Charles the first they Murdered,
And so they would the other.

When the King wanted Money
Poor *Tangier* to Relieve ;
They cryed down his *Revenue*,
Not a *Penny* they would give :
Still they cry'd, *They love the King*,
But their *Business* I'll discover ;
Charles the first they Murdered,
And so they would the other.

The Noble Marquess of *Worcester*,
And many such a Brave Lord ;
By the King killing Crew,
They daily are *Abhor'd* :
And call'd *Evil Counsellors*,
When the truth they did discover ;
And Charles the first they Murdered,
And so they would the other.

The *Papists* they would kill the King,
But the *Fanatics* did ;
Their *Perjuries* and *Treacheries*
Are not to be paralell'd :
Let them cry, *They love the King*,
Their Faults I will discover ;
Charles the first they Murdered,
And so they would the other.

Charles the 2d stands on's Guard,
Like a good Politick King ;

The

14 A Collection of Loyal Songs.

The *Fanatics* ought to be abhor'd;
 For all their Flattering :
 Let them cry, *They love the King,*
 Their *Tricks* I will discover ;
 Charles the first they *Murdered,*
 And so they would the other.

Now let all good Subjects be
 That bear a Loyal heart ;
 Stand fast for the *King,*
 And each man act his part :
 And to support his *Sovereign,*
Religion and the *Laws,*
 That formerly were establish'd,
 And down with the *Cursed Cause.*

The Riddle of the Roundhead. To the Tune, Now at last
 the Riddle is expounded.



Now at last the Riddle is Expounded,
 Which so long the Nation has confounded,
 For the Roundhead
 Begins the Game again,

A Collection of Loyal Songs.

15

Which so well they play'd in Forty four,
Now with greater hope ;
For the fine Sham-plots will ne'r give over,
Till they piously have routed King and Pope.

2.

Anthony that worm of Reformation,
Who of *Commonwealth* has laid Foundation,
Which the Nation
So hotly does pursue ;
Let him be rewarded in the *Tower*,
For his Merits due :
By that busie Plotting head laid lower,
We may perhaps escape what might ensue.

3.

Perkin makes fine legs to th'shouting Rabble,
Who to make him King he thinks are able ;
But the Bable
Is only shew'd for use :
The silly Idiot serves but for a Tool still,
For Knaves to work their Fates,
But doth remain a dull mistaken Fool still,
For all their damn'd Cabals and *Wapping* Treats.

4.

The most zealous Parliament devoted,
For the publick good devoutly voted,
Pray note it,
That the Duke must ne'er be King ;
And like honest faithful loyal Subjects,
His Majesty implore,
To sign their pious and religious Projects ;
Or else the threatn'd King must reign no more.

5.

The renowned work of Reformation,
To be carry'd on throughout the Nation,
In a Passion
They vote the Canons down :
Acts and Statutes all must be confounded,
Law and Justice too,

To

16 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

To make way for the proud *rebellious Roundhead*,
That they once more the Nation may undo.

6.

Lords and Bishops both are useleſs Voted,
And the factious ctew who gravely Plotted,
Are noted
For Lords and Commons too,
Whigs and *Brumighams* with shams and stories
Are *True Protestants*,
And *Protestants* are *Masquerades* and *Tories*,
The Modern Reformation of the Saints.

7.

Old *Queen Beſs* that made the best Indentures,
Good King *Jemy* too against *Dissenters*,
He ventures
To turn them out of doors ;
To take in *Quakers*, *Puritans* and *Ranters*,
The Parliament implores,
To build a Kirk of *Whigs* and *Covenanters*,
And make a Lawful Race of Sons of Whores.

8.

Rowley now with Wisdom and grave Reason,
To prevent the swift approaching Treason,
In season
Put a period to their strife ;
In *Oxford* all the stratagems confounded,
The Roguish *Joyner* too ;
And may no better fate attend the *Roundhead*
That wou'd the *Church* and *Monarchy* subdue.

9.

Oxford loyal youths who scorn to sham us,
With a perjurd Bill of *Ignoramus*,
Or name us
For Loyal, Traytors known ;
Soon found a flaw i'th' bottom of the *Joyner*,
By Justice and the Laws,
Of Church and Commonwealth an Underminer,
Who sell a Martyr in the *Good Old Cause*.

Now

Now for shame ye Zealots be confounded,
Boast no more Allegiance, since a Roundhead
Is grounded

Upon the Holy Sham:
How dare ye talk of Loyalty, a Hater
Of Justice, King and Laws,
Since the *Whiggish* Protestant is found a Traytor,
And dies a Martyr in the *Good Old Cause*.

The Loyal *Sheriff* of *London* and *Middlesex*. Upon their
Election. Tune, *Now at last the Riddle*, &c.

1.
Now at last the Matter is decided,
Which so long the Nation has divided;
Misguided

By Interest and blind Zeal,
Which so well in *Forty four* they acted;
Now with greater heat,
They again act o're like Men distracted,
To give to *Monarchy* a new Defeat.

2.
Famous *North*, of noble Birth and Breeding,
And in Loyal Principles exceeding ;
Is pleading

To stand his Countreys Friend,
To do Justice to the King and Nation,
Some so much oppose,
To renew the Work of *Reformation*,
And carry on again the *Good Old Cause*.

3.
Next renowned *Bow* as high commended,
And of Loyal Parentage descended ;
Intended

To do the *City* Right,
With true Courage, and firm Resolution,
He the *Hall* adorns ;

But

18 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

But the Heads were all in a Confusion :
Such din there was and ratling with their Horns.

4.

Prick up ears , and push for one another,
Let not *Box* (an old *Malignant*) Brother ;
Nor t'other

Our properties command
He's a *King's-man*, *North* is nothing better,
They walk Hand in Hand
He you know is the Lord Mayor's Creature :
And therefore 'tis not fit that they should stand.

5.

Where are now our *Liberties* and *Freedom*?
Where shall we find such friends when we shou'd
To bleed 'em

And pull the *Torys* down,
To push for our int'rest; who can blame us?
Sheriffs rule in the Town,
When we lose our darling *IGNORAMUS* :
We lose the Combat, and the day's their own.

6.

Then let every man stand by his Brother,
Poll o're ten times, *Poll* one for another ;
What a Pother
You see the *Tories* make,
Now or never , now to save your *Charter*,
Or your hearts will ake,
If it goes for them, expect no *Quarter* :
If Law and Justice rule our heels must shake.

7.

Rout, a *Rout*, joyn 'Prentice, *Bo're* and *Peasant*,
Let the *White-hall* Party call it *Treason*,
'Tis *Treason*

We should our Necks defend,
Routs and *Ryots*, *Tumults* and *Sedition*,
Poll 'em o're again,
These do best agree with our Condition ;
If *Monarchy* prevail, we're all lost men.

8.

The Lord Mayor is Loyal in his station,
 Las what will become o'th *Reformation*;
 O'th' Nation
 If the *Sheriffs* be Loyal too?
 Wrangle, Brangle: huff and keep a *Glatster*;
 If we lose the Field
 Poll em o're again, it makes no matter:
 For tho' we lose the day, we scorn to yield.

9.

Ten for *Box*, and Twenty for *Papillion*,
 North a thousand, and *Dubois* a million:
 What Villain
 Our Interest dare oppose?
 With those noble *Patriots* thus they sided;
 To uphold the *Cause*;
 But the good Lord Mayor the Case decided:
 And once again two *Loyal Worthies* chose.

10.

Noble *North* and famous *Box* promoted,
 By due Course and legal Choice allotted;
 They Voted
 To be the City *Shreives*,
 And may they both to *Londons* Commendation,
 Her Ancient Rights restore,
 To do that *Justice* to the *King* and *Nation*,
 Which former *Factions* have deny'd before.

Old *Jemmy*. Tune of, *Young Jemmy*.



1.

Old *Jemmy* is a Lad
 Right lawfully descended;
 No *Bastard* born nor bred,
 Nor for a *Whig* suspended:
 The true and lawful Heir to th' Crown,
 By Right of birth and Laws,
 And bravely will maintain his own,
 In spite of all his Foes.

2.

Old *Jemmy* is the Top
 And Chief amongst the Princes;
 No *Mobile* gay Fop,
 With *Brimingham* pretences:
 A Heart and Soul so wondrous great
 And such a conqu'ring Eye,
 That every Loyal Lad fears not
 In *Jemmy's* Cause to die.

3.

3.

Old *Jemmy* is a Prince
Of noble Resolutions,
Whose powerful influence
Can order our Confusions :
But oh ! He fights with such a Grace
No force can him withstand :
No God of War but must give place
Where *Jemmy* leads the Van.

4.

To *Jemmy* every Swain
Does pay due Veneration ;
And *Scotland* does maintain
His Title to the Nation.
The pride of all the Court he stands
The Patron of his Cause,
The Joy and Hope of all his Friends
The terrour of his foes.

5.

Maliciously they Vote,
To work Old *Jemmy's* Ruin,
And zealously promote
A Bill for his undoing :
Both Lords and Commons most agree
To pull his Highness down ,
But ('spight of all their Policy)
Old *Jemmy's* Heir to th' Crown.

6.

The Schismatick and Saint,
The *Baptist* and the Atheist,
Swear by the Covenant,
Old *Jemmy* is a *Papist* ;
Whilst all the Holy Crew did plot
To pull his Highness down,
Great *Albany* a Noble *Scot*
Did raise unto a Crown.

6.

7.

Great *Albany* they swear,
 He before any other,
 Shall be immediate Heir
 Unto his Royal Brother,
 Who will in spight of all his Foes,
 His Lawful Rights maintain.
 And all the Fops that interpose,
 Old *Femmy's York* again.

8.

The *Whigs* and Zealous Plot
 To banish him the Nation,
 But the Renowned *Scot*
 Hath wrought his Restauration.
 With high Respects they treat his Grace
 His Royal Cause maintain;
 Brave *Albany* (to *Scotland's* Praise)
 Is mighty *York* again.

9.

Against his envious Fates
 The *Kirk* hath taught a Lesson;
 A Blessing on the States,
 To settle the Succession.
 They real were, both Knight and Lord,
 And will his Right maintain;
 By Royal Parliament restor'd,
 Old *Femmy's* come again.

10.

And now he's come again,
 In spight of all Pretenders,
 Great *Albany* shall Reign
 Amongst the Faith's Defenders.
 Let *Whig* and *Brimingham* repine;
 They shew their Teeth in vain;
 The Glory of the *British Line*,
 Old *Femmy's* come again.

*A new Song on the Arrival of Prince George, and his
Intermarriage with the Lady Anne. Tune Old Jemmy.*

Prince George at last is come,
Fill every man his Bumper;
For the Valiant *Dane* make room,
Confusion to each *Rumper*,
And ev'ry prodigal starch'd Fool
Aspires unto a Crown,
By hopes of Plotting *Knaves* to rule,
Who next wou'd pull him down.

2.

Preserve Great *Charles* our King,
And his illustrious Brother.
Whilst *Whigs* in halters swing,
And hang up one another:
The joyful Bridegroom and the Bride,
Prince George of Royal Race,
Of all the Swains the Joy and Pride,
The subject of their Lays.

3.

Brave George he is a Lad
With all perfections shining;
With ev'ry Virtue clad,
And every Grace refining:
But oh! of such a warlike Race,
So Conqu'ring are his Charms,
No *Mars* in Field, but must give place
To his Victorious Arms.

4.

Brave George, Great *Denmark's* Son,
(A stout and warlike Nation)
By Birth to *England's* Crown
A near and dear Relation;
But now the Knot is doubly ty'd,
Which makes him still more near,
The Knot which *Knaves* would have destroy'd,
By cutting off the *Heir*.

5.

5.

But now the Tribe's dispers'd,
 Their Projects are defeated,
 Which *Walcot* and the rest
 Did hope to have compleated :
 And now they'l pay for all their scores,
 Who for that *Int'rest* stood,
 And let 'em hang for Sons of Whores,
 Who thirst for *Royal Blood*.

6.

Poor *Perkin*! where's the hope
 Of all thy high promoting?
 Now, Bully *Tom*, a Rope
 Has crown'd thy Cheats and Plotting:
 Let *Forguison* with *Gray* escape,
 They safe are ev'ry where,
 If Murder, Treason, Lust and Rape
 Can pass unpunish'd here.

7.

Let *M--h* for a Crown,
 That hopeful Prince so Loyal,
 Away with Rebels run,
 To raise an Army-Royal :
 Brave *George* for *England* scorns to fly,
 Old *Jemmy* stout as He,
 Their Plots and Malice we defie,
 And all their *Treachery*.

8.

May Heav'n, which him did raise
 O'th' Protestant Profession,
 In His Immortal Race
 Maintain the just Succession,
 That no pretending Bastard bold
 In time to come may dare
 His lawless Title to uphold,
 Against the Lawful Heir.

TITUS Tell Troth, A new SONG,

To the Tune of, Hail to the Myrtle Shades.



I

Hail to the *Knight of the Post*;
 To *Titus* the Chief of the Town,
Titus who vainly did boast
 Of the *Salamanca Gown*;
Titus who saw the world o're,
 From the Tower of *Validolid*,
 Yet stood in the *White-horse* door,
 And swore to it, like the *Creed*.

2

Titus at *Watton* in *May*,
 To *Titus* at *Islington*;
 And *Titus* the self same day
 Both here and there again.
Titus who never swore *Truth*,
 His Politick *Plots* to maintain,
 And never yet baw'd an *Oath*,
 When call'd to the *Test* again.

C

Then

3

Then *Titus* was Meekest of all,
 When *Never a penny in's Purse*,
 And oft did on *Pickering* call,
 His Charity to imburse.
 But when he swore *Damnable Oaths*,
 And *Lying* esteemed no Sin,
 Then *Titus* was One of those
 Whom the *Devil* had entred in.

4

Then *Titus* the Frown of Heav'n,
 And *Titus* a Plague upon Earth,
Titus who'lne'r be *Forgiven*,
 Curs'd from his *Fatal Birth*;
Titus the Curse and the Doom
 Of the Rich and the Poor Man too;
 Oh! *Titus* thou *Shred of a Loom*,
 What a Plague dost thou mean to do?

5

Titus an *Orthodox Beast*,
 And *Titus* a *Presbyter Tall*;
Titus a *Popish Priest*,
 And *Titus* the shame of all;
Titus who ne'r had the Skill,
 The wise with his *Plots* to deceive.
 But *Titus* whose *Tongue* can kill,
 Whom Nature has made a Slave,

9

Titus the Light of the Town,
 Where *Zealots* and *Whigs* do resort;
Titus the Shame of the Gown,
 And *Titus* the Scorn of the Court.
Titus who spew'd out the Truth,
 To swallow the *Covenant*;
 But never yet blush'd at an *Oath*,
 Whom *Lying* has made a Saint.

7

Yet *Titus* believed 'cou'd be
 Against any *Popish Lor'*,

Whilst

Whilst still against *Shaftsbury*
 The *Witness* and *Truth's* abhor'd ;
 So *Titus* got Credit and Gold
 For *Lying*, and thought it no Sin;
 But against *Dissenters* bold,
 The *Truth* is not worth a pin.

8

Thus *Titus* swore on a pace,
 'Gainst those whom he never did see,
 Yet *Titus* with brazen Face
 Wou'd our *Preserver* be.
 But as *Titus* the foreman in Trust;
 Discover'd this *Mystery* :
 May *Titus* so be the *First*,
 That leads to the *Triple-Tree*.

Hue-and-Song after *Patience Ward*. The same Tune.

1

Al hail to *London* fair Town,
 Hail to the *Mayor* and the *Shrives*;
 Hail to the *Scarlet Gown*,
 Whose Sentence our *Patience* grieves:
 Justice and Law hath prevail'd,
 With *Patience* a *Verdict* to find,
 'Gainst *Patience*, whose Conscience fail'd ;
 Oh *Patience* ! why art so blind ?

2

Patience, the joy of the Town,
 The comfort and hope of the Crowd ;
Patience, who got great renown
 By *Perjury*, *Lies*, and *Fraud* :
Patience who ne'r had the Heart
 His *Sovereign's* Rights to maintain ;
 But *Patience* he had the Art
 To *Swear* and *Forswear* again.

3

Patience for Church and for State,
 And *Patience* for Meetings by stealth ;

C 2

Pati

Patience, who would Translate

The *State* to a *Commonwealth* :

Whose *Zeal* has his *Patience* betray'd,

To lie for the *Saints* in distress ;

Nay, tho' he's *Forsworn*. ('tis said,)

He *Swore* he could do no less.

4

Patience, whose *Zeal* did contrive

The *Monument*, *Figures*, and *Spire*,

That while there's a *Papist* alive

We may not forget the *Fire* :

The *Pillory* now is his *Lot*,

He has rais'd such a flame with his *Crew*,

That *London* is now too hot ;

Oh *Patience* ! where art thou now ?

5

Patience for *Zeal* to the *Cause*,

Did Preach to the *Captives* in *Goal*,

Patience, with great applause,

Gave large to an *Hospital* :

To *Use* now his *Money* may lend,

For *Pomfret* he'll never more stand,

Nor *Warrants* for *Thompson* send,

T'please *Titus* o'th' *Perjur'd* Band.

6

Patience with *Collar* of *Brass*,

To woful *Disasters* did fall,

Patience with *Copper Face*,

And a *Conscience* worse than all ;

'o *Holland*, to *Holland* he goes :

For plainly now it appears,

That (in spite of all *Whiggish Laws*,)

Ignoramus can't save his *Ears*.

7

Some say that the *Saints* may not *Swear*,

But *Lie* ev'n as much as they can ;

Yet

Yet *Patience* in spight on's *Ears*,
Will *Swear* and *Forswear* again :
That *Patience* should be so far lost,
Alas ! who with *Patience* can bear ?
That a *Saint* should be *Knight o'th' Post*,
And an *Elder* without an *Ear*.

8

Let ev'ry good Subject with Me,
Who *Patience* a Virtue doth praise,
Lest he fall into *Perjury*,
With *Patience* pray for more *Grace*,
But now I with *Patience* have done,
Lest with *Patience* I keep such a *Rout*,
That astray more with *Patience* run,
And weary your *Patience* out.

Oates *thrafft* in the *Compter*, and *sack'd* up in *New-*
gate. Tune, *Hail to the Myrtle Shades*.

1

Hail to the *Prince* of the *Plot*,
All hail to the *Knight of the Pest*,
Poor *Titus* ! 'tis now thy *Lot*
To pay for all the *Roast*,
From *Wine*, and six *Dishes* a day,
Is sure a *deplorable Fate*,
To fall to the *Basket*, and pray
For an *Alms* through an *Iron-gate*.

2

Titus who once was a *Prince*,
Now *Titus* a *Captive* in *Goal*,
Titus who lov'd a *Wench*,
Or any thing wore a *tail* ;
Titus who made a full *pa's*
At a following *Bum* in the *Room*,
Is clapt up himself by the *Arse*.
And cannot reverse his *Doom*.

Yet

3

Did *Titus* swear true for the *King*?
 And is the good *Doctor* forsworn?
 Did *Titus* our Freedom bring?
 And *Oates* in *Newgate* Mourn;
 Was *Titus* the *Light* of the Town?
 The *Saviour* and *Guardian* proclaim'd,
 And now the poor *Doctor* is thrown
 To a *Dungeon*, in *Darkness* damn'd?

4

But now, to declare the Cause,
 I'll tell you as brief as I can,
 The *Doctor* can't in the close.
 Prove *Titus* an honest Man:
 Can *Titus* be just to the *King*,
 From Treason and Treachery set free,
 When the *Doctor* hangs in a String,
 For *Plotting*, and *Perjury*.

5

For Dammage the *Doctor* has done,
 Poor *Titus* is got in the Pound,
 Till the *Doctor* produce the Sum,
 Full *thirty thousand Pound*:
 If you knew on what damnable score;
 Such perilous words he brought forth,
 You'd say his false Tongue cost more
 Than ever his head was worth.

6

The *Doctor* an Evidence,
 Against our great *Duke* did come in;
 Nay, such was his Insolence,
 To impeach our Gracious *Queen*;
 For which, such *Indictments* are brought,
 Such *Actions* of Scandal crowd in,
 That *Titus* could wish, 'tis thought,
 He were out of the *Doctors* Skin.

Nay,

7

Nay, further, while *Titus* swore,
For the safety and life of the *King*,
The *Doctor* began to roar,
And he belch'd out his poyson'd Sting;
The *Doctor* for *Titus* may stretch,
H'has so brought his bus'ness about,
Without the kind help of *Ketch*
It's fear'd he will scarce get out.

8

Through sixteen close Key-holes, 'tis plain,
Invisible *Titus* did pass,
And the *Doctor* got back again,
To catch a great *Don* at *Mass*.
But now they are both in the Trap,
'Tis a wager but *Jack* in the Fields,
(Tho' *Titus* may chance to escape)
Has the *Doctor* fast by the heels.

Pluto, the Prince of Darknes, his Entertainment of Colonel Algernoon Sidney, upon his Arrival at the Infernal Palace. Tune, Hail to the Myrtle Shades.

Pluto.

Room, room, for great *Algernoon*,
You *Furies* that stand in his way;
Let an Officer unto me come,
Who serv'd me every day,
Promoting Sedition and Evil,
To alter the *Church* and the *State*,
He deserves an Employment in *Hell*.
He has done great service of late.

Pluto.

He is one of the damn'd old Crew,
Who Voted the death of the *King*:
At *Oxford* again he did sue
To be at the self-same thing.
All mischiefs on Earth he devis'd,
All Hazards he also did run,

To render my Name solemniz'd
With the Rabble of *London Town*.

Pluto.

To *Monarchy* he was a Foe,
Religion he always disdain'd,
'Gainst *Government* and the *Laws* too,
Damn'd *Anarchy* he maintain'd:
I'll give thee Preferment here,
Since *England* has banisht thee thence,
Brave *Sidney* thou need'st not to fear,
Thou shalt have great Recompence.

Shaftsbury.

Now *Monarchy* has prevail'd,
Our *Fanatick Plots* to defeat,
On whom is the *Cause* entail'd?
Who'll stand it in spight of Fate?
We that maintain'd it so long,
From Justice were forced to fly;
If you then had come along,
You needed not there to die.

Essex.

The *Faction* are quite undone,
For loss of the *Fanatick Peers*;
Now *Shaftsbury* and I are gone,
Poor *Oates* will lose his Ears.
For M-----hour *Shams* and *Intrigues*
To th' World has plainly declar'd,
And H-----d our solemn *Leagues*,
In the *Plot* a long time prepar'd.

Russel.

I'm glad you are safe arriv'd,
Tho' I doubt you met *Jack* by the way,
Now M-----h is reconcil'd,
What a plague is become of *Gray*?
Rebellion could ne'r disallow
Conspiring against the *Prince*,
Though I by a *Sham-dying Vow*
Did plead great *Innocence*.

The Swearers Chorus to the Presbyterian Plot
To the Tune of, *The Jovial Begger.*



1
THere was a Monstrous *Doffor*;
This *Doffor* had no Peer,
A Rogue from his Cradle,
And bred to Lie and Swear;
And a Swearing we will go, will go, will go,
And a Swearing we will go.

2
A Bag for my *Pilgrims*,
Another for *Black-Bills*,
Ten thousand *blank Commissions*
To move as many Hills:
And a Swearing we will go, &c.

3
A Bag for my *Sallery*,
From every Fool stubborn,
Three brawny Bums to follow me,
And Bugger them by turns:
And a Buggering we will go, &c.

4
A Bag for my *Plunder*,
Sir *William's* on the scent;

The *Pole* did ne'r so Thunder
 In the *Grand Vizier's* Tent :
And a Plund'ring we will go, &c.

5

A Bag for my *Necklace*,
 Another for my *Plate*?
 Then all shall be Fish
 That comes in *Waller's* Net ;
And a Plund'ring we will go, &c.

6

A Bag for my *Pistols*
 And *Consecrated Knives*,
 And one for *Tormentillio's*,
 T'fright Fools out of their Lives :
And a Plotting we will go, &c.

7

A Bag for the *Parson*,
 Another for *Don John* ;
 Though I swore like a Whoreson
 Yet still I did swear on :
And a Swearing we will go, &c.

8

Through four and twenty Key-holes
 I sally'd like a Witch,
 And through as many *Brick-walls*
 I'll swear I went through stich :
And a Swearing I will go, &c.

9

To *Lambeth* we will go,
 Where we first made the *Plot* ;
 While *Prance* and I can swear and lie,
 They all shall gotopot :
And a Plotting we will go, &c.

10

Then we'l to *Godfrey* go,
 And find him kill'd o'th' spot,
 And swear the *Papists* did it,
 To prove our *Papist-Plot* :
And a Murd'ring we will go, &c.

11

A Gown I have for shew

Amongst the *Clergy* grave,
And, when I please a *Cloak*

To hide the double *Knave* :
And a Plotting we will go, &c.

12

I had a pretty knack

To Wheedle, Swear and Lye,
By the *Rebellious Rabble*
How much admir'd was I !
When a Swearing we did go, &c.

13

In fair *London Town*

I live, and pay no Rent ;
The *Brethren* they provide for me,
And I am well content :
And a Swearing we will go, &c.

14

Of all *Ocupations*

The *Swearer* is most blest ;
For when he swears most falsely,
He's always paid the best :
And a Swearing we will go, &c.

15

I fear no *Plots* against me,

Although the *Whig* Rebel ;
Then who would be honest,
Since such *Rogues* fare so well ?
And a Plotting we will go, will go, will go,
And a Plotting we will go.

The Beggers Chorus, in the Jovial Crew. A new Tune.

1

THere was a *Jovial Begger*

He had a *Wooden Leg*,
Lame from his *Cradle*,

And forced for to *Peg* :
And a Begging we will go, will go, &c.

A A

2

A Bag for my Oat-meal,
 Another for my Rye;
 A little Bottle by my side,
 To drink when I'm a dry;
And a Begging we will go, &c.

3

A Bag for my Wheat,
 Another for my Salt,
 A little pair of Crutches,
 To see how I can halt;
And a Begging we will go, &c.

4

A Bag for my Bread,
 Another for my Cheese,
 A little Dog to follow me,
 And gather what I leese;
And a Begging we will go, &c.

5

To Pimlico we'll go,
 Where we shall mery be;
 With every man a Can in's hand,
 And a Wench upon his knee;
And a Begging we will go, &c.

6

And when that we're disposed,
 We tumble on the Grass,
 With our long patch'd Coats,
 For to hide a pretty-Lass;
And a Begging we will go, &c.

7

Seven years I served
 My goud old Master *Wild*,
 Seven years I begged
 Whilst I was but a Child;
And a Begging we will go, &c.

8

I had the pretty knack,
 To wheedle and to cry,

By

By young and by old,
Much pittied then was I ;
And a Begging we will go, &c.

9

Fatherless and Motherless,
Still was my complaint,
And none that ever saw me,
But took me for a Saint ;
And a begging we will go, &c.

10

I beg'd for my Master,
And got him store of pelf,
But ~~for~~ now be praised,
I now beg for my self ;
And a begging we will go, &c.

11

Within a hollow Tree
I live, and pay no rent,
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content ;
And a begging we will go, &c.

12

I fear no Plots against me,
But live in open Cell,
Then who wou'd be a King
When a Begger lives so well ;
And a Begging we will go, &c.

Panatick Zeal, or a Looking-glass for the Whigs. Tune
A Swearing we will go, &c.

I

WHo wou'd not be a Tory,
When the Loyal are call'd so ;
And a Whig now is known,
To be the Nations Foe ;
So a Tory I will be, will be, will be,
And a Tory I will be.

With

2

With little Band precise,
 Hair *Presbyterian* cut;
Whig turns up Hands and Eyes
 Tho' smoaking hot from *Slut*,
 So a Tory I will be, &c.

3

Black Cap turn'd up with *white*,
 With *woolfish* Neck and Face;
 And Mouth with *Non-sence* stuff;
 Speaks *Whig* a man of Grace;
 And a Tory I will be, &c.

4

The *Sisters* go to Meetings
 To meet their *Callants* there;
 And oft mistake for my Lord,
 And snivle out my Dear:
 And a Tory I will be, &c.

5

Example, we do own
 Then Precept better is;
 For *Creswel* she was safe,
 When she liv'd a *Private Miss*;
 And a Tory I will be, &c.

6

The *Whigs* tho' ne'r so proud,
 Sometimes have been as low:
 For there are some of *Note*,
 Have song a *Raree-Shaw*.
 And a Tory I will be, &c.

7

These *Mushrooms* now have got
 Their Champion turn-coat *Hick*,
 But if the *Naked truth* were known,
 They'r assisted by *Old Nick*.
 And a Tory I will be, &c.

8

To be, and to be not
 At once is in their Power:

For

For when they'r In, they'r Guilty,
But clear when out o' th' Tower;
And a Tory I will be, &c.

9

To carry on their *Designs*,
Tho't contradicts their *Sense*:
They'l clear a *Whiggish* Traytor
Against plain *Evidence*.
And a Tory I will be, &c.

10

The *Old Proverb* doth us tell,
Each Dog will have his day,
And *Whig* has had his too,
For which he'l soundly pay;
So a Tory I will be, &c.

11

For *Bodkins* and for *Thimbles*,
Now let your *Tubsters* cant;
Their confounded tyr'd *Cause*,
Had never yet more want.
So a Tory I will be, &c.

12

For *Ignoramus Toney*
Has left you in the *Lurch*;
And you have spent your *Money*,
So faith e'en come to *Church*.
For a Tory I will be, &c.

13.

They are of no *Religion*,
Be it spoken to their *Glories*,
For *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*,
With Them both are *Tories*,
And a Tory I will be, &c.

14

They'r excellent contrivers,
I wonder what they'r not;
For something they can make
Of nothing, and a *Plot*.
And a Tory I will be,

But

But now your *Holy Cheat*

Is known throughout the Nation,

And a *Whig* is known to be

A thing quite out of Fashion :

And a Tory I will, will be, will be,

And a Tory I will be.

London's Lamentation for the loss of their Charter.

To the Tune of, Packington's Pound.



YOU *Free-men*, and *Masters*, and *Prentices* mourn,
For now you are left with your *Charter* forlorn :
Since *London* was *London*, I dare boldly say,
For your *Riots* you never so dearly did pay ;

In *Westminster-Hall*

Your *Dagon* did fall,

That caus'd you to *Riot* and *mutiny* all :

Oh *London* ! Oh *London* ! thou'dst better had none,
Than thus with thy *Charter* to vie with the *Throne*.

2.

Oh London! Oh London! how cou'dst thou pretend,
Against thy *Defender* thy crimes to defend?
Thy *Freedom* and *Rights* from kind *Princes* did Spring,
And yet in contempt thou withstandest thy *King*:

With bold brazen Face

They pleaded thy Case,

In hopes to the *Charter*, the *King* wou'd give place:

Oh London! thou'dst better no *Charter* at all,
Than thus for *Rebellion* thy *Charter* shou'd fall.

3.

Since *Britains* to *London* came over to dwell,
You had an old *Charter* to buy and to sell;
And whilst in *Allegiance* each honest man lives,
Then you had a *Charter* for *Lord Mayor* and *Shrieves*

But when, with your *Pride*,

You began to backslide,

And *London* by *Factions* did run with the *Tide*;
Then *London*, Oh *London*! 'tis time to withdraw,
Lest the *Flood* of your *Factions* the *Land* over-flow.

4

When *Faction* and *Fury* of *Rebels* prevail'd,
When *Coblers* were *Kings*, and *Monarchs* were *Jayl'd*;
When *Masters* in *Tumults* their *Prentices* led,
And the *Tail* did begin to make *War* with the *Head*;

When *Thomas* and *Kate*

Did bring in their *Plate*,

T'uphold the *Old Cause* of the *Rump* of the *State*:
Then tell me Oh *London*! I prithee now tell,
Hadst thou e'r a *Charter* to *Fight* and *Rebel*?

5

When zealous *Sham-Sheriff* the *City* oppose,
In spite of the *Charter*, the *King*, and the *Laws*,
And make such a *Ryot* and *Rout* in the *Town*,
That never before such a *Racket* was known;

When *Ryoters* dare

Arrest the *Lord May'r*,

And force the *King's Substitute* out of the *Chair*;

Oh

42 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

*Oh London! whose Charter is now on the Lees,
Did your Charter e'r warrant sack actions as these?*

6

*Alas for the Brethren! what now must they do,
For choosing Whig-Sheriffs and Burgeſſes too?
The Charter with Patience is gone to the pot,
And the Doctor is loſt in the depth of the Plot:*

St. Stephen his Flayl

No more will prevail,

*Nor Sir Robert's Dagger, the Charter to bail:
Oh London! thou'dſt better have lain in the Fire,
Then thus thy old Charter ſhou'd ſtick in the Mire.*

7

*But ſince with your Folly, your Faction and Pride,
You ſink with the Charter, who ſtrove with the Tide,
Let all the loſt Rivers return to the Main
From whence they deſcended; they'l ſpring out again:*

Submit to the King

In every thing,

*Then of a New Charter New Sonnets we'l ſing:
As London (the Phoenix of England) ne'r dies,
So out of the Flames a new Charter will riſe.*

*A Narrative of the Popiſh-Plot, ſhewing the cunning
contrivance thereof. Tune, Packingtons-Pound.*

The Contents of the firſt Part.

*How Sir Godfrey is kill'd, his Body they hide,
Which brought out in Chair, a Horſeback does ride;
How Jeſuits diſguiſ'd our Houſes do fire;
How ſubtly they Plot, and the King's death conſpire;
Of divers great Lords drawn in to their Bane,
An Iriſh Army, and Pilgrims from Spain.*

I

Good People, I pray you, give ear unto me,
A Story ſo ſtrange you have never been told
How the Jeſuit, Devil and Pope did agree,
Our State to deſtroy, and Religion ſould:

To

To murder our King,
A most horrible thing !

But first of Sir *Godfrey* his death I must sing ;
For how e'r they disguis't, we plainly can see,
Who murder'd that Knight no good *Christian* cou'd be.

The truth of my Story if any man doubt,
We have witnesses ready to swear it all out.

2

At *Somerſet-house* there is plain to be ſeen
A Gate which will lead you into the *Back-Court* ;
This place for the Murder moſt fitting did ſeem,
For thither much People do freely reſort :

His Body they toſt
From Pillar to Poſt,

And ſhifted ſo often, t'had like t'have been loſt ;
To which with *dark-Lanthorns* the *Jefuits* did go,
But no way diſtruſted our honeſt *Bedloe*,

The truth of my Story, &c.

3

Leſt ſuch cloſe contrivements at length might take air,
When as his dead Body corrupted did grow,
They quickly did find an inviſible *Chair*,
And ſet him on *Horſe-back* to ride at *Sohoe* :

His own *Sword* to th' *Hilt*,
(To add to their Guilt,)

They thruſt through his Body, but no blood was ſpilt ;
T'have it thought he was kill'd by *Theeves* they did mean
So they left all his *money*, and made his *Shoes* clean.

The truth of my Story, &c.

4

To ſhew now the exceſs of *Jefuitical Rage*,
They this *Loyal City* to ruine would bring,
'Cause you *Citizens* are ſo *Religious* and *Sage*,
And ever much noted as *true* to your King :

T'your Houſes they go

With *Fire* and with *Tow*,

And pilfer your *Goods*, and 'tis well you 'ſcape ſo

Y'have

44 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

Y'hav'e seen how they once set the Town all in Flame,
Yet it is their best *Refuge*, if we believe *Fame*.

The truth of my Story, &c.

5

By *Bedlo's* Narration is shewn you most clear,
How *Jesuits* disguis'd into Houses will creep;
In a Porter or Carman's Frock they appear,
Nay, will not disdain to cry *Chimney sweep*;

Or sell you *Small Cole*,

Then drop in some hole

A *Fire-Ball*, or thrust it up by a long *Pole*.

But I now must relate a more tragical thing,

How these Villains conspir'd to murder our *King*.

The truth of my Story, &c.

6

At the *White-horse* in *April* was their main *Consult*,

Where a writing these Plotters wickedly frame;

The death of our *Sovereign* was the result,

To which at least *Forty* all signed their name:

They would not do that,

In the place where they sat,

Trusty *Oates* must convey't from this man to that;

To make sure work, by *Poyson* the Deed must be done,

And by a long *Dagger*, and shot from a *Gun*.

The truth of my Story, &c.

7

For fear at *St. Omers* their *Oates* might be mist,

They agreed with the *Devil* t'appear in his place,

In a body of *Air*, (believe't if you list)

Which lookt just like *Oats*, & mov'd with the same grace;

'T cou'd Plot, it cou'd Cant,

Turn eyes like a *Saint*,

And of our great *Doctor* no feature did want;

Thus hundreds might swear they saw *Oates* ev'ry day,

But true *Oates* was here, and the *Devil* saw they.

The truth of Story, &c.

8

From *Father Oliver* Commissions did come,
To raise a great Army much Treasure is spent ;
The *Old Man* did once think to take Post from *Rome*,
For to ride at th' head of them was his intent ;

Lord *Bellas* was fit

(Who can deny it ?)

To Command in his place, when his *Gout* wou'd permit;
Lord *Stafford* was proper't to trust with their pay,
Old *Ratcliff* to range them in Battle-Array.

The truth of my Story, &c.

9

Th' *High-Treasurer's* place the *L. Powis* did please,
(Men of desprate Fortunes oft venture too far ;
Lord *Peters* would hazard *Estate*, and his *Ease*,
And *Life* for the Pope too, in this Holy War ;

Lord *Arundel* of old

So War-like and bold,

Made choice of a *Chancellor's Gown* we are told:
All these did conspire with the Lord *Castlemain*,
Who now his good *Dutchess* will ne'r catch again,

The truth of my Story, &c.

10

Great store of wild *Irish* both civil and wise,
Design'd to joyn with the *Pilgrims* of *Spain* ;
Many thousands being ready all in good guise,
Had vow'd a long Pilgrimage over the Main ;

To Arm well this Host

When it came on our Coast,

Black-Bills forty thousand were sent by the Post,
This Army lay privately on the Sea-shore,
And no man e'er heard of 'em since or before.

The truth of my Story, &c.

The Second Part.

The Contents of the second Part.

*Of Arms under ground for Horse and for Foot;
The King almost kill'd, but Gun will not shoot,
For which Pickering is whip'd. All of them swear
To be true to the Plot; yet Oates, not for fear,
But revenge, being turn'd away, and well bang'd,
Discovers them all; the Jesuits are hang'd.*

1

The Plot being thus subtly contriv'd as you hear,
To God knows how many this *Secret* th' impart,
Some famous for *Cheats*, yet their *Faith* they don't fear;
To tie a *Knave* fast they had found a new *Art*.

They swore on a Book,

And *Sacrament* took;

Yet you'll find, if into their grave Authors you look
To forswear's no sin (as the *Recorder* well notes)
Nor Treason, Rebellion, nor cutting of Throats.

The *truth*, &c.

2

Still blinded by Zeal, and inveigl'd by Hope,
Store of Arms they provide for Fight and Defence;
The Lords must command as Vice Roys of the *Pope*,
And all over *England* they raise *Peter-pence*:

Their Letters they send

By *BEDLOE* their Friend.

Or else by the Post, to shew what they intend;
Some hundreds *Oates* saw, which the *Jesuits* did write,
'Twas a wonder not one of them e'er came to light.

The *truth*, &c.

3

Pounds two hundred thousand they to *Ireland* sent,
Fifteen thousand to *Wakeman* for Potions and Pills,
Forty thousand in Fire-works we guess that they spent,
And at least ten thousand for the foresaid *Black-Bills*.

Fifteen hundred more

Groves shou'd have, they swore,
Four Gentlemen *Russians* deserved fourscore;

Pious

A Collection of Loyol Songs.

47

Pious *Pickering* they knew was of *Masses* more fond,
And for thirty thousand they gave him a Bond.
The *truth*, &c.

4
These two, to kill the *King* by promises won,
Had now watch'd for some years in *St. James's-Park*,
And *Pickering* (who never yet shot off a Gun)
Was about to take aim, for he had a fair mark ;
Just going to begin't,
He missed his *flint*,
And looking in Pan, there was no Powder in't ;
For which he their Pardon does humbly beseech,
Yet had thirty good lashes upon his bare Breech.
The *truth*, &c.

5
But a sadder mischance to the Plot did befall,
For *Oates* their main Engine fail'd when he came to't,
No marvel indeed if he couzen'd them all,
Who turn'd him a begging and beat him to boot,
He wheeling about,
The whole Party did rout,
And from lurking holes did ferret them out,
Till running himself blind, he none of them knew,
And fainting at Council, he could not swear true.
The *truth*, &c.

6
To strengthen our Doctor brave *Bedloe's* brought in,
A more credible Witness was not above ground ;
He vows and protests, what e'r he had been,
He wou'd not swear false now for five hundred pound.
And why should we fear,
They falsly would swear,
To damn their own Souls, and to lose by it here :
For *Oates*, who before had no Penny in's Purse
Discov'ring the Plot, was seven hundred pounds worse.
The *truth*, &c

Two Witnesses more were let lose from the Jail,
 Though one, 'tis confess'd, did run back from his word,
 (In danger of life a good man may be frail)
 And th'other they slander for cheating his Lord;

T'each one of these men

The *Jesuits* brought Ten,

To disprove 'em in time, and in place, but what then?
 One Circumstance lately was sworn most clear,
 By a man who in hopes has four hundred a year.

The truth of my Story. &c.

8

Besides 'twas oft urg'd, we must always suppose,
 To murder the *King* a great *Plot* there has been;
 And who to contrive it so likely as those
 Who *Murder* and *Treasons* do hold for no sin;

Things being thus plain,

To plead was in vain,

The *Jury* instructed again and again.

Did find them all *Guilty*, and to shew 'twas well done,

The People gave a *Shout* as for Victory won,

The truth of my Story, &c.

9

'Tis strange how these *Jesuits*, so subtle and wise,
 Should all by the *Pope* be so basely trepan'd,
 To hang with much comfort when he shall advise,
 And go to the *Devil* too at his command

He may give them leave

To *Lye* and *Deceive*;

But what when the *Rope* does of life them bereave,
 Can his *Holiness*, think you, dispence of that pain,
 Or by his *Indulgences* raise them again?

The truth of my Story, &c.

16

Yet, like *Mad-men*, of life a contempt they express,
 And of their own happiness careless appear;
 For Life and for Money not one wo'd confess,
 They'd rather be *Damn'd* than be *Rich* and live here.

But surely they rav'd,

When *God* they out-brav'd,

And

A Collection of Loyal Songs. 49

And thought to renounce him the way to be sav'd,
And with *Lies* in their *mouths* go to *Heav'n* in a *String*,
So prosper all *Traytors*, and *God* save the *King*.
The truth of my Story, &c.

Concordat cum Recordo Gl. Par.

*Blanket-Fair, or the History of Temple-street. Being a
Relation of the merry Pranks plaid on the River of
Thames during the great Frost. Tune Packingtons
Pound.*

I
Come listen a while (tho' the weather be cold)
In your *Pockets* and *Plackets* your hand you may
I'll tell you a *Story* as true as 'tis rare, (hold.
Of a *River* turn'd into a *Bartholomew-Fair*;
Since old *Christmas* last
There has been such a *Frost*,
That the *Thames* has by half the whole *Nation* been crost
Oh *Scullers* I pity your fate of extreams,
Each *Land-man* is now become free of the *Thames*.

2
'Tis some *Lapland Acquaintance* of *Conjurer Oates*,
That has ty'd up your hands & Imprison'd your *Boats*;
You know he was ever a *Friend* to the *Crew*
Of all that to *Admiral James* have been true.

Where *Sculls* once did *Row*
Men walk too and fro,
But e're four Months are ended, 'twill hardly be so.
Should your hopes of a *Thaw* by this weather be crost,
Your *Fortune* will soon be as hard as the *Frost*.

3
In *Roast-Beef* and *Brandy* much Money is spent,
And *Booths* made of *Blankets* that pay no ground-rent;
With old-fashion'd *Chimneys* the *Rooms* are secur'd,
And the *Houses* from danger of *Fire* are ensur'd.

The chief place you meet
Is call'd *Temple-street*,
If you do not believe me, then you may go see't.

D

From

From the *Temple* the *Students* do thither resort,
Who were always great *Patrons* of *Revels* and *sport*.

4

The *Citizen* comes with his *Daughter* or *Wife*,
And swears he ne'r saw such a sight in his *Life*.
The *Prentices* starv'd at home for want of *Coals*:
To catch them a *heat* do flock thither in *schools*;

While the *Country Squire*
Does stand and admire,

At the wondrous conjunction of *Water* and *Fire*.
Strait comes an arch *Wag*, a young *Son* of a *Whore*,
And lays the *Squires head* where his *heels* were before.

5

The *Roterdam Dutchman* with fleet cutting *Seats*,
To pleasure the *crowd* shews his *tricks* and his *fears*;
Who like a *Rope-dancer* (for his sharp *Steels*)
His *Brains* and activity lies in his *Heels*.

Here all things like fate

Are in slippery state,

From the *sole* of the *Foot* to the *crown* of the *Pate*.
While the *Rabble* in *Sledges* run giddily round,
And nought but a circle of folly is found.

6

Here *Damselfs* are handed like *Nymphs* in the *Bath*,
By *Gentlemen-Uffers* with *Legs* like a *Lath*;
They *slide* to a *Tune*, and cry give me your *Hand*,
When the tottering *Fops* are scarce able to stand.

Then with fear and with care

They arrive at the *Fair*,

There *Wenches* sell *Glasses* and crackt *Eartben ware*;
To shew that the *World* and the pleasures it brings,
Are made up of brittle and slippery things.

7

A *Spark* of the *Bar* with his *Cane* and his *Muff*,
One day went to treat his new rigg'd *Kitchen-stuff*,
Let slip from her *Gallant*, the gay *Damsel* try'd
(As oft she had done in the *County*) to slide,

In the way lay a stump,

That with a damn thump,

She

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She broke both her *Shoe-strings* and cripl'd her *Rump*.
The heat of her *Buttocks* made such a great *thaw*,
She had like to have drowned the man of the *Law*.

8

All you that are warm both in *Body* and *Purse*,
I give you this *warning* for better or worse,
Be not there in *Moonshine*, pray take my advice,
For slippery things have been done on the *Ice*.

Maids there have been said

To lose *Maiden-head*,

And *Sparks* from full *Pockets* gone empty to Bed.
If their *Brains* and their *Bodies* had not been too warm,
It is forty to one they had come to less harm.

Freezland-Fair, or the Icy Bear-Garden. The Tune, of
Packington's-Pound.

1

I'll tell ye a *Tale*, (though before 'twas in *Print*)
If you make nothing on't then the *Devil* is in't,
'Tis no *Tale* of a *Tub*, nor the *Plotting* of *Treason*,
But of very strange things have been done this cold
You know there's a *Book* [season,
No, no, I mistook,

For I could not find it, though long I did look;
Yet I do not question, for all the odd freaks,
We shall find it again when e're the *Frost* breaks.

2

If you do believe what was told us by *Oates*,
Ye never again will have use of your *Bonts*;
Without you do now imploy the *Wheelers* to do't,
Ye ne'r will be able to bring all about.

He talkt of a *Plot*,

Believe it, or not,

To blow up the *Thames*, and to do't on the *Spot*;
Then either the *Doctor* must now be believ'd,
Or else the *Doctor* and we are deceiv'd.

3

No water I see which does fairly incline,
To make me believe he has sprung now his *Mine* ;
Though that did not do what the *Doctor* intended.
Yet he may for one thing be said to be commended.

He said that the *Pope*,
(Pray mind, 'tis a *Trope*)

Wou'd send us his *Bulls* by the way of the *Hope* ;
And tho' for the *sign* we have all along been waiting,
I t'other day saw on the *Ice* a *Bull-baiting*.

4

I hope you'l believe me, 'twas a fine sight,
As ever I saw on *Queen Bess's* night ;
Though I must confess I saw no such *Dogs* there,
As us'd to attend the *Infallible Chair*.

Yet there was some Men,
Whom I knew again,

Who *hawk'd* as they did, when they chose *Aldermen*.
And faith it had been a most excellent *Shew*,
Had there been some *Crackers* and *Serpents* to throw.

5

Another thing pleas'd me, as I hope for Life,
I saw of a Man that had gotten a *Wife* ;
To see the rare *Whimsies*, the *Woman was sick*,
So never suspected a *slippery Trick* :

But when she came there,
The *Ice* wou'd not bear,

But whether 'twas *his fault* or *hers*, I can't swear ;
Yet thus far is true, had he lost his *Wife*,
He then might have pray'd for a *Frost* all his life.

6

There's very fine *Tricks* and new Subject for *Laughter*,
For there you may take a *Coach* and go by *Water*,
So get a *Tarpawling* too, as you are *jogging*,
Tho' a *Nymph* t'other day for it got a good *Flogging*.

There was an old *Toast*,

Of *Beef* had a *Roast*,

Which fell into th' *Sellar*, and fairly was lost.

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O see in Old *Proverbs* sometimes there is truth,
A Man is not sure of his *Meat* till 'ts in's *Mouth*.

7

But I had forgot my chief business I swear,
To give an account of new *Temple-street Fair*;
Where most of the *Students* do daily resort,
To shew the great love they had always for *sport*.

Who oft give a *Token*,

I hope't may be spoken,

To *Whore* in a *Mask*, who *squeaks* like a *Pig* a *Poke* in
To see such *crack't Vessels* sail is a new matter,
Who have bin so *shatter'd* between *Wind* & *Water*

8

Like *Babel* this *Fair's* not built with *Brick* or *stone*,
Though here I believe is as great *Confusion*;
Now *Blanckets* are forc'd a double *Duty* to pay,
On *Beds* all the night, and for *Houses* all day;

But there's something more,

Some people deplore,

Their carelessly leaving open *Sellar door*,
Which puts me in mind of *Jack Presbyter's* trick,
Who from *Pulpit* descends the like way to *Old Nick*.

9

Come all ye young *Damsels* both *swarthy* and *faire*,
This is the best place to put off your *crack't ware*;
Here's *Chapmen* good store who too't *stiffly* will stand,
And scorn to put *Coin* that is false in your hand:

While you're there abiding,

And on the *Ice Gliding*,

Let 'em say what they will, 'tis but a back-sliding.
But if you shou'd *Prove*, then say I am a *Prophet*,
Tho' 'tis a slippery trick there shall come no more of it

10

There's many more *Tricks*, but too long to be told,
Which are not all *new*, tho' there's none of 'em *old*;
There's the *Fellow* that *Printeth* the *Old-Baily Tryal*,
Who to all the dull *Printers* does give a *Denyal*;

He, I *Print* for a *Sice*,

(For that is his price)

D 5

Your

Your *Name* (that you may brag 'twas done) on the *Ice*.
 And Faith I do think it a very fine thing,
 So my *Tal's* at an end. But first, *God save the King*,

*A Song on the Popish-Plot, by a Lady of Quality. Tune,
 Packingtons-Pound.*

¹
Since counterfeit *Plots* have affected this Age,
 Being acted by *Fools*, and contriv'd by the *Sage*;
 In City, or Suburbs no man can be found,
 But frightened with *Fire-Balls*, their heads turn'd round.
From Rulpit to Pot,
They talk of a Plot,
 All their *Brains* were enslav'd, and each man turn'd *Set*.
 But let us to Reason and Justice repair,
 And this *Popish Bugbear* will fly in the Air.

²
 A Politick States-man of Body unsound,
 Tho once in a tree with the Rabble set round,
 Run *Monarchy* down with *Fanatick Rage*,
 And Preach'd up *Rebellion* i'that credulous Age;
He now is at work
With the Devil and Turk,
 Pretending a Plot, under which he doth lurk,
 To bumble the *Mitre*, while he squints at the *Crown*,
 Till fairly and squarely he pulls them both down.

³
 He had found out an Instrument fit for the *Devil*,
 Whose mind had been train'd up to all that was Evil:
 Of Fortune sunk low, and detested by many,
 Kick'd out at St. Omers, not pity'd by any:
Some whisperers fix'd him
Upon this Design,
 And with promis'd reward did him countermine:
 Though his *Tale* was ill told, it serv'd to give fire
 Despis'd by the *Wise*, whilst *Fools* did admire,

4

The next that appear'd, was a *Fool-hardy Knave*,
Who ply'd the *High-ways*, and to *Vice* was a *Slave*;
Being fed out of *Basket*, in *Prison* forlorn,
No wonder that *Money* should make Him *Forsworn*.

He boldly dares swear

What men tremble to hear,

And learns a false Lesson without any fear,
For when he is out, there's one that's in's place,
Relieves his *Invention*, and quickens his pace.

5

In a *Country Prison* another was found,
Who had cheated his Lord of *One Thousand pound*;
He was freed from his *Petters*, to *Swear* and *Inform*,
Which very courageously he did perform.

To avoid future strife

He takes away Life,

To save poor *Protestants* from *Popish Knife*:
Which only has edge to cut a *Rogues Ears*,
For abusing the People with *needle's Fears*.

7

Another starts up, and tells a false *Tale*,
Which strait he *revok'd*, his courage being *frail*:
But, to *fortify* one that needeth his aid,
(Being tempted by *money*, which much doth perswade)

He swore he knew all

That contrived the fall,

Of one who that day was seen near to *White-Hall*;
Where he by an *Officers* powerful breath,
More likely by far, received his death.

7

A *Gown-man* most grave, with *Fanatical form*,
With his scribbling wit doth blow up this *Storm*;
For moth-eaten *Records* he worships the *Devil*,
Being now lodg'd at *Court*, he must become civil.

He hunts all about

And makes a great Rout,

To find some old *Prophecy* to help him out ;

But his Friend that was hous'd with him at *Fox-hall*,
Being joyn'd with his Master, still strenthens 'em all.

8

Then comes a crack'd *Merchant*, with his shallow Brain,
Who first did lead up this *stigmatis'd Train*:
He since is grown uselefs, his Skill being small;
Yet at a dead list he's still at their call:

He has pester'd the Profs,
With ridiculous dross,

In this scrtbling Age he could do no less,
But to so little purpose as plainly appears,
With Pen he had better sat picking his ears.

9

To end with a Prayer, as now 'tis my lot,
Confounded be *Plotters* with their *Papist-Plot*,
God bless and preserve our Gracious Good King,
That he may ne'r feel the *Presbyter's* sting;

As they brought his Father
With rage to the Block,

So would they extirpate all the whole Stock,
But with their false *Plots* I hope they will end
At *Tyburn*, where the *Rabble* will surely attend.

The Whigshard heart for the cause of the hard Frost.
Tune, Packingtons Pound

1

YE *Whigs* and *Dissenters*, I charge you attend,
Here is a sad story as ever was told,
The *River of Thames*, that once was your Friend,
Is frozen quite over with *Ice* very cold;
And Fish which abounded,
Though they can't be drowned,
For lack of their *Liquor*, I fear are confounded.
Then leave your *Rebellious* and damn'd *Presbytering*,
Or you may be glad of *Poor-Jack* and *Red-herring*.

2

Now, had it been frozen with *Brinestone* and *Fire*,
The wonder had been much deeper at bottom;

Tho

The some do believe your Sins do require
A punishment great as e'r fell upon *Sodom* :

But then the poor Fish
Had been dress'd to your Dish,
And, 'stead of a *Plague*, you had then had your wish ;
Pikes, Flounders, together with *Gudgeons* and *Ranches*,
Had served for the Luxury of these *Debauches*,

3
But alas! to distrust ye this *Frost* now is sent,
As if it would shew ye your *Consciences* harden'd ;
And if each *Mothers Child* make not haste to repent,
How the *Devil* d'ye think ye shall ever be pardon'd ?

'Tis a very hard case,
As ever yet was,
That the *River* should suffer for every *As* !
Poor *Thames*! thou may'st curse the foul Lake of *Geneva*
For whose faults thou dost penance, sans hope of Re-

4 [prieve-a,
This *Thames* (O ye *Whigs*!) brought you plenty & pride,
So ye harden'd your hearts with your *Silver* and *Gold*,
But if ever ye hope to redeem *Time* or *Tide*,
Hot must your *Repentance*, your *Zeal* must be cold ;
Your damn'd hungry *Zeal*.

For rank *Commonweal*,
Will hurry ye headlong all down to the *Deel*;
Then melt your hard hearts, & your tears spread abroad,
As ever ye hope that your *Thames* shall be thaw'd.

5
Make haste, and be soon reconcil'd to the *Truth*,
Or you may lament it both old men and young ;
For, suppose ev'ry *Shop* should be turn'd to a *Booth*,
Oh, were it not sad to be told with a tongue!

Should *Cheapside* advance
Up to *Petty-France*,
And *Londons Guild-hall* up to *Westminster* dance ;
O, what would become of your wealthy brave *Chambers*,
If it were forc'd so far westward to clamber ?

Cooks-Shops with roast *Viſuals*, and *Taverns* with *VVine*,
 Already are ſeen on the *River* with plenty,
 Which are fill'd ev'ry morning before you can *Dine*,
 By *Two's* and by *Three's*, I may truly ſay *Twenty*;
Jack, *Tom*, *VVill* and *Harry*,
Nan, *Sue*, and *Mary*,
 Come there to devour *Plum-Cakes* and *Canary*:
 And if with their *Dancing* & *VVine* they be tir'd,
 For a *Teſter* a piece there's a *Coach* to be hir'd.

There's *Ginger-bread*, *Small-Cole*, and hot *Pudding-pies*,
 With *Bread & Cheeſe*, *Brandy*, & good *Ale & Beer*:
 Beſides the *Plum-Cakes* too, there's large *Cakes of Ice*,
 Enough to invite him that will come there;
 All which does betide
 To puniſh your *Pride*;
 Y'are plagu'd now with *Ice*, 'cauſe you love to *back-ſlide*
 Methinks it ſhould warn you to alter your *Station*,
 For y'have hitherto built on a ſlippery *Foundation*.

Ye Merchants to *Greenland* now leave off your ſailing,
 And for your *Train-Oyl* your ſelves never ſolicite;
 For there is no fear of your *Merchandiſe* failing,
 Since the *VVholes* I'm afraid mean to give us a viſit:
 The great *Leviathan*
 May fail to *England*,
 To ſee a worſe Monſter the *Preſbyterian*.
 Was ever a *Vengeance* ſo wonderful ſhewn,
 That a *River* ſo great ſhould be turn'd to a *Town*?

*The praiſe of the Dairy-Maid, with a lick at the Cream-
 Pot, or a Fading Roſe. Tune, Pachintons Pound.*

Let Wine turn a *Spark*, and Ale huff like a *Hector*,
 Let *Pluto* drink *Coffee*, & *Jove* his rich *Nector*.
 Neither *Cider* nor *Sherry*,
Metheglin nor *Perry*,

Shall

Shall more make ~~me~~*Drunk* which the vulgar call *merry*:
These *Drinks* o're my *Fancy* no more shall prevail,
But I'll take a full *soop* at the merry *Milk-Pail*.

2

In praise of a *Dairy* I purpose to sing;
But all things in order, first, *God save the King*,
And the *Queen* I may say,
That ev'ry *May-day*,
Has many fair *Dairy-Maids*, all fine and gay.
Assist me, fair *Damsels*, to finish this Theme,
And inspire my *fancy* with *Strawberries* and *Cream*.

3

The first of fair *Dairy-Maids*, if you'd believe,
Was *Adam's* own Wife, your Great-grandmother *Eve*;
She milk'd many a *Cow*,
As well she knew how,
Tho *Butter* was then not so cheap as 'tis now;
She hoarded no *Butter* nor *Cheese* on a Shelf,
For the *Butter* and *Cheese* in those days made it self.

4

In that age or time there was no damn'd *Money*,
Yet the *Children* of *Israel* fed upon *Milk* and *Honey*:
No *Queen* you could see
Of the highest Degree,
But would milk the *Brown Cow* with the meanest she.
Their *Lambs* gave them *Cloathing*, their *Cows* gave them
[Meat,
In a plentiful *Peace* all their *Joys* were compleat.

5

But now of the making of *Cheese* we shall treat,
That *Nurser* of *Subjects*, bold *Britains* chief *Meat*.
When they first begin it,
To how the *Rennet*
Begets the first *Curd*, you wou'd wonder what's in it.
Then from the *blew whey*, when they put the *Curds* by,
They look just like *Amber*, or *Clouds* in the *Sky*.

6

Your *Turkey Sherbet* and *Arabian Tea*,
 Is Dish-water-stuff to a Dish of new *Whey*;
 For it cools Head and Brains,
 Ill Vapours it drains,
 And tho' your *Guts* rumble, 'twill ne'r hurt your Brains.
Court-Ladies i'th' morning will drink a whole Pottle,
 And send out their Pages with *Tankard* and *Bottle*.

7

Thou *Daughter* of *Milk*, and *Mother* of *Butter*,
 Sweet *Cream* thy due praises how shall I utter?
 For when at the best,
 A thing's well express'd,
 We are apt reply, *that's the Cream of the Jest*:
 Had I been a *Mouse*, I believe in my Soul
 I had long since been drowned in a *Cream-bowl*.

8

The *Elixir of Milk*, the *Dutch-mens* delight,
 By motion and rumbling thou bringest to light;
 But Oh, the soft stream
 That remains of the *Cream*!
 Old *Morpheus* ne'r tasted so sweet in a *Dream*:
 It removes all *Obstructions*, depresses the *Spleen*,
 And makes an old *Bawd* like a *Vench* of fifteen.

9

Amongst the rare *Virtues* that *Milk* does produce,
 A thousand more *Dainties* are daily in use;
 For a *Pudding* I'll tell ye,
 E'r it goes in the *Belly*,
 Must have both good *Milk* and the *Cream* and the *Jelly*:
 For a dainty fine *Pudding* without *Cream* or *Milk*,
 Is like a *Citizen's* Wife without *Satten* or *Silk*.

10

In the *Virtue* of *Milk* there's more to be muster'd,
 The charming delights of *Cheese-Cakes* and *Custard*;
 For at *Totenam-Court*
 You can have no Sport,
 Unless you give *Custards* and *Cheese-Cakes* for't:

And

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And what's *Jack Pudding* that makes us to laugh,
Unless he hath got a great *Custard* to quaff.

11

Both *Pan-cakes* and *Fritters* of *Milk* have good store,
But a *Devonshire White-pot* requires much more.

No state you can think,
Tho you study and wink,

From the lusty *Sack-poffet* to poor *Poffet-drink*;
But *Milk's* the Ingredients, the *Sack's* ne'r the worse;
For 'tis *Sack* makes the Man, tho *Milk* makes the Nurse.

12

But now I shall treat of a Dish that is cool,
A rich clouted *Cream* or a *Goose-berry-Fool*;
A Lady I heard tell,
Not far off did dwell,
Made her *Husband* a *Fool*, and yet pleas'd him full well.
Give thanks to the *Dairy* then every Lad,
That from good natur'd women such *Fools* may be had.

13

When the Damsel has got the Cows teat in her hand,
How she merily sings, while smiling I stand,
Then with pleasure I rub,
Yet impatient I scrub,

When I think of the blessing of a *Syllabub*:
Oh *Dairy-maids*, *Milk-maids*, such bliss ne'r oppose,
If e'r you'l be happy; I speak under the *Rose*.

14

This *Rose* was a Maiden once of your Profession,
Till the *Rake* and the *Spade* had taken possession;
At length it was said,
That one Mr. *Ed-*

mond did both dig and sow in her *Parsley-bed*;
But the *Fool* for his labour deserves not a *Rust*,
For grafting a *Thistle* upon a *Rose bush*.

15

Now *Milk-maids* take warning by this Maidens fall,
Keep what is your own, and then you keep all;
Mind well your *Milk-pail*,
And ne'r touch a man,

And

And you'l still be a Maid, let him do what he can.
 I am your well-wisher, - then list to my word,
 And give no more Milk than the Cow can afford.

*A Congratulation on the happy Discovery of the Hellish
 Fanatick Plot.*

To the Tune of, Now, now the Fight's done, &c.



¹
Come now let's rejoyce, and the City Bells ring,
 And the Bonfires kindle, while unto the *King*
 We pay on our knees the grand tribute that's due,
 Of thanks and oblation which now we renew,
 For Mercies that we have received of late,
 From Prudence and Justice diverting our Fate.

²
 The Curtain is drawn, and the Clouds are disperst,
 The Plot's come to light that in darkness did nest;
Jack Calvin's display'd with his Colours in grain:
 And who were the *Traytors* and *Villains* 'tis plain:

/ The

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The Traps that they laid, and the Snares that they set,
Have caught them at last in their own silly Net.

3
The Foreman himself, that Off-spring of Hell,
In whose wicked Breast all Treason doth dwell,
To the *Tower* was sent, with his triple Name,
Whilst the *Triple-tree* groans for his Carcass again,
And many Rogues more their Leader will follow
Unto the same place, whilst we whoop and hollow.

4
The Libelling Tribe that so long have Reign'd,
And sowed Sedition, shall now be Arraign'd;
Their Shams and their Lies shall do them no good,
When they come to the tree, there's no shamming that
Jamway and *Curtis* in the forlorn hope, [wood:
Then *Vile*, *Smith*, and *Care* shall neck the next Rope.

5
So, so, let them dye that would Monarchs destroy,
And spit all their Venom our Land to annoy:
If that their Pow'r were to their Ma ice equal,
And their ~~Courage~~ the same, they'd soon ruine all;
But their Courage is low, and their Power but small;
Their *Treason* is high, and must have a fall.

6
When *Trojans* of old (our Ancestors) were
In danger of Shipwrack, and tofs'd here and there;
Great *Neptune* soon quell'd those Rebels and Storms,
With brandish'd trident, and free'd them from harms;
They fled from his Face, through the guilt of their cause,
As these from our Lyon, if he stretch'd out his paws.

7
Go Devils, be gone to the Region below,
Here's no bus'ness of yours, or ought left to do:
No Tempter we need, we can act all our selves,
Without any help from you silly Elves;
For what *Presbyter* acts, he thinks a disgrace,
All Hell should out-do him, or dare shew their Face.

For produce all the ill that Hell ever hatch'd,
 'Tis nothing at all when it comes to be match'd;
 With what has been Plotted by Traytors of late,
 Who aim'd at the ruine of Church, and of State:
 By Perjury, Bribes, by suborning, all Evil,
 By Murder, and worse than e're came from th' Devil,

Now *Presbyter* come and submit thy stiff Neck,
 Thou labour'st in vain our Great Monarch to check;
 Whose Power Divine no Mortals controul,
 But hazard the loss of both Body and Soul:
 Then banish for ever your *Commonwealth* hope,
 Which tends to destruction, and ends in a Rope.

E P I L O G U E.

With Wine of all sorts let the Conduits run free,
 And each true heart drink the *Kings* health on his knee.
 No Treason shall lodge in our breasts while we live,
 To *G'd*, and to *Cæsar*, their due we will give;
 We'll pray with our hearts, and fight with our hands,
 Against all *Fanaticks*, when Great *James* commands.

*N new SONG on the Death of Colledge the Protestant
 Joyner. Tune, Now, now the Fight's done.*

BRave *Colledge* is Hang'd; the Chief of our hopes,
 For pulling down *Bishops* and making New *Popes*:
 Our dear Brother *Property* crawls on the Grown'd,
 In *Poland* King *Anthony* ne'r will be Crown'd:
 For now they'r resolv'd, that *Hearts* shall be Trump,
 And the Prentices Swear, they will Burn the *Old Rump*.

Brave *Colledge*, both Champion and Carver of *Laws*,
 Who dyed undaunted, and stuck to the *Cause*;
 What mischief mightst thou to the *Godly* have done
 Had thy daring Soul, dreaded the World to come?
 And all thy dear Party to danger expos'd,
 If Thou to the World, hadst thy secrets disclos'd.

But

3.

But now thou art Hang'd, and that fear is past,
Were all that's in question as safe in the Nest,
Then we some new means, might consult or contrive,
To drive on our purpose, to prosper or thrive:
But the *Popish Plot*, has now quite lost its Name,
And none thy bright *Blunderbuss* dare to maintain.

4.

What K--- but Great *Colledge*, could e'er make a *Pope*,
Tho' he was o'er-rul'd by the end of the *Rope*?
Great *Colledge*, was certainly *Jure Divino*,
When the Triple Crown, on the *Popes* Head did *Shine*.
He burnt him to ashes, for pastime like *Nero*,
Then straight made a new one, such Power had our *Hero*.

5.

Great *Colledge*, must certainly dye a good *Martyr*,
Being Knight of the *Halter*, and above the *Garter*;
Our dear Brother *States-man*, tho' bred in a *Saw-pit*,
Had Internal *Genius*, enough to o'rethrow Wit:
He fram'd a new Modell, to limit the K---,
In hopes *Crown* and *Scepter*, might truckle to him.

6.

Great *Britain* n'er bred such a Brother as *Colledge*,
He made Seven *Popes*, in his Time to our knowledge;
Our Signals of Crimes, he put in the *Popes* Arms
Which prudent Contrivance, our Function Alarms.
With threats in Petition, Kings Power to restrain,
Yet *Towser* and *Broomstaff*, ride Admiral again.

7.

Great *Hannibal's* Conquest, nor *Oliver's* Nose,
Could with such small Slaughter, subdue such great Foes,
As he in three years, with the help of our Party,
Hath check'd our three Kingdoms and *Magna Charta*,
The Head of our *Church*, and the Head of our Cause,
He would have maintain'd them by *Perjury* and *Blows*.

8.

He now may be call'd, a third *Saviour* o' th' *Nation*,
To save his dear Church he Renounced Salvation;

Like

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Like Famous *Cargile*, he dy'd for King *Jesur*,
Defying Church Idols, enough to amuze us :
He ty'd up together both Us and our Crimes,
And dy'd like a Devil, to damp our Designs.

9.

Our Cause t' th' *Character-men*, we must refer
To *Shadwell*, and *Settle*, to *Curtis* and *Care*.
To know who succeeds, our late Captain the *Joyner*,
He must be an Artist, some Carver, or Coyner,
To make our Solemnity, and some New *Popes*,
On which our dependance hangs, and our Hopes.

10.

But when the time comes, that the *Pope* must be burn'd
I fear we shall find that the Tide is much turn'd?
For the *Tory* Party, hath got so much ground,
To Head a *Rebellion* there's none will be found;
For now they'r Resolv'd that *Harts* shall be Trump;
And the Prentices Swear, they'l burn the *Old Rump*.

11.

Such a confused Monster, they swear they'l Compose
Of all the *Dissenters*, that are the Kings Foes ;
The *Baptist*, and *Biter*, the *Pendant* and *Quaker*,
From which they will draw such a Prodigious Creature :
More Diabolical and Invectively far,
Then all the *Popes* Solemnity at *Temple-Bar*.

12.

Our Common-Council let's Summon together,
To Pannel packt Jury's, Let's mak't our endeavour,
For an *Habeas Corpus* insists on our Power;
To fetch our Great Patriots out of the *Tower* ;
And then we'll Dispute the Case, for *Reformation*,
And make the Proud *Torys* Resign us the Nation.

*The Compleat Swearing-Master ; To the Tune of,
Now, now the Fight's done*

O Nce on a time, the *Doctor* did swear,
By the help of his Friend the Prince of the Air,
He

He was busie in Consult, one day in Spain,
And on the same day in England again:
*And the Dr. did swear that Noble Don John,
Though little and Fair, was a tall black Man.*

2.

The Dr. Swore he brought Commissions to Town,
From Father Oliva to men of Renown:
To raise mighty Forces the King to Destroy,
For which many *Russians* the *Pope* did imploy;
*And the Dr. did Swear that little Don John,
Was black, and also a very tall Man.*

3.

That forty thousand *Pilgrims* there were,
Arm'd with *Black-bills*, that march'd in the Air;
And ready to strike when the *Pope* should command,
And carry to *Rome* poor little *England*.
*And the Dr. did Swear as few others can,
hat little Don John is a tall black Man.*

4.

And the Dr. did swear he had Letters full many
But for all he Swore, he ne'r produc'd any:
It's much he kept none to make out the matter,
But it may be he lost them in crossing the Water;
*But that's all one, the Dr. Swore on,
That little Don John was a tall black Man.*

5.

He swore two hundred thousand Pounds sent
To *Ireland*, which was all to be spent:
In *Squibs* to burn Houses, *Amunition* and *Bills*,
And pay Popish Doctors for *King-Killing Pills*:
*Which he swore had been done if the Plot had gone on,
And then swore Don John was a tall black Man.*

6.

And the Dr. did swear he knew not some men,
Yet afterwards swore, he knew them again:
And the Dr. did swear by the fair candle-light,
He could not discern a Man from a *Mite*:
*But believe him who will, for I hardly can,
That little Don John is a tall black Man.*

And

7.

And he swore he always a *Protestant* was;
 And ne'r car'd a *Fart* for *Pope* or for *Moss*.
 And he Swore he went to *St. Omers* to find
 What the *Jesuits* had against *England* design'd.
And the Dr. did swear, deny it who can,
That little Don John was a tall black Man.

8.

And the *Dr.* did swear a thousand things more,
 That discovering the *Plor* had made him grow poor.
 And he swore himself 700 pounds worse,
 But a pox of all lies, take that for a curse :
But I'll not believe it, although others can,
That little Don John is a tall black Man.

9.

Now if it should please the *Dr.* to swear,
 (To Keep his hand in,) a *Man* is a *Bear* ;
 Or the *Dr.* will swear his *Soul* to the *Devil*,
 He shall do it for me, I love to be *Civil*;
Every man in his way, let the Dr. swear on,
But I beg his excuse in the size of Don John.

10.

The *Dr.* may swear the *Crow* to be white,
 Or a *Pigmy* to be of *Gygantick* height,
 Or double his numburs of *Pilgrims* and *Bills*,
 And swear them drawn up in *Lincolns-Inn-fields*.
I hear't and believ't as much as I can,
That little Don John is a tall black Man.

11.

There's no stopping the *Tide*, let the *Dr.* swear on.
 The black is the fair, or the fair the black Man,
 Or swear what he will, I care not a *T—*,
 I'd as soon as his, take another mans word :
So Dr. be damn'd, and swear all you can,
Don John is not tall, nor yet a black Man.

The Whigs drown'd in an honest Tory Health,
To the Tune of, Hark, the thundering Canons roar.



I

W^ealth breeds care, love, hope & fear
What does Love or Bu:ness here,
While Bacchus's Navy doth appear;
Fight on, and fear not sinking:
Fill it briskly to the brim,
Till the flying top-Sails swim,
We owe the first Discovery to Him
Of this great world of *Drinking*.

2

Brave Cabals, who States Refine,
Mingle their debates with Wine;
Cares and the God o'th' Vine
Make every great Commander:

Let

70 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

Let sober Sots small Beer subdue,
The wise and valiant, VVine do woe ;
The *Stagarite* had the Honour too
To be Drunk with *Alexander*.

3

Stand to your Arms! and now advance
A health to the *English* King of *France*,
And to the next of *Boon Esprance*
By *Bacchus* and *Appollo* :
Thus in State I lead the Van ;
Fall in your place by the Right-hand man!
Beat Drum! march on! dub a dub, ran dan!
He's a *Whig* that will not follow.

4

Face about to the Right again,
Britains Admiral of the Main,
YORK, and His Illustrious Train
Crown the days Conclusion :
Let a Halter stop his Throat
VVho brought in the formost *Vote*,
And of all that did promote
The Mystery of *Exclusion*.

5

Next to *Denmark's* VVar-like Prince
Let the following health Commence ;
To the Nymph whose Influence
That brought the *Hero* hither :
May their Race the tribe annoy,
VVho the Grandfire would destroy,
And get every year a Boy
VVhilst they are together.

6

To the *Royal Family*
Let us close in Bumpers three ;
May the Ax and Halter be
The pledge of every *Roundhead* :
To all Loyal hearts pursue,
VVho to the *Monarch* dare prove true ;
But for him they call *True Blew*,
Let him be confounded.

*An excellent new Song on the late Victories over the
Turks. To a pleasant new Tune.*

I.

HArk the thundring *Cannons* roar,
Echoing from the *German* shore,
And the joyful *News* comes o'er;
The *Turks* are all confounded;
Lorrain comes' they run, they run;
Charge your *Horse* thro' the grand *half-moon*
VVe'l quarter give to none,
Since *Staremberg* is wounded.

2.

Close your *Ranks*, and each brave *Soul*
Take a lusty flowing *Bowl*,
A grand *Carouse* to th' *Royal Pole*,
The *Empires* brave *Defender*;
No man leave his *Post* by stealth,
Plunder the *Grand Vissiers* wealth,
But drink a *Helmet* full to th' *Health*
Of the second *Alexander*.

3.

Mahomet was a sober *Dog*,
A *Small-Beer* drouzy senseless *Rogue*,
The *Juice of the Grape* so much in vogue
To forbid to those *Adore* him;
Had he but allow'd the *Vine*,
Given 'em leave to carouse in *Wine*,
The *Turk* had safely past the *Rhine*,
And conquer'd all before him

4.

With dull *Tea* they fought in vain,
Hopeless *Vict'ry* to obtain,
Here sprightly *Wine* fills ev'ry *Vein*;
Success must needs attend him;

72 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

Our Brains, (like our *Canons* warm
With often Firing feels no harm,
While the sober sot flies the *Alarm*,
No *Lawrel* can befriend him.

5.
Christians thus with *Conquest* Crown'd,
Conquest with the *Glass* goes round,
Weak *Coffee* can't keep its ground,
Against the force of *Claret*:
Whilst we give them thus the Foyl,
And the *Pagan Troops* Recoyl,
The Valiant *Poles* divide the Spoil,
And in brisk *Nectar* share it.

6.
Infidels are now o'recome,
But the most *Christian Turks* at home
Watching the Fate of *Christendom*,
But all his hopes are shallow;
Since the *Poles* have led the Dance,
Let English *Cesar* now advance,
And if he sends a Fleet to *France*,
He's a *Whig* that will not follow.

Rejoyce in Tryumph, Or a *Plaudite* on the *Ottomon*
defeat at *Vienna*.

Tune, *Hark how the thundring Cannons* roar.

I'M glad to hear the *Canons* roar
Resounding from the *German* shoar,
Better News than heretofore,
That *Babels* Beast is wounded;
The *Christians* brave, both all and some
Charge with the *Horse & Kettle* drum,
The Enemy of *Christendom*,
Till *Turks* are quite confounded.

2.
The King of *Poland* (in a *Phraise*)
The great *Grand Seigneur* did amaze,

And

And the noise his Siege did raise,
 Courageous *Solymanus* !
 (If you resolve to come again)
 You must recruit both might & main,
 Or else it will be all in vain,
 To think that they'll trepan us.

3.
 His Christian Majesty of *France*
 Doth Booty play, the *Germans* dance,
 And he doth laugh at our mischance,
 Himself he dare not venter ;
 But Pimp the Beast, and *Babels Whore*,
 And he Bo-peep stands at the door,
 While the wanton *Canons* roar,
 Then *He* for-like he'll enter.

4.
 But spite on *Turk* and Great *Mogul*,
 And Pox upon the *Scarlet trull*,
 And we *Poppie* too dare pull,
 If *James* be our Commander ;
 For though He Newtral seem to be,
 He can command both Land and Sea,
 And over-throw the big-look'd Three,
 And trace brave *Alexander*.

5.
 Then let no rancor joyn'd with hate
 Make Ruptures in the Church or State
 But all submit to Divine Fate,
 And keep within our Border ;
 Let none old *England* then forsake,
 (Since Crowns & Kingdoms lye at Stake)
 If Foreign War to undertake,
 Till *James* give further Order.

6.
 The *Germans* tall that heretofore,
 They Captive took one *Bull* and *Boar*,
 The *Minotaurus* of a *Whore*,
 Did roar like any Thunder ;

E

Then

And

Then P. P. how could this be
 The great *Gibraltar* of the Sea ?
 Whose Army was to fight with thee,
 And force the World to wonder.

7.

But *Ottomon* pray get you gone,
 We *Christians* do but draw you on ;
 We'll greater booty have, or none,
 And if you'll not prevent it,
 If ever you turn your face this way
 We'll make the *Canon-musick* play ;
 And you shall dance the *English* Hay,
 Till all your bones lament it.

8.

Our Royal *James* will make you know
 The sharpness of a *Yorkshire* Ho,
 And prov'd by Land and Sea your Foe,
 If *James* command to do it :
 Both *England, Scotland, Dutch* and *Dane*,
 And all his Islands of the Main,
 Will not be able to refrain :
 If he once bid to do it.

9.

Then fill the Piss-pot to the Swine,
 Heap me a rousing glass of Wine,
 The dancing *Thames* shall pledge the *Rhine*,
 And *Tiber* shall be *Præses*,
 Then here's to *James* that Rules the Main,
 To *Poland, Holland, Scot* and *Dane*,
 To *Germany*, and brave *Lorain*,
 But pray you *potus nescis*.

The Whig-Intelligencer ; or, *Sir Samuel in the Pound*,
 Tune, *Hark ! the thundring Canons* roar.

Hark ! the fatal day is come,
 Fatal as the day of Doom,
 For *Sir Samuel* there make Room,
 So fam'd for *Ignoramus* :

He

He whose Conscience cou'd allow
Such large favours you know how,
If we do him justice now,
The Brethren will not blame us.

2.

Stand to the Bar, and now advance,
Morden, Kendrick, Oates and Prance.
But let the Foreman lead the Dance,
The rest in course will Follow:
Tilden, Kendrick, next shall come,
And with him receive their Doon,
Ten thousand Pound, at which round Sum
The Hall set up a Hallow;

3.

Brave Sir *Barnard*---on now;
Who no *Main* would e'r allow,
To lose *ten thousand* at a throw,
Was pleas'd to all mens thinking.
Ten thousand Pounds! a dismal note,
Who before had given his Vote,
Not t'give our King a Groat,
To save the Throne from sinking.

4.

But yet there's a Remedy
Before the King shall get by me;
I'll quit my darling Liberty.
Nor will I give bail for't:
For e'r the Crown shall get a Groat
In opposition to my Vote,
I'll give them leave to cut my Throat,
Altho' I lye in Goal for't.

5.

Vere't for *Men*---h, I'de not grieve,
Or brave *Ruffel* to retrieve,
Or that *Sydney* yet might live,
Twice Told, I'd not complain, Sir,
Say, what's more, my whole Estate,
With my *Bodkins, Spoons, and Plate,*

E 2.

So

76 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

So I might reduce the State,
To a *Commonwealth* again Sir.

6.

Or that *Mon---b* were in Grace,
Or Sir *Sam.* in *Jefferey's* place.
To spit all Justice in the Face
For acting Law and Reason,
Or that *Tories* went to pot,
Or we should prove it a Sham Plot,
Or *Essex* did not cut his Throat,
Or Plotting were not Treason.

7.

Thus I'd freely quit my Coyn ;
But with *Tories* to combine,
Or keep the Heir in the right Line,
That *Popery* be in fashion,
To see the *Holy Cause* run down,
While mighty *York* is next the *Crown*,
And *Perkin's* forc't to fly the Town,
Oh vile Abomination !

8.

Sooner then obedience owe
To their Arbitrary Law,
Or my Bail in danger draw,
For Breach of good Behaviour,
I with *Bethel*, and the rest
O'th' Birds, in Cage will make my Nest
And keep my Fire to Plot and Feast,
Till *Mon----* be in favour.

*On the most High and Mighty Monarch King JAMES II.
His Exaltation on the Throne of England. Being an
excellent new Song. To the same Tune.*

Hark! the Bells and Steeple Ring !
A Health to J A M E S our Royal King,
Heav'n approves the Offering
Resounding in a CHORUS;

Let our Sacrifice aspire,
Richest Gums perfume the Fire,
Angels, and the Sacred Quire
Have led the way before us.

2

Through loud *Storms* and *Tempest* driv'n,
This wrong'd Prince to us was giv'n,
The mighty *James*, preserv'd by Heav'n
To be a future Blessing:
The Anointed Instrument,
Good Great *Charles* to Represent,
And fill our Souls with that content,
Which we are now possessing.

3

Justice, Plenty, Wealth and Peace,
With the fruitful Lands increase,
All the Treasure of the Seas,
With Him to Us are given;
As the *Brother*, Just, and Good,
From whose *Royal Father's* Blood,
Clemency runs like a Flood,
A Legacy from Heaven.

4

Summon'd young to fierce *Alarms*,
Born a *Mars* in midst of Arms,
His good Angels kept from harms,
The Peoples Joy and Wonder;
Early *Lawrels* Crown'd His Brow,
And the Crowd did Praise allow,
Whilst against the *Belgick* foe
Great *Jove* imploy'd his Thunder.

5

Like Him none e're fill'd the Throne,
Never Courage yet was known
With so much Conduct met in One,
To claim our due Devotion;
Who made the *Belgick Lyon* Roar,
Drove 'em back to their own shore,

78 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

To humble, and inroach no more
Upon the *British* Ocean.

6

When poor *Holland* first grew proud,
Sawey, Insolent, and Loud,
Great *James* subdu'd the boyst'rous crowd,
The foaming Ocean Stemming;
His Countreys Glory, and its Good,
He valu'd dearer than his Blood,
And rid sole Sovereign o're the Flood,
In spight of *French* or *Flemming*.

7

When He the Foe had overcome,
Brought them *Peace* and *Conquest* home,
Exil'd, in Foreign Parts to Roam,
Ungrateful REBELS *Vote Him*:
But spite of all their Insolence,
Inspir'd with God-like Patience,
The Rightful *Heir*, kind Providence
Did to a Throne promote Him.

8

May *Justice* at his Elbow wait,
To defend the *Church* and *State*,
The Subject, and this *Monarch's* Date,
May no Storm e're dissever:
May he long Adorn this place,
With his *Royal Brother's* Grace,
His *Mercy*, and His *Tenderness*,
To Rule this Land for ever.

London's Loyalty. To a new Tune, call'd Burton Hall.



¹
Rowze up great *Genious* of this Potent Land,
 Lest Traytors once more get the upper hand;
 The Rebel Crowd their former Tenents own,
 And Treason worse than Plagues infect the Town:
 The Sneaking Mayor and his two Pimping Shreeves,
 Who for their honesty no better are than Theeves;
 Fall from their Sov'raigns side, To court the *Mobile*,
 Oh! *London, London*, where's thy *Loyalty*;

²
 First, *Yorkshire Patience* twirls his Copper Chain;
 And hopes to see a *Commonwealth* again;
 The Sneaking Fool of breaking is afraid,
 Dares not change sides, for fear he lose his Trade;
 Then Loyal *Slingsby* does their *Fate Divine*,
 He that abjur'd the King, and all His Sacred Linē,
 And is suppos'd His Fathers Murderer to be;
 Oh! *Bethel, Bethel*, where's thy *Loyalty*?

3

A most *Notorious Villain* late was caught,
 And after to the Bar of Justice brought;
 But *Slingsby* pack'd a Jury of his own,
 Of worser Rogues than e're made *Gallows* groan,
 Then *Dugdales* Evidence was soon decry'd,
 That was so Just, and Honest when Old *Stafford* dy'd:
 Now was a perjurd Villain, and he ly'd.
 Oh! Justice, Justice, where's thy Equity?

4

Now *Cl-ton*, murmures Treason, unprovoak'd,
 First sup'd the King, and after wish'd Him choak'd,
 'Cause *Danby's* place was well bestow'd before,
 He Rebel turns, seduc'd by Scarlet Whore;
 His sawcy pride aspires to High Renown, [Town,
 Leather Breeches are forgot in which he trudg'd to
 Nought but the *Treasury* can please the Scribbling
 Oh! *Robin, Robin*, where's thy Modesty? [Clown,

5

Player now grows dull, and pines for want of Whore,
 Poor *Creswel*, she can take his word no more,
 Three hundred Pounds, is such a heavy yoke,
 Which not being pay'd, the worn-out Bawd is broke;
 These are the Instruments by Heaven sent,
 These are the Saints Petition for a Parliament:
 That would for Int'rest sake, destroy the *Monarchy*,
 Oh! *London, London*, where's thy Loyalty?

6

Heaven Bless fair *England*, and its Monarch here,
 In *Scotland*, bless their High Commissioner,
 Let *Perkin* his ungracious error see,
 And *Toney* scape no more the *Triple-Tree*:
 Then Peace and Plenty shall our Joies restore,
 Villains and Factions shall oppress the Town no more.
 But every Loyal Subject then shall happy be,
 Nor need we care for *Londons* Loyalty.

*No Protestant-Plot, or the Whigs Loyalty: with the
Doctors new discovery: Tune Londons Loyalty.*

Hells restless Faction Agents still Plot on,
And *Eighty Three* smells rank of *Forty One*;
The *Royal Martyrs* Foes pursue his Sons,
Who seek their lives with *Blunderbuss* and *Guns*:
Th' *Infernal Regicides* so inflam'd with *Zeal*,
Are for killing King and Duke, t' erect a *Commonweal*;
This is the daily trade and practice of our modern *Whigs*:
Tho' they are always baffled in their damn'd *Intrigues*:

What! Ho! cries *Titus*, rise ye sleepy Heads,
Unless you'll all be murder'd in your Beds;
Fierce *Hanibal* of *France* is at your Gate,
Come Rascals, Mutiny e're it be too late:
The *Spanish Pilgrims*, once hir'd to cut your Throats,
Are landed now at *Milford Haven*, believe your Saviour
Oates; [ground,
And the horrid Popish Army, that were hid under
Are, I'll take my Oath, within a Trumpets sound.

See there, a fighting Army in the Air:
But now it vanishes, and does disappear;
A *Spectre* told strange things to honest *Bess*,
Which much amaz'd the *Hatfield Prophetess*:
I told 'em true at first, what black Designs would be,
Carry'd on against the King, and Royal *Albany*,
By the discontented *Whigs*; but Rebel *Toney* since,
Made me contradict my former Evidence.

I've lost my Swearing Trade, now by this Hand,
Must I be forc'd to starve, or leave the Land;
My injur'd Prince has long since on me frown'd,
For *Perjuries* against his Life and Crown:
I'll follow *Rumbold*, *Wade*, *Nelthorpe*, *Walcot*, *Hone*,
With that cruel Blood-hound *Burton*, who've all fled the
Town; E 5 For

82 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

For if I tarry here much longer, I harbour dreadful fears
That I shall be Hang'd, or forfeit both my Ears.

5

Unparallel'd Assassines, that could dare
To attempt the Life of *Joves Vice-Gerent* here :
Of whom the Gods do take such special care,
None ought to mutter Treason to the Air ;
But cut-throat Protestants may do any thing,
And inform the *Roman-Catholicks* how to murder King,
They take it in great dudgeon to be equaliz'd for villainy
Yet their Hellish Crimes must pass for Loyalty.

6

But thanks to Heaven, who did curb their Power,
And has preserv'd us from that fatal hour :
When Villains were to Massacre us all,
And *Noll's* Successors to possess *White-Hall*;
Walcot has taken up *New-gate* for his Bower,
And the Lord *Russel* is gone to fortifie the *Tower* :
Whilst we that stand for Church and Staté, with great
[security Sing,
And pray *Jove* to preserve the life of *James* our King.

*Londons Joy and Loyalty, on his Royal Highness the
Duke of York's return from Scotland. the same Tune.*

1

Rouze up ye *Tories* Of this *Faction's Land*,
Now Loyalty hath got the upper-hand :
The Rabble-Rout their *Errours* shall disclaim,
And Homage pay to *York's* Illustrious Name ;
The *London Mayor* is faithful to his Trust,
And the two present Sh'riffs wou'd fain be counted Just ;
And every *Faction's Rebel* through the Town agree,
To shew the heighth of *Londons Loyalty*.

2

Now the loud threatening Tempest is dispers'd,
And all their shamming *Plots* are quite revers'd ;
Great *JEMY's* happy *Restauration* here,

Makes

Makes a new day in *Londons* Hemisphere,
The Clouds are gone that did oppress His Reign,
And joyful day breaks forth in this glad Land again,
Then to the Mighty Duke of *York* and *Albany*,
Now *London, London*, shew thy Loyalty.

³
A Royal Pair, with their Illustrious Train,
To *Londons* Joy are now return'd again
Great Gracious *Charles* did in the Front appear,
And Princely *York* advanced in the Rear;
The Right Successor is return'd again,
Whom former *Faction* sent an Exile o'r the Main,
Then to the Mighty Duke of *York* and *Albany*
Now *London, London*, Shew thy Loyalty.

⁴
Let *Whigs* and *Zealots* tremble at his Name,
And all their cursed Principles reclaim,
Let *Faction's* Vote, nor *Ignoramus* Law,
The Royal Cause no longer overthrow;
Let injur'd JEMMY live for to requite,
And be reveng'd on those that do oppose His Right;
That to the Mighty Duke of *York* and *Albany*,
London now at last may shew its Loyalty.

⁵
Heav'n bless the King, preserve the Lawful Heir,
Let *Tories* Sing, and *Brimighams* Despair:
To see Great *YORK* invested in His own,
'Spight of all Fop-pretenders to the Throne;
Then Truth and Justice shall our Joys restore;
Associations shall destroy our Peace no more;
But to our Gracious King, with *York* and *Albany*,
All Subjects seek to shew their LOYALTY.

*The Courageous Loyalist; or a Health to the Royal
Family. Tune, Londons Loyalty.*

¹
Drown Melancholly in a Glass of Wine;
We will be jolly, let the Miser pine;

Boys:

84 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

Boys drink about, we'll make the Tavern roar;
When the Bumpers out, we'll call again for more :
It makes good Blood to run within our Veins,
It puts good Reason also in our Brains :
He that will deny it, hanged let him be ;
Here's a health to all the Royal Progeny.

2

Boys, we'll be merry, whatsoe'r ensue;
Drink Sack and Sherry till the Skie look blew :
Let the *Whigs* lament, and whimingly complain ;
We with one consent, drink to the *Royal Train*;
Heavens blest Great *James*, and the Duke of *York* ;
All the *Lords* and *Earls*, and every Royal Spark,
Down with every Factious shamming, whining Crew ;
Give them Rope and hanging, since it is their due.

3

Drawer bring us Wine, fill the other Bowl,
Let us lose no time, for he's an honest Soul
That doth love his Prince, and the ancient Laws,
He is a man of Sense, he shall have our applause,
As mighty *Charles*, his renowned Name,
Let it be Recorded in the Books of Fame :
But he that will deny *Allegiance* to the King,
Hang him, let him dye, and in a Halter swing.

4

Brave Noble *Lyons*, be ye stout and true,
Stand in defiance of the Rabble Crew ;
They that design'd our Laws to undermine,
We will make them flye like Chaff before the wind :
Those that did consent yielding to allow,
Those that did invent the *Association Vow*,
To conceal their *Treason*, hang 'em let them swing,
Here's a Health to *James* the most Renowned King.

5

Now sure the *Whigs* they will no more Rebel,
Old *Cromwells* Piggs, that suck'd up all the swill,
Their hopes are drowned, as we plainly see,
Some were confounded, in their Villainy,

Tommy

Tommy he is fled, *Toney* he is dead,
Some of them were hang'd, others lost their Head :
Ketch in the conclusion paid them their Arrears,
Since this confusion, how they hang their Ears.

6

Then learn to bow, and in Obedience stand,
To our *Cæsar* now the Glory of the Land,
None can convince, for what I speak is true,
He is a Prince of Love and Pity too :
Those that are Loyal, they are perfect free,
There's no denial of their Liberty,
Then true Hearts be mery, make the Tavern ring,
Fling up your Caps, and cry, *God save the KING.*

Ryot upon Ryot : or a Cant upon the Arresting the Loyal
Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. Tune, the same.

Gallants, if you wou'd hear a Tale Sung o're,
So daring and bold, 'twas never done before :
See London's Loyal Sheriffs, and Lord Mayor,
(Bearing the Sword,) Arrested in the Chair.

1

Rowze up Great Monark in the Royal Cause ;
The great Defender of our Faith and Laws :
Now, now, or never, crush the Serpents Head,
Or else the Poyson through the Land will spread.
The Noble Mayor and his two Loyal Shrieves,
Bearing the Sword's assaulted by Usurping Thieves ;
Who their Rebellious Ryots would maintain by Law :
Oh London ! London ! where's thy Justice now ?

2

Smite, smite, the Snakes did first their Sting reveal,
Stabbing thy *Royal Brother* in the Heel ;
And struck so many Loyal Martyrs dead,
Now in the Sun flie boldly at the Head ;
Slaves that resist all Power but their own ; [Throne,
He that would Usurp the Chair, would next Usurp the
Who neither *Royal Heir* nor *Loyal Mayors* allow :
Oh London ! London ! Where's thy Charter now ?

3 *London,*

3

London, of Faction's the eternal Spring,
 Yet so much favour'd by a Gracious King;
 Who doſt ſuch Deeds that have no parallel,
 Only to teach thy Children to Rebel.
 This will Record thee in the Books of Fame;
 This bold attempt no Law, nor Precedent can claim:
Blood and the Crown, Papilion and Dubois out-do:
Oh London! London! where's thy Charter now?

4

Was this the way your Ryots to repair;
 In ſpight o'th' Charter, to Arreſt the Mayor?
 And gainſt the Sheriff's your ſham Actions bring,
 Cauſe juſtly choſen, and approv'd by th' King?
 What call you this, but *Treafon*? whiſt the Fool
 That did Arreſt the Mayor, expects himſelf to Rule;
 And, ſave his own, no other power would allow:
Oh London! London! where's thy Charter now?

5

Hang up the Faction's Heads that dare oppoſe,
 The Sword of Juſtice, and the ancient Laws:
 Who in his Office dare Arreſt the Mayor,
 Diſowns the Pow'r that plac'd Him in the Chair.
Tantara-ra ra! Let the Trumpets ſound, [ground:
 Double all your Guards, and let the Cent'nels ſtand their
 He that Arreſts the Mayor, would ſeize the *Monarch* too:
Oh Mighty Monarch hang up all the Crew,

The Well-wishes to the Royal Family.

To a new Play-House Tune.



I

NOW the *Tories* that Glories
 In Royal *Jemmy's* return,
 The Tavern roar it, and score it,
 Your Caps and Bonets burn :
 Let the Lads and the Lasses
 Set foot to foot in their turn ;
 And he that passes his Glasses,
 May he never scape the Horn :
 Royal *James* is come again,
 There's for honest men roem agein,
 The true Heir is come again ;
 Fop Pretenders we scorn,
 Then hey Boys laugh it, and quaff it.
 Let *Whigs* and *Zenlots* mourn.

2

Let Impeaches and Speeches
 Be with the Authors pull'd down ;
 And all that Preaches or Teaches
 Against the Heir of the Crown :
 No more the *Zealous* shall tell us
 Of the Succession of the Throne ;
 Till the Rebellious so Zealous,
 His Lawful Interest own :
Monarchy is got up again,
 Every man take his Cup again,
 Till we make the *Whigs* stoop again,
 Who our Peace wou'd intral :
 And every Rebel that Libel'd,
 Do at his Foot-stool fall.

3

Let's be Loyal and Joy-al,
 Spight of each *Faction Cabal*,
 Who daily deny all, despise all,
 That we can Loyalty call ;
 Who smoaking and foaking,
 With the return of the *Rump*,
 Sadly looking, sit croaking,
 To see it wore to a Stump ;
 Then set the Glass round again,
 For our time let's not spend in vain,
 But let us now drink amain,
 Fill it up to the Brim :
 Come round Boys let's Trowl it, and Bowl it,
 Till our Joys they do swim.

4

For him our Choices and Voices;
 Shall hereafter be free,
 Whilst each one Rejoyces, our noises
 Shall defend the raging o'th' Sea ;
 We'll attend Him, befriend Him,
 Let *Malice* Vote what it will ;
 Coyn we'll lend Him, Defend Him,
 And we'll rejoyce in Him still :

Then :

Then let us no Mirth refrain,
 Since that now He is safe again,
 Well having escap'd the Main ;
 From the Salt waters set free,
 Then hey Boys laugh it, and quaff it,
 And let us mery be.

5
 Though the Zealous, grow Jealous,
 And create much needless fear,
 By which means they'd drill us & will us,
 Like themselves to appear ;
 But no wonder, since Plunder,
 Is that at which they do aim,
 That the *Whigs* wander under
 Religious Guile, which they shame :
 But at last we have found them,
 And from the bottom unwound them,
 So that each man may found them,
 And laugh at the *Old Cause*,
 Which was the ruine and undoing,
 Of King and Kingdoms Laws.

6
 Then let's rout 'em and flout 'em,
 Who rail at the Succession,
 That would rout Him whom we so esteem,
 Beyond all Expression ;
 Fill *Claret*, who's for it ?
 And let each Bumper go round,
 Who doth bar it, or spare it,
 May he with *Goats* Horns be Crown'd:
 Here's a Health to the Dutchess,
 Grant her long life, health, and Riches,
 And a young Prince is all our Wishes,
 Whilst all the Factionous Repine,
 Then come away wi't, ne'r stay it,
 Let no man baulk his Wine.

Justice Tryumphant, an excellent new Song in Commendation of Sir George Jeffreys, Lord Chief-Justice of England. Tune, Now the Tories that Glories, &c.

NOW the Traytor, King-hater,
 (That glories still in his Crime,)
 And every *Associator*,
 Give Thanks, for now it is time :
 Let the *Whigs* in the *Tower*,
 Who thought to make us a prey,
 Rejoyce, 'tis yet in their power
 To keep a *Thanksgiving-day* :
Loyal Jeffreys is Judge again,
 Let the *Brimighams* grudge amain,
 Who to *Tyburn* must trudge amain,
Ignoramus we scorn ;
 May Heav'n direct Him, protect Him,
 Let guilty Traytors mourn.

Noble *Jeffreys*, so Loyal,
 Of *Englands* Judges the Chief,
 Whom *Factions* sought to destroy all,
 The *Whigs* both Envy and Grief ;
Sir George, in Justice intrusted,
 Whose Fate the Crowd did contrive,
 With *Popes* in Tryumph conducted,
 To fley and burn him alive :
 He, with old *Heracitus*,
 And *Towzer*, that does so bite us,
 And *Thompson*, with all who right us,
 Were led about for a shew,
 And burnt for *Papists*, by *Atheists*
 Own'd no *Religion* or *Law*.

Englands Justice, so Loyal,
 Whom all the Tribe did oppose,
 Has now before him the Tryal
 Of the new *Good old Cause* ;

Williams, who did so gore him
 When he did sit in the Chair,
 Must now, for Treason, before him
 Hold up his hand at the Bar :
 Noble *Jeffreys*, who thinks it a scorn
Oates or *Evidence* to stubborn,
 Or by taking Bribe be forsworn,
 As some others before ;
 But he, Chief-Justice, our trust is
 They'l pay for the old Score,

4

Let not Rebels enslave you
 With hopes to make you more free,
 Nor wilful Bigots deceive you
 With shews of Loyalty ;
 No *Blanderbusses* be planted
 Against the life of the King ;
 Nor *Rouse* nor *Russel* be Sainted,
 For first promoting the thing :
 Let not Rascals forge Speeches,
 To make Rebellion and Breaches,
 And clear the Bloud-thirsty Leeches,
 Who would for Innocents pass,
 By hatching Treason, 'gainst reason,
 To set up an Ignorant Ass.

5

Then shall *London*, promoted
 Be by a Loyal Lord Mayor,
 In spight of Villains that Voted
 Against the Lawful Heir ;
 No Committees of Rebels
 Whoin blind corners harrangu'd ;
 No more Seditious Libels,
 When *Care*, *Vile*, *Curtis* are hang'd :
 Then all hands shall address the Throne,
 Peace and Plenty possess the Throne,
 Rogues no longer oppress the Throne,
Oates shall gull us no more,

And

92 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

And London quarter a Charter
More glorious than before.

State and Ambition, a new Song at the Dukes Theatre.



S ^I *State and Ambition* alafs will deceive ye,
There's no solid joy but the blessing of Love,
Scorn does of pleasure fair *Silvia* bereave ye,
Your Fame is not perfect 'till that you remove :
Monarchs that sway the vast Globe in their Glory,
Now Love is their brightest Jewel of power,
Poor *Strephon*'s heart was ordain'd to adore ye,
Ah! then disdain his passion no more.

2 Jove.

2

Jove in his Throne was the Victim of Beauty,
 His Thunder laid by, he from Heaven came down,
 Shap'd like a Swan, to fair *Leda* paid duty,
 And priz'd her far more than his Heavenly Crown :
 She too was pleas'd with her Beautiful Lover,
 She strok'd his fair Plumes and feasted her Eye,
 And he too in Loving, knew well how to move her ;
 By Billing begins the business of Joy.

3

Since Divine powers example have given
 If we do not follow their Precepts, we sin,
 Sure 'twill appear an affront to their Heaven,
 If when the Gates open we enter not in ;
 Beauty my Dearest was from the beginning,
 Ordained to cool Mans amorous rage,
 And she that against that decree will be sinning
 In Spring, she will find the Winter of Age.

4

Think on the pleasure while Love's in its Glory,
 Let not your scorn, Loves great Altar disgrace,
 The time may come when no Swain will adore ye,
 Or smooth the least wrinkle Age lays on your Face,
 Then hast to enjoyment whilst Love is fresh blooming,
 And in thy height and vigour of day,
 Each minuit we lose, our pleasure's consuming,
 And seven years to come, will not One past, repay.

5

Think my dear *Silvia*, the Heavenly blessing,
 Of Loving in youth, is the Crown of our days,
 Short are the hours where Love is possessing ;
 But tedious the minuits when crost with delays.
 Love's the soft Anvil where Nature's agreeing,
 All Mankind are form'd, and by it they move,
 'Tis thence my dear *Silvia* and I have our being,
 The *Cesar* and *Swain* spring from Almighty Love.

I see my dear *Silvia* at last has consented,
 That blush in your Check does plainly appear,
 And nought but delay shall be ever repented,
 So faithful I'll prove, and so true to my Dear,
 Then *Hymen* prepare, and light all thy Torches,
 Perfume thy head Altar, and strew all the way,
 By little degrees Love makes his approaches,
 But Revels at night for the loss of the day.

The Royal Admiral, an excellent new Song on His Illustrious Highness the Duke of York His being deputed High-Admiral of England.

*Now England's Sov'reign Lords it o'r the Main,
 When Mighty York is Admiral again.*

To a pleasant new Tune, call'd, State and Ambition.

Faction and Folly (alafs!) will deceive you,
 The Loyal man still the best Subject does prove;
Treason of Reason (poor *Whig*) will bereave you,
 You cannot be blest'd, till this Curse you remove,
Charles our great *Monarch*, when Heav'n did restore Him,
 With His *Royal Brother*, safe on our Shoar,
 Ordain'd us, that we next our King should adore Him,
 Then *Johnson* play the *Apostate* no more.

Clayton may fret, and bring Vows of Obedience
 To *Ferguson*, *Baxter*, or *Curtis* and *Care*;
Patience approach with pretended *Allegiance*
 To his *Sov'reign Lord*, yet oppose the *Right Heir*:
 Can he pretend to be honest or Loyal,
 Nay though he late at *Westminster* swore,
 And yet the next day will (like *Perkin*) deny all,
 What e'r he said, or swore to before?

Let *Trenchard* and *Hamden* stir up a Commotion,
 Their *Plotting* and *Voting* shall prosper no more,

Now

Now Gallant old *Jemmy* commands on the Ocean,
And mighty *Charles* kept them in aw on the *Shoar*.
Let *Lobb* and *Ferguson* Preach up *Sedition*
At *Coffee-House*, *Conventicle*, *Cabal*,
Now *Jeffreys* is Justice, and *York* in Commission,
Their *Scandal* and *Plots* shall pay for 'em all.

4

Jemmy the Valiant, the Champion-Royal,
His own and the *Monarchies* Rival withstood ;
The *Bane* and the *Terrour* of all the Disloyal,
Who spilt the late *Martyr's*, & sought for his *Blood*.
Jemmy who quell'd the proud Foe on the Ocean,
And Reign'd the sole *Conquerour* over the Main ;
To this brave *Hero* let's all pay Devotion,
Since He is *Englands* *Admiral* again.

5

York our great *Adm'ral*, the Oceans Defender,
The Joy of His *Friends*, and the *Dread* of His *Foes*,
The *Lawful Successor* ; what *Backard-Pretender*
(Whom Heav'n the *true Heir* has ordain'd) dare oppose?
Jemmy who taught the *Scotch Rebel* Allegiance,
And made the high *Dutch* to His Standard to low'r,
In time will reduce the proud *Cit* to Obedience,
And make the false *Whig* fall down and adore.

6

Let *Bethel* and *Hamden* lie shopt for their Treason,
And for the new *Factions* exprefs their old *Zeal* ;
Let false Sir *Samuel* rail on without reason,
And ev'ry night dream of a new *Commonweal* :
Plotters be brought with their *Plots* to confusion,
While *Charles* sways the *Shoar*, & *York* the vast *Main*,
Till all are confounded who sought the *Exclusion*,
Then *England* will be old *England* again.

7

Then to our *Monarch* let's quaff off a Bumper,
And, next to our *Sov'reign*, the Prince of the *Bloud* :
The *Ax* and the *Gbbet Crown* ev'ry *Rumper*,
Who *York* in the *Lawful Succession* withstood.

May

May *Rumbold, Gray, Armstrong & Sidney* be Sainted,
 And *Titus's long Tongue*, so often forsworn,
 May his short neck stretch for't when *Oates* is attainted,
 And wish into th' World he had never been born.

Ignoramus, An excellent Song. To the Tune of, Lay
 by your Pleading.



Since Reformation
 With *Whigs* in Fashion,
 There's neither Equity nor Justice in the Nation,
 Against their Furies,
 There no such Cure is,
 As lately hath been wrought by *Ignoramus Furies*.
 Compaction of Factions
 That breeds all Distractions,
 Is at the Zenith point, but will not bear an Action.
They sham us, and flam us,
And ram us, and damn us,
 And then in spight of Law, come off with *Ignoramus*.

2

Oh, how they Plotted,
Brimighams Voted,
 And all the *Mobile* the *Holy Cause* promoted;
 They Preach'd up Treason,
 At ev'ry Season,
 And taught the Multitude Rebellion was but reason,
 With Breaches, Impeaches,
 And most Loyal Speeches,
 With Royal Blood again to glut the thirsty Leeches.
They sham us, and flam us, &c.

3

'Tis such a *Fury*,
 Wou'd pass no *Tory*,
 Were he as Innocent as a Saint in Glory:
 But let a Brother
 Ravish his Mother,
 Assassinate his King, he would find no other.
 They shamed, and blamed,
 At Loyalists aimed,
 But when a *Whig's* repriev'd the Town with Beacons
They sham us, and flam us, &c. [flamed.]

4

This *Ignoramus*
 With which they sham us,
 Wou'd find against a *York* to raise a *Monmouth* *amus*.
 Who clears a Traytor,
 And a King flater,
 Against his Lawful Prince wou'd find sufficient matter;
 They fought it and wrought it,
 Like Rebels they fought it,
 And with the price of Royal *Martyrs Blood* they bought
They sham us, and flam us, &c. [it]

5

At the *Old Baily*,
 Where Rogues flock daily,
 A greater Traytor far than *Coleman, White, or Staley*;
 Was late Indicted,
 Witnesses cited,

F

But

98 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

But then he was set free; so the King was righted.
 'Gainst Princes, Offences
 Prov'd in all senses:

But 'gainst a *Whig* there's no truth in Evidences.
They sham us, and sham us, &c.

6.

But wot you what, Sir?

They found it nor, Sir;

'Twas ev'ry Jurors case, and there lay all the Plot, Sir.

For at this season,

Shou'd they do reason,

Which of themselves wou'd scape, if they found it *Trea-*
 Compassion in fashion, [son?

The Int'rest of the Nation,

Oh, what a Godly point is self-Preservation!

They sham us, and sham us, &c.

7

'Las what is Conscience

In *Baxter's* own sense,

When Int'rest lies at stake, an Oath & Law is Nonsense?

Now they will banter

Quaker and *Ranter*,

To find a *Loyalist*, and clear a *Covenanter*.

They'l wrangle and brangle,

The Soul intangle,

To save the *Traytors* Neck from the old Triangle.

They sham us, and sham us, &c.

8

Alas! for pity

Of this good City,

What will the *Tories* say in their drunken Dity?

When all Abettors,

And *Monarch-haters*,

[*Traytors.*

The *Brethren* damn'd their Souls to save malicious

But mnd it, long winded,

With prejudice blinded,

Left what they did reject, another Jury find it.

Then sham us, and sham us, &c.

The

*The Loyal Conquest, or Destruction of Treason. Tune,
Lay by your Pleading.*

¹
Now Loyal *Tories*
May Tryumph in *Glories*, [*Stories.*
The fatal *Plot* is now betray'd, the rest were *Shams* and
Now against *Treason*,
We have *Law* and *Reason*,
And ev'ry bloody *Whig* must go to pot in time & season.
No shamming, nor flammimg,
No ramming, nor damming,
No Ignoramus *Fury's* now for Whigs, but only hanging.

²
Look a litle further,
Place things in order,
Those that seek to kill the King, *Godfry* might murther;
Now they'r detected,
By Heaven neglected,
In black despair cut their *Throats*, thus *Pluto's* work's
No shamming, nor flammimg, &c. [effected.

³
Catch grows in passion.
And fears this new fashion,
Lest ev'ry *Traytor* hang himself, and spoil his best pro-
Tho' four in the morning, [fession,
Tyburn adorning,
He cries out for a score a time, to get his men their
No shamming, nor flammimg, &c. [learning.

⁴
Now we have sounded
The bottom which confounded,
Our *Plotting Parliament* of late who had our King
Hamden and others, [surrounded.
And *Trenchard* were Brothers,
Who were to kill the King and Duke, and hang us for
No shamming, nor flammimg, &c. [their murders.
F 2. 5 Sur-

5.

Surprising the Tower,
 And the Court in an hour, [power,
 And enter in at the Traytors Gate, but 'twas not in their
 Our Guards now are doubled,
 E'r long they will be trebled,
 The harmony of Gun & Drum, make guilty consciences
No shamming, nor flaming, &c. [troubled.

6.

If Grey is retaken,
 The root o'th' Plot is shaken,
Ruffel lately lost his Head, the bleeding Cause to waken;
M-----h in Town still,
 With *Armstrong* his Council;
 The Lady Gray may find him out under some Smock or
No shamming, nor flaming, &c. [Gown still,

7

Give 'em no Quarter,
 They aim at Crown and Garter,
 They'r of that bloody Regiment, that made their King a
 Leave none to breed on, [Martyr.
 They'd make us to bleed on,
 They are all the blood'it *Canibals* that ever man did
No shamming, nor flaming, [read on.
No Ramming, nor Damning,
No Ignoramus Jury's now for Whigs but only hanging.

The Newcastle Affociators; Or the Trimmers Loyalty,
being a true Relation how several Sanctified Bre-
thren were Apprehended, and found Signing the
Affociation, (several others having made their e-
scapes) at the Assizes at Mewcastle, August the
2d. 1684. To the Tune of, Ignoramus.

Lay by your Reason,
 Truth's out of Season;
 Since Treason's Loyalty, and Loyalty is Treason.
 Toney the Jealous,
 Sidney the Zealous,

Con-

'A Collection of Loyal Songs.' 101

Contriv'd the Nations fall, yet both were Loyal Fellows;

With *Patience*, Narrations,

And ASSOCIATIONS.

Lord what ado there was for *Teckley's* Reformations,

They *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sorted*, and *Voted*;

And never will have done, till their Heads are all pro-

2

[moted

With Insurrections,

Lawless Objections,

They study'd to promote the *Commonwealth* projections

Monarchy-Haters,

ASSOCIATORS,

Did swear into a League with *Rascals*, *Whigs* & *Traytors*;

They venture, Indenter,

In Bond they do enter :

Whilst at the *Royal Pair* their malice still did center :

They *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sorted*, and *Voted*,

And never will have done till all the Tribe's promoted.

3.

But the brave *Chief Justice*,

In whom our trust is,

Will do the *Rebels* right, who in Law the first is,

In this high Station,

Purging the Nation,

Of all that did promote the damn'd *Association* :

Bakers and *Quakers*,

And *Monarchy*-haters.

And all that joyn in League with *Associators*.

They *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sorted*, and *Voted*,

And never will have done, till all their *Train's* promoted.

4

He late surprizes,

In quaint disguises,

No less than seventeen at *Newcastle* Sizes :

Villains he scented,

That had indented,

And with the *Cooper* had a new Tap invented ;

*A Collection of Loyal Songs.**Jack Shallow, Sim Swallow,**Will Weeks, and Tom Tallow,*

[follow.

Nine were for *Traytors* found, the next in course will
 They *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sorted*, and *Voted*,
 And never will have done, till all the *Tribe's* promoted.

5

These on their *Tryal*,Wou'd all be *Loyal*,Although the *Royal Race* they study'd to destroy all.Their *False Hearts* founded,The rest *Confounded*,*Guilt* flying in their *Face* for the *Faſt*, absconded.Both *Richard* the *Butcher*,And *William* the *Letcher*,

[for't.

Whilst *Thumb*, & *Dick*, & *Tom*, are left behind to stretchThey *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sorted*, and *Voted*,

And in good time we hope will likewise be promoted.

6

Toney that scented,

And first invented

This *Holy Covenant*, was the first absented.

Of all forsaken,

To save his *Bacon*,He into *Wihglund* crawls, but was overtaken.The *Starter's* a *Martyr*,

Death gives no quarter.

Whilst *Waker* and the rest were by the head cut shorter.They *Plotted* and *Lotted*, and *Sorted*, and *Voted*,

And never will have done till their heads are promoted.

7

Ruffel did try for't,*Sidney* did die for't,While *Rumbold*, *Gray*, & *Tom*, with the rest did flie for't:For all their *Teaching*,*Ferguson's* *Preaching*,His *Head's* upon a *Pole*, and his *Quarters* bleaching:The *Starter's* a *Martyr*,The *Squire* gives no *Quarter*,

For

A Collection of Loyal Songs. 103

For now the *Bully Knight* is by the head cut shorter.
 They *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sotted*, and *Voted*,
 And never will have done till their quarters are promo-
 8 [ted.

Now be confounded
Whig, Trimmer, Roundhead,
 And all the *Faction* lump of *Treason* so confounded.
 By every *Action*,
 We see your *Faction*,
 Tends only to involve the Nation in distraction.
 Your *Lopping*, and *Fopping*, [Chopping.
 And *Blunderbuss* Popping,
 And all your flying for't, won't save your Necks from
 You *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sotted*, and *Voted*,
 And in good time we hope yon shall be all promoted.

*A new Song made by a Person of Quality, and Sung
 before His Majesty at Winchester. Tune, Cook Lawrel.*



I.
A *Tory* came late through *Westminster-Hall*,
 And as he pass'd by heard a *Citizen* bawl;
 The *Judges* are *Perjur'd*, and we are undone,
 Our *Liberty's* lost, and our *Charter* is gone.

²
This comes of our Prating since *Colledge* is dead;
This comes of our Plotting without *Tony's* Head:
For he had more wit in his *Treason* by half,
As he hook'd himself on, he crook'd himself off.

³
He scarce had said this when a *Baron* approach'd,
That ruin'd two Sisters, the younger *Debauch'd*:
The reason he cry'd, I'm loath to describe,
He would have a *Maiden-head* out of the *Tribe*.

⁴
The next came a Peer, and Knight of great Fame,
One famous for Stabbing, the other was Lame;
Oh Heavens! in what a strange Age do we dwell,
When *Bully's* Reform, and *Cripples* Rebel.

⁵
With them the sweet speaker *Wi Williams* I saw,
His head full of projects but empty of Law;
For he ('tis observ'd) has been dull as a Dog,
Since *Payton* baton'd him for calling him Rogue.

⁶
Peart Wallop and *Winnington*, Mutinies breed,
Yet still in the *Cause*, for no purpose are Fee'd:
For *Craddock* will offer himself for a Drudge,
If either of them will be fit for a Judge.

⁷
Old *Ma---rd*, all ages in *Faction* was chief;
Now mumblers by rote, ne'r looks in his Breif:
But rotten *Rebellion* with never last long,
He spit out his Teeth, and will cough out his Tongue.

⁸
Now by the Recorder new Cards must be plaid,
That body of Law with a *Sarazens-Head*,
That (Span'el-like) fawns on the King to his Face,
And yet makes the *Whigs* just amends for his place.

⁹
For Magistrate *Patience*, I plainly confess,
I've little to say because he's in distress;
But he that sat in th' Cities great Chair,
Would a *Pillory* grace; so I wish he were there.

10

Dubois and *Papillion*, the Cities sham *Shriever*,
Whose Truth and whose Loyalty no man believes;
That Arrested the *Mayor*, and no danger he saw,
To keep from self-hanging I leave to the Law.

11

For Law they complain'd, of the Lawyers they boast,
They'r pleas'd, till by Law they their *Charter* had lost :
Law, Law, was the cry of the Mutinous Crew,
'The *Devil's* in't if they ha'nt Law enough now.

12

Scribe *Cl---n's* Wife deckt with the spoils of the Poor,
Embroider'd in Scarlet like *Babylon's* Whore ;
But let me advise him to strip off her Red,
And make her a Peticoat of her *Green Bod*.

13

Old *Player's* grown rampant, late pickt up a Whore,
And swore he'd recant, and be *Whiggish* no more ;
By *Tories* made drunk, in the Company's view,
The Saint kist her C---t, and drank healths in her Shoe.

14

Now listen ye *Whigs*, and hear what I speak,
A *Monarch* (like Heaven) can give and can take ;
But you for *Rebellion* no reason can bring,
So hang your selves all ; and God save the King.

The Whigs Disappointment upon their intended Feast.
To the Tune of, Cook Lawrel.

1.

HAve you not heard of a *Festival Convant* of late ?
Compos'd of a pack of *Notorious Dissenters* ?
Appointed by *Tinkers* in *Whigland* to meet,
To Sign and to Seal *Covenanted Indenture*.

12.

The day was appointed, and all things prepar'd,
In order thereto, by the *Sages* o'th' Nation,
And a Reverend *Sermon* was then to be heard :
T'exort 'em to th' Oath of *Affciation*.

3 All

3

All sorts of Trades-men were bid to be there,
The *Lords*, *Abhorrrers*, and *Commoners* too;
But the *Cooper* 'fore all was to take the Chair,
To set forth the matter as well he knew how.

4.

The Godly *Gown-men* all *Chain'd* and *Fur'd*,
Two *Shrivers*, and the Deel knows what of the *Rabble*,
Invited on purpose, and set on, and *Spur'd*,
To make a confusion worse then our old *Babel*.

5.

The chief of the Feast was a *Fop*, and a *Mouth*,
Cry'd up by the City *Cooper*, and *Player*,
Whose name they'd extend from *North* unto *South*,
By the trick of a *Black-Box* to make him an *Heir*.

6.

For down into *Durham* an Envoy was sent,
Amongst the chief, of the *Northern Clergies*,
To find out a Writing to that very intent,
Who had thirty good *Guineys* to defray his Charges.

7.

The Reverend *Titus* was Chaplain to th' Feast,
Brim full of *Plots*, with Oaths to maintain them;
The Deel could afford them no such a *Guest*;
'Mongst all the damn'd Crew to entertain them.

8.

Next came in *Janeway*, *Curtis*, *Vile*, and *Care*;
With his *Packet* of *Lies* thrust under his Arm,
Then *Don Dangerfield* more subtle by far,
Than poor *Mother Cellier* that acted no harm.

9.

All sorts of *Informers* were bid to be there,
And the damn'd *Ignoramus* Jurors too,
To participate of this *Festival* Cheer:
By way of *Thanksgiving* for what they did do.

10

Some hundreds more were to be at the *Feast*;
And all things thereunto were fitted,

But

But in steps an Order which forestall'd the *Guests*,
Disbanding the Cooks e're the Mear was half Spitted,

11

Tag, Rag, and Long-tail were all to come in,
To sit at this King of *Poland's* Table:

The *Feast* I conceive else was not worth a Pin,
Without the consent of an insolent Rabble.

12

What pining, and fretting, and fuming was there,
When all the good Creatures were so laid aside,
'Towu'd make a Saint both to stamp and to stare,
To see such a *Zealous Assembly* decry'd.

13

Here now the Nation was thus far settled,
And all things brought to a much better Cue,
Here a new *Government* was to be settled;
And the Deel knows what beside they will do.

24

Some think it was like the *Oxford* old stroke,
Which was well, being given in Season;
And some think they are under a burthensom yolk,
'Cause they may not Assemble for *Sedition* and *Treason*.

15

Some hold it not prudently acted at all,
To check an Assembly of so great an *Intention*,
Who study'd and aim'd at the *Tory's* down-fall,
In raising the *Whigs* by a new *Invention*.

16

Some say they were nettled, and galled within,
To see our Great *York* embrac'd by the City:
If that be the cause on't we care not a pin,
Let them hang up each other, and so ends my Ditty.

Newgate Salutation, or a Dialogue between Sir W. W.
and Mrs. Cellier. Tune, The Fight is now ended.



1.

Old Stories of State grow now out of date,
And *Faction* Promoters obstructed by Fate ;
Great *James* in his Throne protects us alone,
Without those wild Maggots which *Calvin* has blown,
And now in the calm a reflection I'll make,
Of a kind Salutation in *Newgate* late.

2.

'Twixt a Knight of the *Cause*, whose great eminence,
Of *Popish* Rat-catching, and smooth impudence ;
Lov'd by all those who are the Kings Foes,
But in the Reception he dreaded some blows :
For when Fire and Water by accident greet,
Those unruly Elements clash when they meet.

3

And down-right Dame *Cellier*, who still keeps her place,
To which he prefer'd with marks of *disgrace* :
And now they are met in *Newgate* to treat,
You'd freely give sixpence you had seen the feat.

But

But she was transported and stood in a maze,
Whilst he like an Owl among *Lapwings* did gaze.

4
He snuff'd with's Nose, and made a long pause,
In a new-fashion'd Cloak he wrap'd up the Old Cause,
He cry'd Madam *Cellier*, I hope we are Friends,
Were't now in my power I'd make you amends.
Pray turn not my *Stomach* with lancing old Sores,
My squeazy misfortunes are far worse than yours.

5
Great Sir, you are welcom into this great House,
I scorn to throw water upon a drown'd Mouse;
None of my Relations I have seen this year,
Could be half so welcom should they be brought here.
Your great *Vigilance*, and your Zeal doth surpass,
In Courage, *Don Quixot*, in Zeal *Hudibras*.

6
I th' silent of Night, no Goblin nor Spright,
Could e're work such wonders as you did Sir Knight;
In finding out Priest without help of Lights,
You were the *Knight Errand* on all such exploits.
No *Janus*'s two Faces, nor *Argus*'s strange Eyes,
E're bilkt up their *Fortunes*, like you by surprise.

7.
Though you were betray'd by *Oates* and his *Bums*,
Those *Amber-Necklaces* like *Beads* on your thmmbs;
Supply'd you with Coin Sir those Debts for to pay,
Besides those Rich *Medals* in ambush for Prey:
Or some score of Pounds *Bedingfield* (pull'd out on's Bed)
Though two years at least after he had been dead.

8,
Gusman to your Worship was but a meer Sor,
He never had sense to find out a *Sham-Plot*;
But you by the Art Sir of *Legerdemain*,
What you put in the *Meal-Tub*, could fetch out again;
But all you neat Jugglers Confederates do keep,
As my Maid and you in the *Meal-Tub* did meet.

9

The Knight in his Passion found truth would confute,
 St. Francis then enter'd to end the dispute.
 Sir this is no place for your safety and Honour,
 She's void of the *Light* which the Cause put upon her.
 To me give your hand Sir into my own Room,
 We'll consult who supplies our kind Ladies at home.

10

Now since we are inform'd the *Knight* is got loose,
 And finding some clause of the case in the Noose,
 wrapt up in the tangle, Great *Charles* he did dun,
 To Pardon his Treason what's past, and to come.
 So an answer most fit I hope he did receive,
 For a Treach'rous Fool, and a *fly buisy Knave*.

A new Song on the old Plot. Tune, Tangier March.



1

Let the *Whigs* repine, and all combine,
 In a damn'd *Association*,
 Let *Toney* fret, and *Perkin* Sweat,
 That their *Plot*'s grown out of Fashion;
 Since our Royal *Jemmy*'s come again
 To spoil their Usurpation,
 Rising like the morning *Sun*,
 To cheer the drooping *Nation*.

2 You

A Collection of Loyal Songs.

III

2.

You dull sham Prince, whose Impudence
To a *Throne* would be aspiring ;
See the Rable crowd, that made you proud,
Have ceas'd their loud admiring,
Curse in time those Rogues of State,
That taught you Rebel Notions ;
And at the true *Successors* Feet,
Pay all your just *Devotions*.

3.

Let Bully *Tom* receive his Doom,
So long since due in Reason,
For *Murders* then, and now again
For *Mutiny* and *Treason*,
To Kidnap *Cully* still has been
His business of importance :
And now poor *Perkin* has drawn in,
And Rook'd out of his Fortunes.

9.

In old Laws we find, the *Cuckold's* kind,
To those that do *Cornute* him ;
Or why should *Grey* the *Traitor* play,
And to *Perkin* be supporting ?
But the *Coxcomb* fain would be
A Wittal to a King too :
That his *Bastards* may again
Rebel for some such thing too.

10.

But of all *Fools*, a Pox on *Tools*,
That against all Law and Reason,
The *Cause* maintain without the gain,
Or the profit of the *Treason* :
What from Wit, or Courage, *Hopes*
That gaping *Cully* *Br---n* ;
That does to Mungrel *Perkin* stoop,
And the Royal side abandon,

6.

Fat Turnspit *Frank*, with Wit so *rank*,
Has some excuse for starting ;

Whom

Whom we despise, in time may rise,
 To be *Jester* to King *Perkin*,
 But for *Essex*, *H--d*, *Grey*, and *K--t*,
 Those Fools of *Land* and *Money*:
 Why what the *Deel* was their intent,
 To set up Rebel *Toney*?

7.

The *Polish* Prince has some pretence
 To be *Whigland* Rabbles *Hector*,
 And with reason too may head the Crew,
 And in time become *Protector*:
 Since *Ambition* and *Revenge*,
 Are motives very moving,
 But a *Plague* on *Fools* that him do bring,
 To *Rogues* must Rule above him,

8.

Oh, ye *Tapland* Crew, that *Treason* brew,
 And of *Toney* make an *Idol*:
 And *Perkin* sham with *King* in *Name*,
 The *King* of the *Golden Medal*,
 Curse and damn the *Black Cabal*,
 That inspir'd your Rebel knowledge,
 E're *Billa vera* find you all,
 The Fate of Pious *Colledge*.

*Londons Joy and Tryumph, on the Instalment of Sir
 William Pritchard Lord Mayor for the ensuing year.
 Tangier March.*

1.

L Et the *Whigs* revile, the *Tories* smile,
 That their business is compleated;
 Let all rejoyce with heart and voice.
 That the *Whig's* at last defeated.
 The *Whigs* for Loyalty so fam'd,
 With all their hopes are undone;
 Since now brave *Pritchard* is proclaim'd:
 The Loyal Mayor of *London*.

2

You *Polish* Brace whose brazen Face,
To the Chair wou'd be aspiring,
See the Rabble Crowd who bawl'd so loud;
Are bawk'd beyond admiring;
Learn in time to mitigate
Your bold tumultuous Furies,
E're you shall find, you trust too late,
To *Ignoramus* Furies.

3.

Let *Player Tom* receive the Doom,
So long due for his Cheating,
Who did purloin the City Coyn,
To keep up holy *Meeting*;
To rob the Orphan, and the Poor,
His great discharge of trust is,
And run upon the Widows score,
To do the City Justice.

4.

Let *Ward* repent, and *Jenks* relent,
Their Practice so malicious,
Let *Hubland* rue, with all the Crew,
That they were so *Officious*;
Such *Jews* as these; who did deny
Their Saviour for a Tester,
No doubt again wou'd Crucify
Their Sovereign Lord and Master.

5

For *North* and *Rich*, and every such,
They set up a *Papillion*:
'Gainst *Pritchard*, bold, with *Cornish*, *Gold*;
With *Ryot* and *Rebellion*.
To love the King can you pretend,
Who *Royalists* deny all?
And with such vigour dare contend
Against the Man that's Loyal.

5

For shame in time repent your Crime,
Your *Ryot* and Commotion;

And

114 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

And to the Mayor who kept the Chair,

Pay all your just Devotion.

Such was their Loyalty of late,

To give the King no Money :

But freely throw away their Plate.

To joyn with Rebel Teney.

7

Thus you before did run on score

With *Royal Charles*, your Master :

Like drunk or mad, spent all you had,

To uphold a bold *Impostor*.

Let not Knaves again betray,

And rob you of your Reason ;

Then leave your *Faction* heads to pay

The forfeit of your *Treason*.

8

With all your heat what did you get ?

With all you did ann quarter ;

But to involve with each resolve

The more entangled *Charter* ?

To *James* your just *Allegiance* give,

Your *Properties*, then plead 'em,

Defending the *Prerogative*,

You best protect your *Freedom*.

*Tangiers Lamentation on the Demolishing and blowing
up of the Town, Castle, and Citadel. The same Tune.*

1

L Et the *Moors* repine, their hopes resign,

Now the *Pagan Troops* are cheated ;

Let *Foot* and *Horse* disband their *Force*,

Since *Tangier* is defeated :

Alas *Tangier* ! what suddain *Doom*

Hath wrought this alteration,

That thus thy *March* should now become

Thy fatal *Lamentation* ?

Now, alas *Tangier*! that cost so dear
 In Money, Lives, and Fortunes,
 See how the States, the kinder Fates,
 For thy own Fate importunes:
 Had this been *Plotted* by the *Moors*,
 Alas! it were no matter;
 But blown up thus by thy own Store,
 Thou'dst better swom in water.

The old Port *Tangier*, where for good Cheer
 We never paid Extortion:
 Which, whilst it stood, was once thought good
 To be a *Monarchs* Portion,
 Whilst *English* hearts thy walls possess,
 They scorn'd e're to surrender,
 Now to the *Foes* is left a Nest
 For Serpents to engender,

Alas! what now must the Sea-men do,
 When they come ashore to Lord it,
 For a little fresh store, & a little fresh whore?
 Which *Tangier* still afforded.
 No Ambuscade of treacherous *Moor*,
 Nor shall *Ben Otter's* Highness
 Court any more the *British* Shoar,
 To try the Ladies kindness.

It would grieve your heart, should I impart
 The Gold and precious Matter
 That lies oppress'd in every Chest
 Drown'd underneath the water.
 But now the *Mold* that forc'd the *Main*,
 The *Mold* so gay and bonny,
 Is with the Chests blown up again,
 But ne'r a Cross of Money.

Of how many Souls, and large Punch-bowls,
 Has been the undoing?

How

How many tun of precious Coin

Lie buried in the Ruin?

Had this been done some years ago,

Of *Horsemen* and *Postillions*,

'T had sav'd some thousand lives the blow,

And sav'd besides some Millions.

7

VWhen the Pile took fire above the Spire,

I wish (for th' good o'th' Nation)

The walls well cramm'd, with *Rebels* ramm'd

Of the *Association*:

The *Bethels* of a *Commonwealth*,

Each fullen *Whig* and *Trimmer*,

Thas boggle at a *Loyal Health*,

Yet will not bawk a Brimmer.

8

Now Heav'n preserve (while *Rebels* starve)

The *King* and's *Royal brother*,

VWhile *Traytors* flie, and others die,

Impeaching one another:

That gracious *Prince* that values more

His Subjects lives and pleasure,

Than all the wealth of *Africk Shore*,

And *Tangiers* buried Treasure.

A Tory in a Whigs Coat. Tune, Up with Alley, &c.



What! still ye *Whigs* uneasy!
Will nothing cool your Brain,
Unless great *Charles* to please ye,
Will let ye drive his Wain?
Then up with *Prance* and *Oates*,
And up with *Knaves* a pair;
But down with him that Votes
Against a *Lawful Heir*.

Your grievance is remov'd,
Old *Stafford* s made a Saint;
Though you but little prov'd,
The *Karle* away you sent.
Then up with all your spight,
And shew us what you mean;
Fear me, by this Light,
You long to vent your Spleen.

That Peerless House of *Commons*
So zealous for the *Lord*,
cant (piously) with some on's
To flesh the *Godly Sword*;

Then

Then up with au the *Leaven*,
 With each *Dissenting Loon*,
 Then up with Bully *Stephen*;
 But *Colledge* is gone doon.

4

What wood those *Loons* have had?
 What makes 'em still to mutter?
 I think they'r au gone mad,
 They keep so muckle a clutter:
 Then up with *Pilk* and *Shute*,
 Another blessed Pair;
 And up with ev'ry Brute,
 But chiefly *Gotham's Mayor*.

5

Our *Salamanca* Priest,
 Hath left his Flock in hast;
 And shrewdly in the mist;
 Which makes us all agast:
 Then up with Lads of worth,
 With *Baldwin*, *Vile*, and *Care*:
 For these must now hold *Forth*,
 And *Dick* shall nose a Pray'r,

6

But is our *Parson* gone?
 And whither gone I trow?
 What, back again to *Spain*?
 Geud Faith e'n let him go:
 Then up with blundering S.
 The *Tories* Plague, I trow;
 'Tis he our Cause must bless
 With *Characters*, and so—

7

But scurvy *Heraclitus*,
 And *Roger* too is rude,
 And *Nat* who plagues poor *Titus*,
 Which makes us chew the Cud;
 Then up with *Associations*,
Remonstrances, and *Libels*;

'Tis these must save *three Nations*;
And will preserve our *Bibles*.

8

The *Polish Fox* does seem
To sleep his time away;
But his pernicious *Dream*
Is only to *Betray*:
Then up with *How*, the *Mole*,
And many more that be;
But up with little *Pole*
Upon the highest *Tree*.

9

Heraclitus is a Debtor,
To some within the *City*,
Who sent him like a *Letter*,
He'll pay them in a *Ditty*:
Then up with all *Dissenters*,
Up with 'em in a *Cart*;
And up with him that ventures
His Majesty to thwart.

10

But now great *York* is come,
(Whom Heaven still be with)
You'll find (both all and some)
'Twas ill to shew your teeth:
Then up with ev'ry *Round-head*,
And ev'ry *Faction Brother*,
Your luck is now confounded,
Ye all must up together.

Ye

Whig upon Whig, or a pleasant dismal Song on the old
 Plotters newly found out. Tune, O hone, &c.



Beloved harken all,
 O hone, O hone,
 To my sad Rhimes that, shall
 O hone, O hone.
 Be found in Ditty sad,
 Which makes me almost mad,
 But Tories hearts full glad,
 O hone, O hone.

2.
 Essex has cut his Throat,
 O hone, O hone,
 Ruffel is Guilty found,
 O hone, O hone.
 Walcot being of the Crew,
 And Hone the Joyner too,
 Must give the Devil his due,
 O hone, O hone.

3.
 Rumsey swears heartily,
 O hone, O hone.
 West swears he does not lie,
 O hone, O hone.

Lord

A Collection of Loyal Songs.

121

Lord H---^{ance} by's troth,
That they are good men both,
And take the self-same Oath,
O hone, O hone.

^{4.}
I heard some People say,
O hone, O hone,
Monmouth is fled away,
O hone, O hone.
And some do not stick to say,
If he falls in their way,
He will have damn'd fair play,
O hone, O hone.

^{5.}
Armstrong and Grey Got wot,
O hone, O hone,
And Ferguson the Scot,
O hone, O hone.
Are all run God knows where,
'Cause stay they dare not here,
To fix the grand Affair,
O hone, O hone.

⁶
Juries (alafs) are thus,
O hone, O hone,
There's no Ignoramus,
O hone, O hone.
But you'll have Justice done,
To ev'ry Mothers Son,
And be hang'd one by one,
O hone, O hone.

⁷
Now how like Fools we look,
O hone, O hone,
Had we not better took
O hone, O hone.

122 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

Unto our Trades and Wives,
And have kept in our Hives,
Which might have sav'd our lives.
O hone, O hone.

8

The King He says, that all
O hone, O hone,
That are found Guilty, shall
O hone, O hone.
Die by the Ax or Rope,
As some dy'd for the Pope;
Brethren there is no hope.
O hone, O hone.

9

The Sisters left behind,
O hone, O hone,
Must with vile Tories Grind,
O hone, O hone.
And still be at their call,
To play at up-tails all;
Nay, to be Poxt and all.
O hone, O hone.

10

The Tories new will drink,
O hone, O hone,
The Kings health with our Chink,
O hone, O hone.
Queen, Duke and Dutchess too,
And all the Loyal Crew.
Jerney Morblew, Morblew.
O hone, O hone.

Eustace Comines the Irish Evidence, his Farewell to
England. Tune, O hone, &c.

1

Bee me Shoul and Shoulvation,
O hone, O hone.
I'll go to me own Nawtion:
O hone, O hone.

Old

Old Toney hence is fled,
And Ruffel lost his head;
I starve for want of Bread.

O hone. O hone.

²
This sawcy *English Plot*,
O hone, O hone,

Did make ours go to pot :
O hone, O hone.

What shall I do to go ?

Let me she, O ho ! O ho !

Pox take me if I know :

O hone, O hone.

³
My fauce does red wid shame,

O hone, O hone,

That ever here I came :

O hone, O hone,

Ten, twenty Curse upon

Sham Justice *Heddrington*,

Who made me first leave home,

O hone, O hone.

⁴
A Gra *Eustace*, he did say

O hone, O hone,

You moyle for Groat a day :

O hone, O hone.

A *Plot-Office* now is ope,

I will advance your hope,

If you'l swear against the Pope,

O hone, O hone.

⁵
Be Chreest I will, said I,

O hone, O hone,

Tell you ten hundred lie,

O hone, O hone.

I'll swear dem in and out,
 We'll have a merry bout,
 And make a Rabble rout,
O hone, O hone.

⁵
 We came to *Westminster*,
O hone, O hone,
 Den he call'd me Maister,
O hone, O hone.
 I swore by fait and trote,
 And be me Beeble Oate,
 (What wee'd agreed on bore,)
O hone, O hone.

⁷
 Then I was put in pay,
O hone, O hone,
 Had five, six Groat a day,
O hone, O hone.
 Which did fine Clouds afford,
 Instead of Spawde, a Sword:
 I knew not me shelf good Lord,
O hone, O hone.

⁸
 But soon my Maister Rogue,
O hone, O hone,
 Was in spite of his Brogue:
O hone, O hone.
 For the sawce of his Thongue,
 To Prison dragg'd along,
Magnatum Scandalum, O hone, O hone.

⁹
 Then was prepar'd a Drench,
O hone, O hone,
 Oates himself to Retrench;
O hone, O hone.
 The meaner swearers then
 To tremble did begin:
 As I have a Shoul widin;
O hone, O hone.

10

By this Book I did faint,
 O hone, O hone,
Till *Patrick* mee fwite Saint :
 O hone, O hone.
Bid me leave off mee cryes,
 And swear no more Plot-lies,
Then straight away he hies :
 O hone, O hone.

11

Deel take this Swearing trade,
 O hone, O hone,
I'll go home to mee Spade :
 O hone, O hone.
I'll fence the *Patatoes* round
 And keep mee Maisters ground ;
I am too long Hell-hound.
 O hone, O hone.

12

My Book-buffing Tribe adieu :
 O hone, O hone,
It is now bad wid you :
 O hone, O hone.
And if I scape the Hang,
 I've out-done all my Gang ;
And leave you here r' Swing Swang.
 O hone, O hone.



AH Cruel Bloody fate!
 What canst thou now do more?
 Alas! 'tis now too late
 Poor *Tony* to restore:
 Why should the flattering Fates persuade
 That *Toney* still should live,
 In *England* here,
 Or in *Holland* there,
 Yet all our hopes deceive?

ANoble Peer he was,
 And of notorious Fame;
 But now he's gone (alas!)
 A Pilgrim o'r the Main:

The Prop and Pillar of our hope,
The Patron of our *Cause*,
The Scorn and Hate
Of Church and State,
The Urchin of the Laws.

3

Of matchless Policy
Was this Renowned Peer,
The bane of Monarchy,
The Peoples hope and fear.
The Joy of all true true Protestants,
The *Tories* Scorn and Dread;
But now he's gone
Who curst the Throne,
Alas ! poor *Toney's* dead.

4

For *Commonwealth* he stood,
Pretending *Liberty*;
And for the Publick Good,
Would pull down Monarchy :
The *Church & State* he would divorce,
The Holy *Cause* to Wed :
And in time did hope
To confound the *Pope*,
To be himself the Head

5

A *Tap* in's side he bore,
To broach all sorts of Ill,
For which Seditious Store
The Croud ador'd him still :
He spit his Venom through the *Town*,
With which the Saints posselt,
Would Preach and Prate
'Gainst Church and State,
While he perform'd the rest.

6

When any change of State
Or Mischief was at hand,

G 5

He

He had a working Pate,
 And Devil at command :
 He forg'd a Plot, for vvhich the heads
 Of Faction gave their Votes ;
 But novv the Plot
 Is gone to Pot,
 What vwill become of Oates ?

7

Under the fair pretence
 Of *Right, Religion, Law*.
 Excluding the true *Prince*,
 The Church vould overthrow :
 With such Religious Shams he brought
 The Rabble on his side ;
 And, for his sport,
 The *Town and Court*
 In Parties vould divide.

8

Novv, vvhats become of all
 His squinting Policy,
 Which vyrought your *Dagon's Fall*,
 From Justice forc'd to flie ?
 Old and Decrepid, full of pains,
 As he of Guilt vvas full :
 He fell to Fate,
 And novv (too late)
 He leaves us to condole.

9

Novv, learn ye *Whigs* in time,
 By his deserved fall,
 To expiate his Crime,
 E're Fate revenge you all ;
 For *Rights, Religion, Liberty*,
 Are but the sham pretence
 To *Anarchy*,
 But *Loyalty*
 Obeys the Lawful Prince.

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*The Bully Whig; or the poor Whores Lamentation for
the Apprehending Sir Thomas Armstrong. Tune,
Ah, Cruel bloody Fate, &c.*

A¹ H cruel bloody Tom!
What couldst thou hope for more,
Then to receive the Doom
Of all thy Crimes before?
For all thy bold Conspiracies
Thy Head must pay the score;
Thy Cheats and Lies,
Thy Box and Dice,
Will serve thy turn no more.

²
Ungrateful thankless Wretch!
How couldst thou hope in vain
(Without the reach of *Ketch*)
Thy *Treasons* to maintain?
For Murders long since done and past,
Thou Pardons hast had store,
And yet wouldst still
Stab on, and kill,
As if thou hop'dst for more.

³
But Tom, e're he would starve,
More blood resolv'd to've spilt;
Thy fight did only serve
To justify thy Guilt:
While they whose harmless Innocence
Submit to Chains at home,
Are each day freed,
While Traytors bleed,
And suffer in their room.

⁴
When *Whigs* a Plot did Vote,
What Peer from Justice fled?
In the *Phanatick* Plot
Tom durst not shew his Head.

G S NOV 7

Novv Sacred Justice rules above,
 The Guiltless are set free,
 And the Napper's napt,
 And Clapper's clapt,
 In his Conspiracy.

5

Like *Cain*, thou hadst a mark
 Of Murder on thy Brovv;
 Remote, and in the dark,
 Black Guilt did still pursue;
 Nor *England*, *Holland*, *France*, or *Spain*;
 The Traitor can defend;
 He vwill be found
 In Fetters bound,
 To pay for't in the end.

6

Tom might about the *Tovvn*
 Have Bully'd, Huff'd and Roar'd,
 By every *Venus* knowvn,
 Been for a *Mars* ador'd:
 By Friendly Pimping, and false Dice,
 Thou mightst have longer liv'd,
 Hector'd and sham'd,
 And svvore and gam'd,
 Hadst thou no Plots contriv'd.

7

Tom once vvas Cock-a-hoop,
 Of all the Huffs in *Tovvn*;
 But novv his Pride must stoop,
 His Courage is pull'd down:
 So long his Spurs are grovvn, poor *Tom*
 Can neither flye nor fight,
 Ah cruel Fate!
 That at this rate
 The 'Squire should foil the *Knight*.

8

But now no remedy,
 It being his just revvard:

In his ovvn trap you see,
The *Tiger* is ensnar'd ;
So may all Traytors fare, till all
Who for their Guilt did flie,
With Bully *Tom*
By timely Doom,
Like him unpier'd die.

*The Winchester Wedding ; or Ralph of Redding, and
Black Bess of the Green. To a new Dance : or the
Kings J g3.*



5
AT *Winchester* was a Wedding,
The like was never seen
Twixt lusty *Ralph of Redding*,
And bonny black *Bess of the Green* :
The *Ridlers* were Crouding before,
Each *Lais* was as fine as a *Queen*,
There was a hundred and more,
For all the Countrey came in :

Irish

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Brisk *Robin* led *Rose* so fair,
 She lookt like a Lilly o'th Vale,
 And Ruddy-fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,
 And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.

2

With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*,
 He helpt her over the Stile,
 And swore there was none so pretty,
 In forty and forty long mile:
Kit gave a Green Gown to *Betty*,
 And lent her his hand to rise,
 But *Jenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
 For looking blew under the eyes:
 Thus merrily chatting all,
 they pass'd to the *Bride-house* along
 With *Jonny* and pretty-fac'd *Nanny*,
 the fairest of all the throng,

3

The *Bridegroom* came out to meet 'em,
 afraid the Dinner was spoil'd,
 And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
 with *Bak'd*, and *Roasted*, and *boyl'd*;
 The Lads were so frolick and jolly,
 for each had his Love by his side,
 But *Willy* was Melancholly,
 for he had a mind to the Bride.
 Then *Philip* begins her Health,
 and turns a Beer Glas on his thumb,
 But *Jenkin* was reckon'd for drinking,
 the best in *Christendom*.

4

And now they had Din'd, advancing
 into the midst of the *Hall*,
 The Fiddlers struck up for Dancing,
 and *Jeremy* led up the *Brawl*:
 But *Margery* kept a quater,
 a Lads that was proud of her pelf,
 'Cause *Arthur* had stoln her Garter,
 and swore he would tye it himself:

She

She struggl'd and blush'd, and frown'd,
and ready with anger to cry,
'Cause *Arthur* with tying her Garter,
had slip'd his hand too high.

5

And now for throwing the Stocking,
the Bride away was led,
The Bridegroom got Drunk, and was knocking
for Candles to light 'em to Bed:
But *Robin* that found him silly,
most friendly took him aside,
The while that his *Wife* with *Willy*,
was playing at *Hoopers-hide*;
And now the warm *Game* begins,
the *Critical* *minuit* was come,
And Chatting, & Billing, and Kissing,
went merrily round the Room.

6

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
and blith as a Bird in the Spring,
And *Tommy* was so to *Katy*,
and Wedded her with a *Rush Ring*:
Sukey that Danc'd with the *Cushion*,
an hour from the room had been gone,
And *Barnaby* knew by her blushing,
that some other Dance had been done;
And thus of fifty fair Maids,
that came to the Wedding with Men,
Scarce five of the fifty was left ye,
that so did return again.

A new Sodg, in Praise of the Loyal Company of Stationers, who (after the general forfeit) for their singular Loyalty, obtain'd the first Charter of London, 1684. To the Tune of Winchester Wedding.

6

IN London was such a Quarter,
the like was never known,
About the forfeited *Charter*
betwixt the Court and the Town;
The Masters went crowding before,
the Prentices i'th' Rear did fall,
There were a thousand and more
attended to lead up the Brawl:
Kit Arm'd with a Fork and a Spade,
and *Bob* with a Shovel and Fork,
But *Tender* was for a Surrender,
and now it began to work.

2

Quoth *Willy* what lose the *Charter*?
I'll sooner lose my Head:
Quoth *Bob Hog* I'll die a Martyr
before that shall ever be said:
Quoth *John* you may shut up your Shopping,
your *Charter* was all your Shield,
For every Sea-man of *Wapping*,
may be Freeman now of the *Guild*;
Quoth a *Butcher*, the beggerly *French*
will out of our Mouths eat the Bread:
But the *Weaver*, he cock'd up his Beaver,
and valiantly march'd at the Head.

3

But *Stationers-Hall* so Loyal,
the *Charter* by which they meet,
The gift of his Ancestors Royal,
did humbly lay at his feet:
Whose Suit he so far befriendeth,
their Liberties know no bound,
Their *Charter* her Whigs extendeth,
through London, & full 4 miles round.

And

And now from the *Bygot* and *Whig*,
(to distinguish the good men and true)
The Table is purg'd, and Rabble
with the Members excluded withdrew.

4
With limping *Dick* the *Zealous*,
went doting *Ten*, and *Nay*,
And squinting *Jack* so jealous ;
lest Loyalty got the day.
With these *Jack Thumb* was reckon'd,
and hungry *Will* of the wood ;
And *Frank* the first and the second,
and *George* that will never be good.
And thus they did trip it along,
whilst *William* led up the Brawl,
But *John* did storm above any,
to be turn'd out of the Hall.

5
Jack gave his right hand to *Harry*,
who almost his place had lost,
And swore if the day they carry,
the Loyal shou'd pay for the Roast,
But *Bob Hog* who made a tryal,
and found how the Jig wou'd go,
Resolv'd to change sides and be Loyal,
But all the *Dissenters* said no ;
Thus whilst to the *Charter* or *Law*,
they would no obedience yield,
The glory was still, *true Tory*,
Is Master of the Field.

5
Now to the *Stationers* Honour,
the *Charter* is on Record ;
Great *Charles* the bountiful *Donor*,
their Franchises has restor'd ;
To whose everlasting Glory,
thy Honour will still redound ;
That they are the first in Story,
who *London's* Charter did found ;

Then

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Then to the brave Founder a Health,
 who first did our freedom create,
 A Bumper to *Charles*, to the *Rumper*,
 a Halter, and *Robin Hog's* Fage.

Russels Farewel. Tune, *Oh, the bony Christ-
 Church-Bells.*



OH, the mighty Innocence
 Of *Russel*, *Bedfords* Son !
 That dy'd for the *Plot*,
 Whether Guilty, or not,
 By his last (Equivocating) Speech !
 By the words of a dying Man,
 There proteſt I know no *Plot*
 'Gainſt the life of the *King*, or *Government*,
 Either by Action, or Intent.

Fy,

Fy, fy, fy, fy, fy, my Lord,
What are you about to do;
To sink to Hell
By th' sound of your Knell,
Both Soul and Body too.

2.

Oh, the shallow memory
Of this blood-thirsty Lord!
T'deny and confess
And all to express
His guilty Insolence the more:
I at Mr. *Shepherds* House
Did hear some little slight discourse,
How easie 'twas the Guards to seize;
Yet I am guiltless, if you please;
No, no, no, no, no, no, my Lord,
Your Guilt's too plainly seen,
And M-----h too
With *Shaftsbury's* Crew,
To destroy both King and Queen.

5.

Next your Lordship does protest,
No man had ever yet
That Impudence
Against his Prince,
To your Face to propose any foul Design;
Then you confess immediately
At the house of Politick *Shaftsbury*,
You heard such words
Were sharp as Swords,
The worst can be thought, or *English* affords;
Which rais'd your Righteous Spirit to
Exclaim against their sense;
Yet this you conceal'd,
And never reveal'd,
All in your blind defence.

4.

Popery (your Lordship says)
 Is *bloody and unjust*;
 (What then) you design'd
 with those you combin'd,
 Was Farce, to jest our Lives away;
 For when the Duke of *Mon.* came
 T'acquaint your Honour of his fear
 Of being undone by the heat of some,
 Too violent for the *Bloody Cause*,
 Away you go to *Shepherd's* strait,
 Where pernicious words were said,
 In *Passion* all,
 With *Judgement* small,
 But consequence of *Dread*.

5

From the time of choosing *Sheriffs*,
 I did conclude the heat
 Would this produce;
 That's no excuse,
 But just confession of the *Fact*.
 Presently your Lordship says,
 For farther confirmation still,
 You are not surpris'd to find it fall
 On your Honour, you deserv'd it all:
 Immediately you would proclaim
 Aloud your Innocence,
 Why your Lordship's mad,
 In a *Cause* so bad,
 To put the *Sham-pretence*.

6

Oh ye *True-Blew-Protestants*,
 Whose times are yet to come,
 You see your Fate,
 Early or late;
 Follow you must, 'tis all your Doom.
M-----h, Armstrong, Ferguson,
Grey, Goodenough the Under-Shrieve,

With

With all your *Ignoramus* Crew,
That *Justice* hate, and *Treason* brew;
Scaffold, Tyburn, Halter, Ax,
Those Instruments of Death,
As 'tis your due,
May't you pursue,
Till you resign your Breath.

The Jealous Ladies Complaint. To an excellent
New Tune.

I
TELL me no more,
There must be something in't,
Think what you swore
When first you did begin't,
That none but I
Cou'd e're your heart suffice;
And my Eyes and my Thighs,
How your mind it did surprise,
But now *you Bitch, you look so lean*
You damn'd confounded stinking Quean;
Are all the words that I can gain,
For my great pain.

2
Can you forget
The Love you did delight in,
And those great Pleasures,
You us'd to spend the night in?
When with sweet Raptures
So close you did embrace
And your Love us'd to move
In another pretty place:
But now you take away your head,
And there you'll lie as tho' you'r dead,
And all the Joys I had in Bed.
Are gone and fled.

*A new Amorous Song. To the Tune of, The bonny
Christ-Church-Bells.*

See how fair and fine she ⁷ lies
Upon her Bridal Bed,
No Lady at the Court
So fit for the Sport,
Oh she look'd so curiously white and red,
After the first and second time
The weary Bridegroom slacks his pace;
But Oh she cries, come, come, my Joy
And cling thy Cheek close to my Face;
Tinkle, tinkle, goes the Bell under the Bed,
Whilst time and touch they keep,
Then with a Kiss
They end their Bliss,
And so fall fast asleep.

The Norwich Loyal Litany.



Defend us from all *Popish Plots*,
That so the People fray,
And eke also from Treacherous *Scots*,
As bad or worse than they.

From *Parliaments long Rumps & Tails*,
From *House of Commons Furies*.

Defend

Defend us eke from *Protestant Flays*,
And *Ignoramus Juries*.

Protect us now, and evermore,
From a white *Sheet* and *Proctor*,
And from the *Noble Peer* brought o're
The *Salamanca Doctor*.

A *Doctor* with a *Witness* sure,
Both in his rise and fall,
His *Exit* is almost as obscure,
As his *Original*.

Designs and Dangers far remove,
From this distressed Nation,
And damn the *Trayterous Model* of
Bold *Toney's Association*.

And may the *Prick-ear'd Party* that
Have Coyn enough in Cupboard,
Forbear to shiver an Estate,
And Splinters mount for *Hobart*.

From sixteen self-conceited *Peers*,
Protect our Sovereign still,
And from the damn'd *Petitioners*,
For the *Exclusive Bill*.

Guard (Heaven) great *JAMES* and His Estate,
'Gainst *Toney* upon *Toney*;
And from the House of *Commons*, that
Will give the King no Money.

From those that did design & laugh,
At *Tangier* in distress,
And were *Mahometans* worse by half,
Then all the *Moor*s of *Fez*.

From such as with Usurping hand,
Drive Princes to extreams,
Confound all their Devices, and
Deliver *Charles* and *James*.

But may the beautiful *Youth* come home,
And do the thing that's fit,
Or I must tell that *Absalom*
He has more Hair than Wit.

May he be wise, and soon expell,
Th' *Fox*, th' old *Fawning Elf*,
The time draws nigh *Achitophel*,
Shan't need to hang himself,

This Jury I've Empanel'd here,
Of honest Lines and true,
Whom you I doubt at *Westminster*,
Will find *Ignoramus* too.

A Conventicle Litany.

L Et *Baxter* teach Sedition,
And self-will'd Saints Delude,
Let *Bull* his Whoring still pursue,
Yet cheat the Multitude.

By's Zealous Leer, and Canting Tone;
May *Affociators* Wives,
Be taught to cheat their Husbands still,
With seeming honest Lives.

That Cuckolds may so Mum'rous be,
Among this Holy crew,
As Oxon all the Land throughout,
Nay, Horns upon 'em too.

That by their Beast-like marks they may,
To' th' Loyal part be known,

For

For Monstrous Traytors 'gainst the King,
His Government and Crown.

And may at last this Zealous Tribe,
By their Sham Zealous Wives,
Unto the Gallows all be led,
To end their Factious Lives.

*The PLOT Cram'd into Jones Placket. To the Tune of,
Jones Placket is torn, &c.*



⁷
HAve you not lately heard
Of Lords sent to the Tower,
Who 'gainst the Popish Plotters,
Seem'd men of chiefest Power :
But now they are got into the Plot,
And all their Power's in vain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And can never be mended again,
'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,
And rent and torn in twain :
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And will never be mended again.

Fitz-

³
Fitz-Harris they suppos'd
 A fitting Instrument,
 The Duke, the Queen, the King,
 Himself to circumvent :
 But now he's hang'd and all his Gang
 Will follow the same Strain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And will never be mended again.

³
 The Joyner he did march
 To Oxford to be Try'd,
 Where he did find a Jury,
 Who were not Whiggify'd,
 And for his Joyning in the Plot;
 A Halter he did gain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And will never be mended again, &c.

⁴
 They say that Mr. Dugdale,
 So honest and so true,
 Is one of the Kings Evidence,
 Against this wicked Crew.
 And now they aim him to defame,
 But all will be in vain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And never will be mended again, &c.

⁵
 The Crafty Shaftsbury,
 Was caught in his own Snare,
 He has hired many Rogues
 Themselves for to forswear :
 Are now undone with Hetherington,
 And all his hired Train,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And will never be mended again, &c.

⁶
 Thus Innocence we see
 Begins for to appear,

Since

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Since Rogues for want of Pardons,
The truth are fain to swear :
Had it been so, some years ago,
We'd hit on the right vein,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And will never be mended again, &c.

7.

The pious *Commons* Vote
It was a Popish Plot,
Which Factionous Lords promote,
'Twas death to think it not ;
Thus piously they all agree
A Plot for to maintain,
But now 'tis rent and torn,
And will never be mended again, &c.

8

Against the Lawful Heir,
Full many a Bill they pass
Upon the Royal Chair,
To place a gaudy Ass :
But they may ride to th' Devil astride,
With *New* Plots to feign,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And will never be mended again, &c.

9

When they cou'd rail no more
Of pious Lords and Peers,
To set them as before
Together by the Ears ;
To *Shriever* & *Mayor* they made this Prayer,
They wou'd the Plot maintain,
But now 'tis rent and torn,
And will never be mended again, &c.

10

Brave *Rich* and famous *North*,
(Whom Factions did oppose)
For Loyalty and worth,
The noble *Mayor* have chose,

H

Who

Who hand in hand will faithful stand
 To Royal James's Reign,
 For the Plot is rent and torn,
 And will never be mended again.
 'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,
 And rent and torn in twain.
 For the Plot is rent and torn,
 And will never be mended again.

The Protestant Flayl: To the Tune of, Lacy's Maggot;
 Or, the Hobby-Horse.



³
Listen a while, and I'll tell you a Tale
 Of a new Device of a *Protestant Flayl*;
 With a thump, thump, thump, a thump,
 Thump, a thump, thump.
 This *Flayl* it was made of the finest wood,
 Well lin'd with Lead, and notable good,
 For splitting of Brains, and shedding of blood
 Of all that withstood,
 With a thump, thump, &c.

²
 This *Flayl* was invented to thrash the Brain,
 And leave behind not the weight of a grain,
 With a thump, thump, &c.

At the handle end there hung a weight,
That carried with it an unavoidable Fate,
To take the Monarch a rap on the Pate,
And govern the State,

With a thump, thump,

³
It took its degree in Oxford Town,
And with the Carpenter went down,

With a thump, thump, &c,

If any durst his might oppose,
He had you close, in spite of your Nose,
To carry on clever the *Good Old Cause*,
And down with the Laws,

With a thump, thump, &c.

⁴
With this they threatened to fore-stall
The Church, and give the Bishops a mawl,

With a thump, thump, &c.

If King and Lords will not submit
To the Joyner's will while the House did sit,
If this in the right place did hit,
The cause it would split,

With a thump, thump, &c.

⁵
Two handfuls of Death, with a Thong hung fast,
By a Zealot who hang'd himself at last,

With a thump, thump, &c.

With a moving head both stiff and stout,
Found by the Protestant Joyner out,
To have at the King & the Laws t'other bout
And turn them both out,

With a thump, thump, &c.

⁶
Invincibly 'twould deal his blows,
All to maintain the *Good Old Cause*,

With a thump, thump, &c.

Wou'd Liberty and Freedom bring
To every thing except the King,

At Monarchy it had a fling,
And took its swing,

7

This *Flayl* was made of the newest Fashion,
To heal the Breaches of the Nation,

With a thump, thump, &c.

If Faction any difference bred,

'Twould split the Cause in the Head,

Till Monarchy rec'd, and Loyalty bleed,

And were both knock'd in the Head,

With a thump, thump, &c.

3

When any strife was in the State,

The *Flayl* would end the whole debate,

With a thump, thump, &c.

'Gainst Arbitrary Power of State,

And Popery which the Zealots hate,

It would give them such a rap on the Pate,

They must yield to their Fate,

With a thump, thump, &c.

9

It had a thousand virtues more,

And had a Salve for every sore,

With a thump, thump, &c.

With this they thought to have maintain'd

The Royal Tribe, and Royalists brain'd:

But the *Joyner* was hang'd, and the *Flayl* was An aign'd,

And the Conquest regain'd,

With a thump, thump,

10

May *Tony* and all our Enemies,

Meet with no better Fate than his,

With a thump, thump, &c.

May *Charles* still live to rule the State,

And *York* (whom all *Dissenters* hate)

To be reveng'd upon their Pate,

By timely Fate,

With a thump, thump, thump, a thump,

Thump, a thump, thump.

A

*A general Sale of Rebellious Household-stuff. Tune, Old
Symon the King.*



Rebellion hath broken up House,
And hath left me old Lumber to sell;
Come hither and take your choice;
I'll promise to use you well.
Will you buy the old *Speaker's* Chair,
Which was warm and easie to fit in,
And often-times has been made clean,
When as it was fouler than fitting?
Says old Symon the King,
Says old Symon the King,
With his thread-bare Cloaths, and his mamsey Nose
Sing hey ding, ding, a ding, ding.

²
Will you buy any Bacon-flitches?
They'r the fattest that ever was spent;
They'r the sides of the old Committees,
Fed up with th' *Long Parliament*.

H 3

Here's

Here's a pair of Bellows and Tongs,
 And for a small matter I'll sell 'em;
 They'r made of the *Presbyters* Lungs,
 To blow up the Coals of Rebellion,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

3

I had thought to have given them once
 To some Black-Smith for his Forge;
 But, now I have consider'd on't,
 They'r Consecrated to the *Church*;
 For I'll give them to some Choir,
 To make the *Organs* to rore
 And the little Pipes squeak higher
 Than ever they did before,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

4

Here's a couple of Stools for Sale,
 The one is square, & t'other is round;
 Betwixt them both; the Tail
 Of the *RUMP* fell unto the ground;
 Will you buy the States Council-Table,
 Which was made of the good Wain-Scot:
 The Frame was a tottering *Babel*,
 To uphold the *Independant Plot*?
Says old Symon the King, &c.

5

Here's the Beefom of *Reformation*,
 Which should have made clean the Floor;
 Yet it swept the Wealth out of th' Nation,
 And left us Dirt good store.
 Will you buy the States Spinning-wheel,
 Which spun for the Ropers Trade?
 Far better it had stood stil',
 For now it has spun a fair Thread,
Says old Symon King, &c.

6.

Here's a very good Glyster-pipe,
 Which was made of a Butchers Sump;

And oft times it hath been us'd,
To cure the Colds of the RUMP.
Here's a Lump of *Pilgrims-Salve*,
Which once was a Justice of Peace.
Who *Noll* and the *Devil* did serve;
But now it is come to this,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

7

Here's a Roll of *States-Tobacco*,
If any good fellow will take it:
It's neither *Virginia* nor *Spanish*,
But I'll tell you how they do make it:
'Tis *Covenant* mixt with *Engagement*,
With an *Abjuration Oath*;
And many of them that did take it,
Complain it is foul in the mouth,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

8

Yet the Ashes may happily serve
To cure the Scab of the Nation,
When they have an Itch to serve
A Rebellion by Innovation.
A *Lan-horn* here is to be bought,
The like was scarce ere begotten;
For many a Plot 'thas found out,
Before they ever were thought on,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

9

Will you buy the *Rump's* great Saddle
Which once did carry the Nation?
And here's the Bitt and the Bridle,
And Curb of Dissimulation.
Here's the Breeches of the RUMP,
With a fair dissembling Cloak,
And a *Presbyterian* Jump,
With an *Independant* Smock,
Says old Symon the King, &c.

Here's *Oliver's* Brewing-Vessels,
 And here's his Dray and his Slings,
 Here's *Hewson's* Aull and his Bristles,
 With divers other odd things.
 And what doth the Price belong
 To all these matters before ye?
 I'll sell all for an old Song,
 And so I do end my Story,
Says old Symon the King,
Says old Symon the King,
With his thread-bare Cloaths, and his mamsey Nose,
Sing-hey ding, ding, a ding, ding.

The New-Market SONG. To the Tune of, *Old Symon the King.*

1.
The Golden Age is come,
 the Winter Storms are gone,
 The Flowers do spread and Bloom,
 And smile to see the Sun;
 Who daily guilds each Grove,
 and calms the Air and Seas,
 Dame *Nature* seems in Love,
 and all the World's at ease:
 You Rogue go Saddle Ball,
 I'll to *New-Market* scour,
 You never mind when I call,
 I shou'd have been there this hour:
 For there is all sporting and Game,
 without any Plotting of State.
 From *Whigs* and another such *Sham*,
 deliver us, deliver us, Oh Fate!
 Let's be to each other a Prey,
 to be cheated be ev'ry ones Lot;
 Or chous'd any sort of a way,
 but by another Damn'd Plot.

Let Cullies that lose at the *Race*,
go venture at *Hazard* and win;
And he that is bubb'd at *Dice*,
recover't at *Cocking* again:
Let Jades that are founder'd be bought,
let Jockeys play *Crimp* to make sport;
For faith it was strange, methought,
to see a *Tinker* beat the *Court*.

Each corner of the Town
rings with perpetual noise,
The *Oyster-bawling* Clown
joyns with hot *Pudding-pies*;
And both in Consort keep,
to vend their stinking ware,
The drowzy God of sleep
hath no Dominion there.
Hey boys! the Jockeys roar,
if the Mare and the Gelding run,
I'll odd you five Guineys to four
he beats her and gives half a stone.
God d--me, quoth Bully, 'tis done,
or else I'm a Son of a Whore;
And fain wou'd I meet with the man
would offer it, would offer it once more.
See, see the damn'd Fate of the Town!
a Fop that was starving of late,
And scarcely cou'd borrow a Crown,
puts in to run for the Plate,
Another makes chousing a Trade,
and dreams of his Projects to come,
And many a Crimp match has made,
by bribing another mans Groom.
The Towns-men are *Whiggish*, G. rot 'em,
their hearts are but Loyal by fits;
For, shou'd you search to the bottom,
they are as nasty as their Streets.

But now all hearts beware;
 see, see on yonder Downs!
Beauty now triumphs there,
 and at this distance wounds:
 In the *Amazonian* Wars
 thus all the *Virgins* shone,
 And like the glittering Stars,
 paid Homage to the Moon.
Love proves a Tyrant now,
 and there doth proudly dwell;
 For each stubborn heart must bow,
 he has found a new way to kill:
 For ne'r was invented before
 Such Charms of additional Grace;
 Nor has *Divine Beauty* such Power
 in ev'ry, in ev'ry fair Face.
Ods but, cries my Countrey-man *John*,
was ever the like before seen?
Ey Hats and by Feathers they've on,
He took 'em e'n all for men:
Embroider'd, and fine as the Sun,
their Horses and Trappings of Gold;
Such a sight I shall ne'r see again,
if I live to a hundred years old.
 This, this is the Countreys discourse,
 all wondring at this rare sight;
 Then *Roger* go Saddle my Horse,
 for I will be there to night.

The Whigs laid open. Tune, Old Symon the King.

Now the *Plotters* and *Plots* are confounded,
 And all their Designs are made known,
 Which smelt so strong of the *Round-head*,
 And Treason of *Forty One*.

And all the Pious Intentions
For *Property, Liberty, Laws*;
Are found to be only Inventions,
To bring in their *Good old Cause*.
And all the Pious, &c.

²
By their delicate *Bill of Exclusion*.
So hotly pursu'd by the Rabble;
They hop'd to have made such confusion,
As never was seen at old *Babel*,
Then *Shaftsbury's* brave City Boys,
And *M's* Country Relations,
Were ready to second the Noise,
And send it thro'ghout 3 Nations.
Then Shaftsbury's &c.

³
No more of the fifth of *November*,
That dangerous desperate Plot;
But ever with horreur remember
Old *Toney, Armstrong, and Scot*.
For *Tony* will ne'r be forgotten,
Nor *Ferguson's* popular Rules;
Nor *Mon. or Grey* when they'r rotten,
For Popula rPolitick Fools.
For Tony shou'd, &c.

⁴
The Murder of Father and King,
And extinguishing all the right Line,
Was a Good and a Godly thing,
And worthy the *Whigs* design:
The Hanging of Prelate, and Peer,
And putting the Guards to the Sword,
And fleying and slashing Lord Mayors,
Was to do the Work of the Lord.
The Hanging of, &c.

⁵
But I hope they will have their desert,
And the Gallows will have its due.

And

And *Jack Ketch* will be more expert,
 And in time be as Rich as a *Jew*,
 Whilst now in the Tavern we Sing,
 All Joy to Great *Tory* and his Right,
 A Glorious long Reign to our King;
 And when they've occasion we'll fight.
Whilst now in the Tavern, &c.

6

The name of a *Whig* and a *Tory*,
 No more shall disquiet the Nation;
 We'll fight for the *Church* & her Glory,
 And pray for this Reformation.
 That ev'ry Faction's Professor,
 And ev'ry Zealous Pretender
 May humble 'em, to the Successor
 Of *Charles*, our Nations Defender.
That every Faction, &c.

Loyalty Tryumphant, on the Confirmation of Mr. North
 and Mr. Rich, Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.
 Tune, Joy to the Bridegroom.



3

Fill up the Bowl and set it round,
 The day is won, the *Sheriff's* crown'd;
 The Rabble flies, the Tumults yield;
 And Loyalty maintains the Field;
 Saint *George* for *England*, then again,
 To Royal *James* the Ocean drain.

2

With Justice may it ever flow,
And in an endless Circle go;
The brim with conqu'ring Bays be crown'd,
And Faction in the Dregs lie drown'd:
Then to the Queen and Royal *James*,
Sacrifice your flowing *Thames*.

3

Thanks to Sir *John*, our good Lord Mayor,
'Gainst *Sheriff's* tricks he kept the Chair;
The Court and City's Rights maintains,
While head-strong Faction broke the Reins:
Then to the Famous Sir *John Moor*,
May after-age that name adore.

4

What Zeal (ye *Whigs*) to the old Cause,
Thus makes you act against the Laws;
That none for *Sheriff* must contend,
But your old *Ignoramus* Friend?
But now, your hopes are all destroy'd,
And your two Champions laid aside.

5

Is this your love to Church and State,
That no good man must serve of late,
While you can find one Factious Rogue,
To sway the *Poll*, and get the *Vogue*;
By unjust means your Rights you claim,
And lawless force maintain the same.

6

But brave Sir *John*, whileth' storms increase,
His wisdom made the *Tumults* cease;
In spite of all Illegal *Poll*,
The Routs and Ryots did controul:
Whence he shall gain a lasting name,
And after-age Record his Fame.

7

Amongst the men of chiefest worth,
The Vote is given for Loyal *North*,

In

In spight of *Pilk.* and *Sh--*,
Papillion, and the Rabble Rout :
 Then to brave *North* a double Doze,
 Who the strong *Faction*; did oppose.

8

Now *Box* withdraw, *Dubois* contends,
 And Noble *Rich* the Stage ascends ;
 By Legal ('gainst Illegal) Vote,
 The Loyal Tribune they promote :
 Then to brave *Rich* a help of hand,
 Who the loud Tumults did withstand.

9

For *Ropes* and *Gibbets* the next year,
 The *Whigs* (we hope) need not despair ;
 It *Rich* find *Timber*, (give them scope)
 Brave *North* will never grudge them *Rope* :
 Then, to conclude, we'll crown the Bowl,
 With a Health to the *K.* & each *Loyal Soul*.

*A new-years Gift to the Templers, on that Eminent
 Lawyer Sir Edmond Saunders, his being chosen Lord
 Chief-Justice of England. Tune, Joy to the Bridegroom*

I

Old *Tony's* fled, from Justice gone,
 And all his shamming *Plots* are done ;
 The Plague is ceas'd and gone away,
 Then let us make a Holy-day.
*And to Great James our Gracious King
 In joyful consorts let us sing.*

2

To *Amsterdam* the Traytor's fled,
 To save his false designing Head :
 Thither the holy Brethren croud,
 A *Murrin* scatter all the Brood.
*That to Great James our Gracious King
 In joyful consorts we may sing.*

3

At *Hague* they keep their *Randevou*,
 Like Crows this Carrion they pursue,

Walker

*Waller and Willmore, all the crew,
With Starkey, Smith, the chase pursue.
Whilst to Great James our Gracious King,
We in a joyful consort sing.*

4.

*But now the Wolf is gone astray,
The harmless Sheep may sport and play;
When Traytors dare not shew their face,
Then honest men shall come in place.
Who to great James our Gracious King
Will in a joyful consort sing.*

5

*While Tony with his Plots are fled,
And never more to shew their head;
Renowned Saunder's to their grief,
Is made of England Justice-Chief.
That Lawyers may rejoyce and sing
In joyful consorts to their King.*

6

*To Temple this, and Templers Fame,
Shall purchase an immortal name;
That Sovereign Justice Right and Law,
shou'd from those Christal Fountains flow.
Let Templers then rejoyce and sing
In joyful consorts to their King.*

7

*Brave Saunder's Lord Chief-Justice nam'd,
For Law and Justice so much Fam'd:
To th' Subject his due Rights will give,
To th' King his just Prerogative.
Then to great James our Gracious King
In joyful consorto let us sing,*

8

*No more shall Shrieves Whig-Furies blind,
And Loyalists shall Justice find;
Nor Ignoramus Law prevail,
A curse o'th' Nation to entail.
But to great James our Gracious King
All shall in joyful consorts sing.*

[6 With

9

With me let all the Land rejoyce,
That he has made this happy choise:
That Justice through the Land may flow,
And all find Justice with their Law.

*While to great James our Gracious King
We may in a joyful consort sing.*

10

Long live our most great and happy James,
Of future Age the happy Thames;
To sit upon the *British* Throne,
When *Tony* and his Tribe are gone.

*Then to great James our Gracious King
In joyful consort let us sing.*

A new Song, to the Tune, Ye London Lads be merry.



I

YOU Loyal Lads be merry,
For *Perkin* that State Buffoor,
Deisid by *Whig* and *Tory*,
For being so fause a Loon,

To

To sham the *Court* and the *Town*,
And muckle did swear and vow,
But like *Prance* he has chang'd his tone,
And the *Deel* gang with him I trow.

2
His Party had taught him his *Lesson*,
And low he did sue for *Grace*;
He whin'd out a doleful *Confession*,
How great a *Traytor* he was.
And begg'd his *Pardon* might pass
For he was a *Penitent* now;
But he bid the *Court* kiss his *arse*,
And the *Deel's* gang'd with him I trow,

3.
And once more he's got above *Hatches*,
And means to set up for a *King*,
The *Politicks* of his *Scotch* *Dutchess*
This matter about did bring:
Uds wounds she longs to be *Queen*,
If *Perkin* and she knew how:
And yet in a *Hempen-string*,
They may gang to the *Deel* I trow.

4.
And this last mark of his *Treason*,
Is muckle exceeding the rest,
To au Lads of *Sense* and of *Reason*,
'T has gain'd him many a *Curse*:
He might have be been then at the worst
Drawn in for a *Cully* of shew,
But now 'tis past all distrust,
That the *Deel's* gang'd with them I trow.

5.
Now Heaven blefs *James* the second,
And grant him of *Brutus's* mind:
And then his nene *Son* will be reckon'd
Among the *Trayterous* kind,

And

And equal Justice will find,
 By God, and St *Andrew* I trow,
 Were he o'my Daddy's nene kind,
 He should gang to the *Deel* I trow.

*A new Song made on the Parliaments removing from
 London to Oxford. Tune, Ye London Lads be mery.*

YE London Lads be merry,
 Your *Parliament* Friends are gene,
 That made us au so sorry,
 And wou'd not let us alene,
 But peacht us ev'ry ene,
 Both *Papist* and *Protestant* too;
 But to *Oxford* they are gene,
 And the *Deel* gang with 'em I trow,

Our geud King *Charles* Heaven blefs him,
 Protector of *Albany's* Right;
 Receiv'd from the *House* like a Lesson,
 'Thad like to have set us at Strife:
 But *Charles* he swore by his life,
 He'd have 'ne mere like a doo,
 And he packt them off by this light,
 And the *Deel's* gang'd with them I trow.

There's *Essex* and *Jemmy* the Cully,
 Were mickle too blame I dreed,
 With *Shatfsbury* that States Bully,
 And au the *Factionous* Breed:
 And wital *Grey* gud deed,
 VVho Pimps when his VVife does mow,
 And holds the door for a need,
 But the *Deel* will reward him I trow.

Fool *Thin* and half-witted *M----* th,
 VVith *L-----ce*, and Slabbering *K--t*,
 VVith gogling Fly-catching *B-----*
 That ne're knew yet what he meant,

And

And St---rd follows the Scent
 VVith Politick *Armstrong* and *How*,
 And they all a *Petitioning* went,
 And the *Deel's* gang'd with them I trow.

Then Heaven protect great *Albany*,
 Guide him from *Pistol* and *Gun*,
 And all the *Plots* of *Anthony*,
 That old malicious *Baboon*,
 Though sham'd on the *Pope* of *Rome*,
 As *Dugdale* and *Oates* do avow,
 But in time they'l hang the fause *Loon*,
 And the *Deel* hang with them I trow.

The Compleat Citizen, or the Man of Fashion. Tune.
 Would you be a Man of Fashion.



Wou'd you be a Man of Fashion,
 Wou'd you lead a life Divine?
 Won'd you be a Man of Fashion,
 Wou'd you lead a life Divine?

Take

164 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

Take a little Dram of Passion,
 In a lusty Bowl of Wine.
 If the Nymph have no Compassion,
 Vain it is to sigh and Groan;
 Love was but put in for Fashion,
 Wine will do the work alone.

2

Wou'd you have at your Devotion,
 Gown Fop *Whigs* that love to prate?
Wou'd you have, &c.
 Gown Fop, &c.

Take a Dram of *Tony's* Notion,
 In a Coffee-dish of State:
 If the Poyson will not warm you,
 Take ye *Tea*, 'twill do the thing;
 There are Sates-men can inform you,
 How to Rule without a King.

3

Wou'd you then be thought most witty,
 Wou'd you be a man of parts?
Wou'd you be, &c.
 Wou'd you, &c.

Aid the Faction of the City,
 'Till you'r hang'd for your Deserts:
 If your Virtue's not rewarded,
 For the glorious thing you aim'd;
 And another Saint Recorded,
 Care and *Curtis* both be dam'd.

4

Wou'd you have a new Religion,
 Founded on a Plot of State?
Wou'd you have, &c.
 Founded, &c.
 Whisper but with *Prance's* Pidgeon,
 In a Dungeon through a Grate:
 If your Soul finds no Impression,
 Murder'd *Godfrey's* will appear;
 Tho there needs no more Confession,
 Kiss the Book, and all is clear.

Wou'd

Wou'd you have a true Narration,

How the City first was fir'd;

Wou'd you, &c.

How, &c.

Let the *Monuments* relation,

Prove the Man, and those they hir'd.

If the *Phœnix* was consumed,

As they say by Popish Priggs;

All her Pride was re-assumed

By the *Ignoramus* Whigs.

6

Wou'd you have another *Charter*,

You that should be men of sense?

Wou'd you, &c.

You that, &c.

Talk no more of *Magna Charta*,

But relie upon your Prince:

If you can repent sincerely,

Cæsar has a God-like mind;

Purge our Factionness severely,

Cæsar will be always kind.

*A new way to play an old Game. Tune, Wou'd you be
a Man of Fashion*

HAve you not heard of *Forty one* Sir,
When the Cause did thrive amain,

Tony's Tap did freely run Sir,

Tap did freely run Sir,

And confronted *Charles* his Wain?

When the *Commons* thought it reason,

And a meritorious thing,

To use Villany and Treason,

And made *Charles* a Glorious King!

Have you heard of *Eighty Three* Sir,

when a deeper Plot was lay'd,

When

166 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

When the Rascals did agree Sir?
 Rascals did agree Sir,
 To play o're the same again?
 When they act a Reformation,
 Nought their fury would suffice;
 But they needs must purge the Nation,
 By a Royal Sacrifice.

3
 Have you seen those *Morly Martyrs*,
 That did suffer for the Cause,
 Swinging in their *Tyburn-Garters*,
 In their *Tyburn-Garters*,
 To atone their Sacred Laws?
 If the *Blunderbuss* shou'd miss Sir,
 And shou'd fail to kill the King,
 There are other means would hit Sir,
 And perform the Glorious thing.

4
 To his Name a *Statu's* due Sir,
 Higher than the *Monument*,
 Who this mighty deed shall do Sir,
 Mighty deed shall do Sir,
 So good, so great, so excellent.
 Future Ages shall him Crown Sir,
 And shall bless the happy hour,
 And Religion shall fall down Sir,
 And adore her Saviour.

5
 Thus the boasting *Bygones* Canted,
 (Big with hopes of *Commonweal*)
 Thus the Priestly Villain Ranted,
 Priestly Villain Ranted,
 In a Drunken fit of Zeal.
 But their Plots were all in vain Sir,
 And their haughty rash Career,
 Signs and Wonders make it plain Sir,
 Kings are Heaven's peculiar care.

*The Poor Spanish Souldier's Complaint. Tune, Wou'd
you be a Man of Fashion.*

¹
Will you be a *Reformado*,
Will you lead a Hellish life?
Take a rusty old *Mandado*,
In a flowing Bawl of Grief;
If the *French*-men will not kill you,
Want of Bread will stop your breath,
This is the Weapon I must tell you,
That gives the *Spanish* Souldier death.

²
If in defending some old Castle,
You do drop a Leg or Wing,
For you are free from fighting Battle,
Or any such inhumane thing;
Your *Placa Muerte* then put in for,
And whilst you live you are in pain,
Not for losing of your Member,
But to hear your Guts complain.

³
Your Cloak *Seignor* to be in Fashion,
Must be Reverently bare,
Least some Louse might in his passion,
Tear thy flesh and hide him there:
A patch against each month you serve,
You must lay on most decently,
Which will the hanger-on preserve,
And prove the wearers Loyalty.

⁴
Let the old *Castillian Motto*,
In e'ry action be your guide,
I mean that Scripture *poco a poco*,
Else you are not Sanctify'd.

Then

Then to appear *Hombre Honrado*,
 Let your Whiskers greet your Eye,
 With that the brave *Seignor Soldado*,
 Doth the approachers terrifie.

⁵
 A deep Snuff-Box you still must manage,
 For to shew your Gravety,
 Which tho empty, yet the carriage,
 Argues grand Nobility;
 Let your Shoes be well Translated,
 Least your naked toes appear,
 Your Elbows too, or else you'r hated,
 Must a brace of Patches wear.

⁶
 If old *Gran* doth continue,
 He will shew the ready way,
 How his Majesty may feed you,
 With three lusty Laids a day;
 That sum if you do miss no Muster;
 Will be paid you punctually,
 Nay after death to our great wonder,
 You'll not lose the Legacy.

⁷
 A *Pox* on this Reformation,
 A *Plague* take the Hellish Crew,
 That prepar'd it for our Nation,
 Or that did the Potion brew;
 May that hand that writ the Orders,
 Be cut off with Infamy;
 And may the tongue that read it for us,
 Be blasted for its Blasphemy.

⁸
 But since we find that *Reformado's*
 Are so sadly here abus'd,
 Let's go home to dig *Potato's*
 Where we shall be kindly us'd;
 No gaping for Liberances,
 Will there trouble our repose,

We'll

A Collection of Loyal Songs.

169

We'll spend our time in country-Dances,
And study how to wear new Cloaths.

9.

There we'll hang up our *Toledo's*,
If King *James* has no need,
For to imploy the Rusty *Diagoe*,
If he does, it is decreed,
That all his Enemies shall perish,
And on their Graves we'll drink amain,
That God His Majesty may cherish,
And send him long and happy Reign,

*A Prophetical Catch. To the Tune of, The merry
Christ-Church-Bells.*



O H, the Plot Discoverers!
Oates, Eedloe, Dugdale, Prance,
They swear so wondrous deep,
So woundy deep,

I ; That

That the *Plot* sounds horridly, horridly,
 Hark! the *Doctor* first comes in,
 Makes Oath at 7, 8, 9, or 10,
 No matter how, nor where, nor when,
 Which the *Plotters* nothing think, nor dream.
 Jingle jangle, jingle jangle, goes the Mobile,
 With a discontented tone;
 But the *Deel* a man, in this trepan,
 Can call his life his own.

2

Oh, the *Plot* Discoverers!
Oates, *Bedloe*, *Dugdale*, *Prance*,
 They are such Perjur'd Rogues,
 That none but *Scroggs*
 Can feague them cunningly, cunningly.
 Oh! the damn'd invented *Plot*,
 Which some believe, but more do not,
 Since late our Laws Have found such Flaws
 In those who did this mischief *Cause*,
 Two more of late, crept into the cheat;
 One with a *Sham-Plot* found,
 The other chous'd with frightless hopes
 To receive a hundred Pound.

3

Oh, these *Beagles*! how they run
 With loud and mighty cry,
 They Judges wholly fright,
 And do Peers affright,
 They hunt so bloodily, bloodily
 The Hunters wind their Horns and shout,
 At which runs in the Rabble Rout,
 With Pikes, and Staves, all staring about,
 To find this plaguy old *Puss* out:
 Yebble yabble, yebble yabble hunt the little cry,
 When the damn'd old Dogs had done,
 But the Curs were lost, for they mist it at first,
 Whilst the old Hounds counter-run.

4

Oh, these Rascals how they'r bang'd
Like Curs about the Town!
Prance was soundly kick'd,
And the Doctor nickt
By the Doctor cruelly, crully;
Dugdale full of Pox and not,
No longer can maintain his Plot;
And Dangerfield is quite forgot,
And Robin's but a filly Sot;
Bedloe, they say, t'other day, at a Play,
Was for his Insolence bang'd;
But the Plot will never be forgot,
Till all these Rogues are hang'd.

*A Ballad. The third part. written by
a Lady of Quality. Tune Packingtons-Pound.*



The Plot is vanish'd like to a beastful Sprite,
Which with false flashes, Fools could only fright.
The Wife, (whose clearer Souls can penetrate,)
Finds shadows drawn before Intrigues of State.
God bless our King, the Church, and Nation too,
Whilst Perjur'd Villains have what is their due.

THe *Presbyter* has been so active of late,
To twist himself into the Mysteries of State,
Giving birth to a *Plot* to amuse the dark World,
Till into confusion three Kingdoms are hurl'd ;

*It is so long since,
He murder'd his Prince,*

That the unwary Rabble he hopes to convince,
With jingling words that bears little sense,
Deluding them with Religious pretence.

Th' *Scribling Poet* is such a dull Sor,
To blame the poor Devil for hatching the Plot ;
The murder o'th' King, with many things more,
He falsly would put on the *Jesuits* Score :

*When all that have Eyes
Be they foolish, or wise,*

May see the sly *Presbyter* through his disguise ;
Their Brethren in *Scotland* have made it well known,
By murd'ring their Bishop, what sins are their own.

The Poet, whose senses are somewhat decay'd,
Takes *Joan* for a *Jesuit* in Masquerade ;
His Muse ran so fast, she ne'r look'd behind her,
Or else to a Woman she would have prov'd kinder.

*His Fury's so hot.
To hunt out the Plot,*

That fain he would find it where it is not ;
Although I've expos'd it to all that are wise,
He hath stifled his Reason, and blinded his eyes.

An old *Ignis fatuus*, who leads men astray,
And leaves them i'th' Ditch, but still keeps his way,
In politick head are framed this *Plot*,
From whence it descended from *Presbyter-Scot* :

*Who quickly took Fire,
And as soon did expire,*

Having grave factious Fools their Zeal to admire ;

Who

Who for the same cause would freely fly out,
But Plotting's more safer to bring it about.

5
Heres one for Religion is ready to fight,
That believes not his *Christ*, yet swears he's i'th' right;
If our *English Church* (as he says) be a Whore,
We're sure 'twas *Jack Presbyter* did her deflow'r;
He'd fain pull her down,
As well as the Crown,

And prostitute her to every dull Clown;
To bring in Religion that's fit for the Rabble,
Whilst *Atheism* serves himself that's more able.

6
A Pestilent Peer of a levelling Spirit;
Who only the Sins of his Sire doth inherit;
With an unsteady mind, Chimerical brain,
Which his broken Fortune doth weekly sustain;
He Lodg'd in the City
Like Alderman brave,
Being fed up with Faction, to which he's a Slave;
He never durst fight, but once for his Whore,
Which his feeble courage attempted no more.

7
Another with Preaching and Praying wore out,
Inspir'd by th' *Covenant*, is grown very stout;
Th' *Old Cause* to revive it is his design,
Tho the *Fabrick of Monarchy* he did undermine:
He tortur'd his Pate,
Both early and late,

I'th' *Tower*, where this mischief he hop'd to create;
But to Countrey dwelling he now doth retire,
To Preach to Domesticks whilst they do admire.

8
Another, with head both empty and light,
For the *Good Old Cause* is willing to fight;
I'th' choise of fit Members for th' next Parliament,
He spit out his Zeal to the Rabbles content;

*Whilst his Wife in great State,
Chose a Duke for his Mate,*

For whose sake a Combustion he needs would create :
For since his Indulgence allows her a Friend,
He'd make him as great as his wish can extend.

9

There's one, whose fierce courage is fal'n to decay,
(At *Geneva* inspir'd,) he's much led away ;
He would set up a Cypher instead of a King,
From *Presbyter* Zeal such folly doth spring.

He once did betray,

A whole Town in a day ;

And since did at Sea fly fairly away :
He had better spin out the rest of his Thread,
In making Pot-Guns, which disturb not his Head.

10.

Some others, of Fortunes both dispers'd and low,
With big swelling Titles does make a great shew ;
A flexible Prince they would willingly have,
That to *Presbyter* Subjects should be a meer Slave ;

They'd set him on's Throne,

To tumble him down,

They scorn to submit to Scepter and Crown ;
And into confusion, or *Commonwealth* h turn,
A People that hasten so to be undone.

11

If such buisy heads that would us confound,
Were all advanc'd high, or plac'd under ground ;
We'll honour our King, and live at our ease,
And make the dull *Presbyter* do what we please :

Who has cheated our Eyes,

With borrow'd disguise,

'Till of all our Reason they'd taken Excise :
But let's from their Slavery strive to be free,
And no People can e're be so happy as we.

Oates's Lamentation. *Tune, Packingtons-Pound.*

1.

Come all you good People that were at the Fair,
And your Ears to a Ditty most mournful prepare;
For alack, and alas, who now will delight us,
With the feats & Allegiance of *William* and *Titus*:

When once it is told,

How *Arnald* the bold,

Who Commanded the Fleet at thirteen years old.
Was struck down, & so stunn'd, he drew not his Sword,
And yet could remember each poultry poor word.

2

He rails at the *Pope*, and calls him a *Whore*,
If his Mother were alive, he could call her no more;
He burns *Goa's* Mother, and his Saints does deface,
Whilst *Oliver's* Picture his Parlour does grace;

But if Admiral *John*,

Half the mercy had shewn,

On the Throats of poor *Priests* that he had of his own.
Jack Lewis had liv'd to feed him once more,
Nor had *Trot* been damn'd, nor his worship forswore.

3.

He whipt an old woman until she was dead,
Then whipt her alive, even so it is said;
He says he did help to bring in the King,
Tho' his worship in Cage call'd Prison, did sing:

But that is no news,

For all the world knows

That *Bedloe* who was in the *Marshall's* close.
Nay, fed from the Basket, was tripping o're Seas,
And carrying of Letters to Father *Lecheas*.

4

From *Morgan* and *Arnold*, *Tom* *Patrick* and *Price*,
From *Cuckoldom*, *Perjury*, *Stealing*, and *Lies*;
From *Robert*, and *Pensloyn*, *Oates*, *Tomkins* & *Hughes*,
From folly, noise, *Whoredom*, *Extortion*, ill News.

14

From

From men without wit,
Who above us do sit,

Tho they merit to lie in the bottomless Pit.
From sawcy *Petitioners* Lord bless us all,
Who would both our King, & His Kingdom enthrall.

The Honour of Great York and Albany. To a new Tune.



T¹ He *Connors* now are at a stand,
And evermore I hope shall be ;
For *Scotland* will be help at hand,
For Great *James* Duke of *Albany*;
For *Scotland*, &c.

²
A braver Nation he can't have,
For Love, for Truth, for Loyalty ;
Each man will fight into his Grave,
For Great *James* Duke of *Albany*.
Each man, &c.

³
A Souldier stout is He, and brave,
As ever any man did see,
God bless the *King*, and *Queen*, and save
Our Great *James* Duke of *Albany*.
God bless, &c.

⁴
He very wise and pious is,
There's no man knows the contrary;

Then

Then damn'd be him that thinks amiss,
Of Great *James Duke of Albany.*
Then damn'd, &c.

⁵
All Loyal Subjects Him must love,
The Heir Apparent, still is He,
Next to the King, there's none above
Our Great *James Duke of Albany.*
Next to the King, &c.

⁶
Then let our Reason our ill will sway,
And every man upon his Knee,
I do not mean to drink, but pray
For Great *James Duke of Albany.*
I do not mean, &c.

⁷
There's no man is so mad to think,
That drinking can availing be,
'Tis better for to fight than drink,
For Great *James Duke of Albany.*
'Tis better, &c.

⁸
Yet do not think I'll bawk His Health,
But with my Cup, most moderately,
I'll drink, I'll fight, and spend my Wealth,
For Great *James Duke of Albany.*
I'll, drink, I'll fight, and spend, &c.

Loyalty respected, and Faction confounded. To an Excellent new Tune.

¹
Let the Cannons roar from Sea to Shoar,
And Trumpets sound triumphantly,
We'll fare in wealth while we drink a Health
To the high born Prince of *Albany.*

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Of Albany, of Albany,
To the high born Prince of Albany :
We'll fare in wealth, while we drink a health
To the high born Prince of Albany.

²
He's the Son of *Scotland's* Womb,
Though His Nativity be *Thames*;
He's of the Glorious Martyr sprung,
And bears the name of good King *James*,
Of Albany, &c.

³
Our Princes and our Nobles all
Do not our Loyalty disgrace :
Nor to enormity at all,
Nor Bastardize the Royal Race.
Of Albany, &c.

⁴
Let *Hagar* and her birth be gone,
Her Bottle on her shoulder be ;
For *Sarah* said unto her Son,
He shall not be an Heir with thee.
An Heir with thee, an Heir with thee,
He shall not be an Heir with thee ;
For Sarah said unto her Son,
He shall not be an Heir with thee.

⁵
Put all these fancies quite away,
And press down the *Egyptian* Pride :
Before he wants a Seigniorly,
We'll place him King on *Yarrow* side :
On Yarrow side, on Yarrow side,
We'll place him King on Yarrow side,
Before he wants a Seigniorly,
We'll place him King on Yarrow side,

⁶
I know not why he should be King,
Unless for Mustering of the *Whigs* :

No wonder, though they act the thing,
He spar'd them well at *Bothwel Brigs*.
On Yarrow side.

7

So nobly he did act his part
By sparing these *Rebellious Clowns*:
That he came down and let a *Fart*,
And so marcht back with his *Dragoons*.
With his Dragoons, with his Dragoons,
And so marcht back with his Dragoons,
That he came down and let a Fart,
And so marcht back with his Dragoons.

The Loyal Health, a Court Song, to a delicate new Tune.



1.

Since Plotting's a Trade, like the rest of the Nation;
Let 'em lie and swear on to keep up the Vocation;
Let *Tinkers* and *Weaver*, and *Joyners* agree,
To find work for the *Cooper*, they'll have none of me:
Let Politick Shams in the States-men abound,
While we quaff off our Bumpers, and set the Glas round:
The

The jolly true Toper's the best Subject still,
Who drinks off his Liquor, & thinks no more Ill.

Then let us stand to't, and like honest men fall,
Who love King and Country, Duke, Dutchess & all;
Not such as wou'd blow up the Nation by stealth,
And out of the flame raise a new *Commonwealth*:
Not such who against Church & the Bishops do rage,
To advance old *Jack Presbyter* on the new Stage.
But to all honest *Tories* who'l fight for their King,
And to crown the brave work, with the Court we'll be-

3

[gin.

Here's a Health to the King, and his Lawful Successors,
To honest *Tantivies*, and Loyal *Addressors*;
But a *Pox* take all those, that promoted *Petitions*
To Poyson the Nation, and stir up *Seditions*;
Here's a Health to the Queen, & her Ladies of Honour,
And a *Pox* take all those, that put *Sham-Plots* upon her.
Here's a Health to the Duke, & the Senate of *Scotland*,
And to all honest men, that from *Bishops* ne're got Land,

4

Here's a Health to *L'Estrange*, & the boon *Heraclitus*.
And true *Tory Thompson*, who never did fight us,
And forgetting *Broom*, *Paulin*, and Alderman *Whrightus*,
With *Tony* and *Bethel*, *Ignoramus* and *Titus*;
Here's a health to the Church, and all those that are for it,
Confusion to *Zealots* and *Whigs* that abhor it.
May it ever be safe, from the new mode *Refiners*:
And may Justice be done upon *Coopers* and *Jeyners*.

5

Here's a health to old *Hall*, who our Joys did restore;
And a *Pox* take each popular Son of a whore;
To the *Spaniard* & *Dane*, the brave *Russian* & *Moor*,
Who come from far Nations, our King to adore:
To all that do worship the God of the Vine,
And to old jolly *Bowman*, who draws us good Wine:
And as for all *Trayers* whether *Papist* or *Whig*,
May they all trot to *Tyburn* to dance the old Jig.

6 Here's

6

[Laws,

Here's a health to all those, who love the King and His
And may they ne'r pledge it that broach'd the *Old Cause*;
Here's a health to the States, & a plague on the Pack

Of *Commonwealth* Canters and *Presbyter Jack*;
To the uppermost pendant that ever did play
On the highest-top-gallant o'th' Sovereign o'th' Sea:
And he that denies to the Standard to lore,
May he sink in the Ocean, and never drink more.

The Loyal Wish. To the Tune of the Loyal Health.

1

May all be benighted and never see day,
Put horror and darkness still cover their way;
Whose hearts are not open, and wishes unfeign'd,
Their Loyalty strong, and affection unstain'd:
To *Cæsar* of *England* the terrour of *France*,
Whose Arms extended, may lead such a Dance,
That *Monsieur* may not for the future be reckon'd,
Where mention is made of King *James* the second.

2

May showers of afflictions and anguishes down,
All such as repine at his Rise to the Crown;
His Birth-right from Heaven immediate and free,
From the check of all Mortals and their policy,
May such as design'd His Exclusion by Law,
Whom nothing cou'd please, or nothing cou'd awe;
Like Builders of *Babel* rewarded be even
With shame and confusion for warring with Heaven.

3

May all Bo-peep-Traytors avoiding the edge
Of Justice, be taken and drawn on a Sledge,
'Tis they and adherents occasion'd a rent
In the constitution of our Government;
May such as wou'd head them, (except *Squire Catch*),
To *Pluto's* Apartments have speedy dispatch,
To learn from torments perpetual, to be
Abhorers of injuring true Monarchy.

May

- 4

May gracious Queen Mary produce us young Princes,
 To stifle the hopes of all Bastard pretences;
 May the *Hansen Kelder* in her Royal Womb,
 Ne're prove abortive, but blossom and bloom;
 'Till midwiv'd, by Nature in season, it thrive,
 Grow up to Maturity, strengthen, and arrive
 At the same instant it's usher'd to Town,
 The great Prince of *Wales*, & right Heir to the *Crown*.

5.

May all thar are Loyal, still such persevere,
 And make thir profession in actions appear;
 May such in Allegiance that stagger like *Cain*,
 Be visibly branded with indeleble Stain:
 That all may peruse in their fronts, what they hide
 In their hearts; that none in such Harpies confide;
 But noli-me *Tangere* like them eschew,
 For fear of Infection from such Hellish Crew.

6

May all the Sword-Officers and the Long Robe,
 Each in his Station serve as a Probe;
 To search how affected all stand to the King,
 By dint of their power the froward to bring;
 That Homage which Nature hath bound them unto,
 With hearts and with hands to their Sovereign to do;
 If such obligations are slender to bind,
 Rescind all such Rebels as Foes to Mankind.

The Wine-Coopers Delight. To the Tune of, The Delights of the Bottle.



I

THe Delights of the Bottle are turn'd out of doors,
By Factious *Fanatical* Sons of damn'd Whores.
French Wines Prohibition, meant no other thing,
But to poyson the Subject, and begger the King.
Good Nature's suggested with Dregs like to choak her,
Of fulsom stum'd Wine by the curld Wine-Cooper.

2

Our plaguy Wine-Cooper has tamper'd so much,
To find out the subtilty of the false *Dutch*.
He tinctures prickt White-wine, that never was good,
Till it mantles, and sparkles, & looks like Bulls blood;
But when it declines, and its Spirits expire,
He adds more Ingredients, and makes it look higher.

His old rotten Pipes where he keeps all his trash,
For fear they should burst, Sir, he Hoops them with *Ass*.
When the *Sophistication* begins for to froth,
And toils on the Fret, Sir, he wisely pulls forth

A

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A *Tap*, which gives vent to the grounds of the *Cause*,
And then is to vamp up a second *Red Nose*.

4
Then this dingy *Wine-Cooper* stops it up again,
And keeps it unvented till 'tis all on a flame,
The *Intelligences* then were invented to shew,
Where *Wine* of strange virtues in plenty did flow;
People from all parts of the Nation did come,
Both *Lords, Knights, & Gentlemen, Doctor & Bum*.

5
The *Cooper* then pulls the *Tap* out of his side,
And drinks to the *Elders* of all the good *Tribe*.
But when they had gull'd about all the *Bowls*,
They found a strange *Freedom* it gave to their *Souls*:
Of secrets in *Nature*, that never were known,
It gave *Inspiration* from *Beggar* to *Throne*.

6
For the *Cooper* himself full *Brimmers* did draw,
And all the whole *Gang* were oblig'd to do so.
Amongst these *Cabals* there was no such thing,
As a *Health* once propos'd to the *Duke* or the *King*;
But drank to that *Idol* of *Hopes* in their *Powers*,
And Sons of most infamous *Hackney old Whores*.

7
Then the *Rable* had notice from *Smith* and from *Bên*,
What a *Heavenly Liquor* was sent amongst *Men*.
Both *Tinkers* and *Coblers*, the *Broom-men* and *Sweep*,
Before this *Wine-Cooper* in *Flocks* they did meet.
And each under-foot stamp't his old greazy *Bonet*,
To drink *M's Health*, *Boys*, whate'r come on it.

8
The *Cosper* perceiving his *Trade* to approach,
He then was resolv'd once more to debauch.
To encourage the *Rable*, and shew himself stout,
He pull'd out the *Spigot* amongst the whole *Rout*,
Which kindness provok'd 'em to swear they would bring
Such a *Trade* to his house as would make him a *King*.

A Hat or a Bottle was still at the Tap,
But *Zealots* sometimes laid their mouths to the *Fut*.
They charg'd their brisk *Bumpers* so many times round,
Till part of the *Mobile* sprawl'd on the ground :
But when this damn'd *Liquor* was got in their Pates,
They fell to Bumbasting, disord'ring of *Sates*.

They began to cant *Dangers* by formal *Sedition*,
And swear Lawful *Allegiance* 'gainst Lawful *Succession*.
When these propositions began to take fire,
They screw'd their *Presumptions* a hole or two higher ;
But still they keep under *Hugh Peters's* Cloak,
To bring in the *Devil* and drive out the *Pope*.

But then they began for to pick at the *Crown*,
Each thinking that he deserv'd one of his own.
Then all the *Kings Guards* they thought fit to indict,
Swear *Treason* 'gainst all that maintain'd the *Kings Right*.
Both *Papists* and *Protestants* no matter whether,
They are not of our Party, let's hang 'em together,

Next the chief of our *Game* is to keep the *King* poor,
And our *Senators* must the *Militia* secure.
The *Navy* and *Cinque-Ports* we'll have in our hands,
And then we'll make the *Kingdom* obey our commands.
Then if *Charles* do withstand us, we need not to fight,
To make *Eighty One* to out-do *Forty Eight*.

What ever objections great *Loyalists* bring,
Old *Adam* liv'd happy without e're a *King*.
Then why may not we, that are much wiser than he,
Subdue the whole World, Sir, by our *Sov'reignty* ?
If one man alone can keep three Nations under,
Then why may not we, that are *Kings* without number ?

Right, said the *Cooper*, and shak'd his old Noddle,
Three *Kingdoms* we'll tofs like a Child in a Cradle :
Still

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Stick close to this *Liquor* which I do prepare,
'Twill make ye as splendid as *Noll* in his *Chair*.
We'll kindle old *Plots*, by contriving of new,
Till none shall be safe but the *Cooper* and you.

15

O *brave Boys*! O *brave Boys*! the *Rable* did roar,
Tantivies and *Tories* shall *Hector* no more:
By *Us* they'r out-acted, to *Us* they shall bend,
Whilst we to our *Dignities* freely ascend;
Then they were dead-drunk as the *Devil* cou'd make 'em,
And fell fast asleep as ten *Drums* could not wake 'em.

16

In the *Piss* and the *Spew*, the poor *Cooper* did paddle,
To stop up his *Tap*, but the *Knave* was not able;
For his *Limbs* like a *Tortoise* did shrivel and crease,
Down drops the *Wine-Cooper* with the other *Beasts*.
And there the whole *Litter* as yet doth abide,
At the *Sign* of the *But*, with the *Tap* in his side.

Monarchy Tryumphant, or the fatal fall of Rebels.
Tune, The King enjoys his own again.



WHigs are now such precious things,
We see there's not one to be found,
All roar, God bless and save the King,

And

And the Health goes brisk all day round :
To the Souldier Capin hand
The sneaking Rascals stand,
And wou'd put in for honest men ;
But the King He well knows
His Friends from His Foes,
And now He enjoys His own again.

2

From this Plots first taking the Air,
Like Lightning all the *Whigs* have run ;
Nay, they've left their topping Square,
To march off with our eldest Son :
They've left their 'States and Wives,
To save their precious lives,
Yet who can blame their flying ? when
'Twas plain to 'em all,
The great and the small,
That the King wou'd have His own again.

3

Once, the King was thereabouts,
They all well knew their Heads were His ;
And by help of such like Scouts
The Great Ones have yet escap'd His Phys.
His stern and Kingly look
There's few of them can brook,
Once fairly try'd, they know that then
The Hemp or sharp Steel,
They must all expect to feel,
Since the King enjoys His own again.

4

This may chance a warning be,
(But e're the Saints will warning take)
To leave off hatching Villainy,
Since they've seen their Brethren at the Stake,
And more must mounted be,
(Which God grant we may see)

Since

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Since Juries now are honest men ;
 And the King lets 'em swing
 With a *hey ding, ding, ding, ding,*
 Great *James* enjoys His own again.

5

Since they Voted, that His Guards
 His Nuisance was, which now they find ;
 Since they stand betwixt the King,
 And the Treason that such Dogs design'd :
 'Tis they will you maul,
 Though it cost 'em a fall,
 In spite of your most mighty Men ?
 For now they are allarm'd,
 And all Loyalists well arm'd,
 Since the King enjoys his own again.

6

To the King some Bumpers round,
 Let's drink my Lads, while life doth last ;
 He that at the *Core's* not sound,
 Shall be kick'd out without a tast :
 Since we're case-harden'd honest men,
 Which makes their Crew mad,
 But us Loyal hearts full glad,
 That the King enjoys his own again.

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*The Loyal Scot; an excellent new Song, to a new
Scotch Tune.*



B^I Red of Gued ! I think the Nation's mad,
And nene but Knaves and perjur'd Loons do rule
[the Roast;
And for an honest Karl ne living's to be had,
Why sure the Deel is Laudded on the *Engliſh* Coaſt.
I ha' ne'r been here ſin' *Foſty Three*,
And now thro' *Scotland* gang, to'l ſee our gracious King;
Put wounds a Gued ! inſtead ot mirth and mery-glee,
I find aud ſniv'ling *Presbyter* is coming in. 2 For

I

For they talk of horrid *Papish Plot*, & Heav'n knows what,
 When au the wiser world knows well what they'd be at;
 For which like like seeming Sanctit', the geudest King,
 They did to Death and Ruine bring.
 When on the *Civil-broils* they first did enter in,
 As well ye ken with *Popery* they did begin;
 And with *Liberty* and *Publick Geud* was muckle din,
 When the Deel a bit they meant the thing.

3

That Machine of monstrous Policy,
 I'll mean old *Shaftsbury* for Loyalty so fam'd,
 The voice of all the *Geudly Rabble Mobile*,
 The fausest Loon that ever Envy destin'd Damn'd.
 Heav'n sure never meant so fou a thing,
 But to inform the World where Villainy did dwell.
 And like a Traytor beath to *Commonwealth* and King,
 The muckle Deel did sure never hatch in Hell.

4

For, like *Roman Cataline*, to gain his pious ends,
 He Pimps for au the loose Rebellious Fops in Toon:
 And with *Treats & Treason* daily crams his *City Friends*,
 From the *Link-man* to the *Scarlet Goon*.
 And with high Debauchery they carry on the Cause,
 And *Geudly Reformation* was the Sha in pretence:
 And Religiously desie Divine and Humane Laws,
 With obedience to their Rightful Prince.

5

Then, as Speaker to this Grand Cabal,
 Old Envy *Tony*, seated at the head o'th' Board,
 His Learn'd Oration far Rebellion makes to all,
 Applauded and approv'd by ev'ry Factious Lord.
 Cully JEMMY then they Vote for King,
 Whom Curse confound for being like a senseless Loon,
 Can they who did their lawful Lord unto the Scaffold bring
 Be just to him, that has no Title to the Croon?

But they find he's a Blockhead fitted for their use,
A Fool by Nature, and a Knave by Custom grown,
A Gay *Fop-Monarch*, that the Rabble may abuse;
And their bus'ness done, will soon Un-Throne.
And *Jemmy* swears and vows, gan he can get the *Crown*,
He by the Laws of *Forty Ene* will guided be:
And profane *Lawn-Sleeves* & *Surplices* again must doon,
Then hey for aud *PRESBYTER T*,

B-----m a States-man would be thought,
And reason geud that he should bear that rev'rend name,
Since he was ene of them that first began the *Plot*,
How he the King might banter, & 3 Kingdoms sham.
But the *Male Contents*, his Noble Grace
To this *Rehearsal* did invite to hear and see:
But, whilst he wittily contriv'd it but a *Farce*,
The busier Noddles turned into *Tragedy*.

And now each *Actor* does begin to play his part,
And so well he cons his Geer, and takes his Cue,
Till they learn to play the Rebel so by rote of heart,
That the fictitious Story seems as true.
And now, without controll, they apprehend & hang,
And with the Nation au is Gospel that they swear:
Then, bonny *Jockey*, prithee back to'l *Scotland* gang,
For a Loyal Lad's in danger here.

*The History of Whiggism, from their rise, to their late
herri'd and unparrall'd Conspiracy. To the Tune of
When the stormy winds do blow.*



You Calvinists of England,
Who surfeit with your ease,
And strive to make us *Whigland*,
To breed a foul Disease:
Hearken you painted Saints,
For we will let you know,
Oh, the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs do grew!

2
The first of your pretensions
When that you did begin,
Were glos'd with good intentions,
But false at heart within:
No faith in you was ever found:
That truth we plainly know,
Oh, the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs do grew.

3 Queen

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Queen Elizabeth she did descry,
 And soon found what you were;
 She made fit Laws against you
 By Parliament appear;
 Which late you'd have repealed,
 But just Charles too well did know,
All the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs do grow.

4

Such Locusts in the Nation
 King James could never love,
 Wherefore he thought discretion
 T'advise his Son t'disprove
 Of all your false pretended Zeal;
 For wisely he did know
All the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs do grow.

5

When of Kings and Princes
 Did give your hearts desire,
 Yet you were not contented,
 Toth' Crown you did aspire:
 You said, you'd make Him Great,
 Indeed you did do so;
But Oh, the cares and the fears
Attends such Winds that blow!

6

On the Mitre you did trample
 To make your selves more high,
 With greater force to give the stroke
 Against his Majesty:
 Ah! false and trayterous Tekelites,
 Such ways do let us know
The great cares and the fears
That by you Whigs do grow.

7

The Whig he then stood rampant,
 To us he gave his Laws;

K

Yet

Yet such he dare not vaunt on't,
 So sharp we felt his Claws :
 You then laid open what you were,
 And smartly made us know,
Oh, the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs do grow !

8

The blessed *Martyrs* Royal Son,
 Whom Heav'n guarded sure,
 And made us happy by's return,
 Him you could not endure :
 Against His Life you did conspire,
 And mighty *James* also ;
Oh, the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs do grow !

9

Peace, Plenty, and all that's good,
 Though His Conduct we have ;
 Ungrateful Souls ! to seek his blood
 Who seeks us for to save ;
 And by your late Rebellious ways
 Again to make us know,
Oh, the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs do grow !

10

With furious Zeal you do enflame,
 And cause our Countrey to burn:
 You work confusion, but the blame
 On Innocents you turn :
 Your holy Masque is dropping off,
 God grant it may do so,
And stop the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs do grow.

11

May Colledge, Rouse, & Hone, their Fate
 On Traytors all attend:
 What though it seems a little late ;
 Yet still we know your end.

Just Vengeance does not sleep,
Though you do think it so;
You'll have *shares of the cares*
That by you Whigs do grow.

12

Long live great *James* our pious King,
Who cares when we do sleep,
To keep us safe under His Wing
From Ravenous *Wolves* His Sheep,
He us preserves from Bears Clutches,
The Lyons Jaws also,
And from all *cares and all fears*
That by you Whigs do grow.

*The Loyal Feast. To the Tune of, Sawny will never be
my Love again.*



TONY was small, but of Noble Race,
And was belov'd of ev'ry one;
He broach'd his Tap, and it ran apace,
To make a Solemn Treat for all the Town.

He sent to Yeoman, Knight, and Lord,
 The holy Tribe to entertain
 With all the Nation cou'd afford ;
But Tony will never be himself again.

²
 He sent to the *Shambles* for all their Store,
 And left behind neither *Fowl* nor *Beast* ;
 The *Spiggot* run swift, & fain would do more
 To make all the Lords a noble *Feast* ;
 He sent to Marker, sent to Fair,
 His *Loyal Guests* to entertain,
 But of the *Banquet* he had no share,
And Tony will, &c.

³
 At two great Halls in *London Town*,
 Design'd to meet a Zealous Crew,
 Of *Lords* and *Knights* of high Renown,
 And all were *Protestants True Blew*,
 They threw in *Guineys* free as Brass,
 The Noble Frolick to maintain,
 But on great *Charles* the sham wou'd not pass,
And Tony will, &c.

⁴
 With Duty to their Lawful Prince,
 A Loyal Subject ev'ry one ;
 To pray for him is the pretence,
 And then to rail & Plot against the *Crown* ;
 From Church they did intend to sh' *Hall*,
 Their Noble *Guests* to entertain ;
 But they were routed Horse and all,
And Tony well, &c.

⁵
 In favour of the *King* and *Duke*,
 The Heir-Apparent of the Throne,
 His Highness they Exclude, and took
 A *Fop Pretender* of their own ;
 The meek Guide *Moses* they withstand,
 A *Golden Calf* to entertain ;

But

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But Royal *Charles* dispers'd the Band.

And Tony will, &c.

6.

The bloody *Papists* shall no more

Contrive against His Life and Reign ;

Tho 'twas themselves did the feat before,

And are as ready to do't again.

Thus they Exclude the Rightful Heir,

The Gaudy Fop to entertain,

But they were met by the good *Lord Mayor*,

And Tony will, &c.

7

With thanks and Pray'rs for our good King,

They vow'd to Sacrifice the day,

But Royal *Charles* he smoak'd out the thing,

And sent the Rabble with a Pox away,

He sent His Summons to the *Cit*,

Seditious Meetings to restrain,

The Feast was broke, and the Guests were best--,

And Tony will, &c.

8

And now the Capons flye about,

With *Fragacies* of *Ambergreece*,

And Chickens ready drest, they shout

About the street for Pence apiece :

The *Whigs* did wish the Counsel choak'd,

Who did this Noble Feast restrain ;

All down in the Mouth thus to be bauk'd,

Poor Tony will never be himself again.

*The Sodomite, or the Venifon Doctor, with his brace of
Aldermen-Stags. Tune Sauny shall never be my Love.*

Declaring how a Doctor had defil'd

Two Aldermen, and got 'em both with Child,

Who Long'd for Venifon, but were beguil'd.

The Pasty lost, they could no longer tarry,

With two Abortive Births; and Shapes as vary,

They fell in Labour, and of both Miscaroy.

K 3

1 Listen

1

Listen (if you please) a while,
 I'll tell you a *Tale* as strange as true,
 How a *Doctor* got two *Cits* with Child,
 And they were *Aldermen True Blew*.
 This *Doctor* was of no Degree;
 Of no Religion, Birth, or Place,
 The *Aldermen* of *London* free,
 Whom for their *Loyalty* I needs must praise.

2

These *Aldermen* inspir'd with *Grace*,
 Rebellion, Treason, Matiny,
 Were rais'd to *Bench* of highest place,
 Where next the *Doctor* were set free:
 For though he boasts of *Church* and *Schools*,
St. Omers, *Paris* and the *Vale*,
 And *Salamanca* gave him *Rules*,
 Degree he never took, but in *jail*.

3

The *Doctor* skill'd in *Sodomy*,
 With Lust inordinate he burns,
 The gentle *Brethren* being free,
 He Exercis'd them both by turns.
 By turns the *Saints* turn'd up their *Souts*
 Each jealous of the others blifs,
 The pleasure was as sweet as *Nuts*,
 Like the *Devil* & *Witch* they hug & kiss.

4

Few Months had past when they began
 To *Quicken* and look big upon'r,
 The *Doctor* prefer'd a Man
 Before the best, &c. but what came on'r?
 The *Aldrmen* are both with Child,
 But lo! where is the harm of this?
 The *Brethren* cannot be defil'd,
 Nor *Brother* with *Brother* do amiss.

5

Now in a *Breeding Fit*, as one
 In such a case is apt to do,

The *Doctor* long'd for *Venison*,
 The *Aldermen* and *Doctor* too :
 The *Doctor* least their Calves they cast,
 And he his *Spurious Issue* lost,
 To *Pastry Cook* did summons hast,
 And now the *Venison* comes riding Post,

6.

But see the *Fate* of *Humane things*,
 'Twas intercepted by the Crew,
Fate so about the matter brings,
 They would not give the *Devil* his due.
 The *sharpers* longed for a snip,
 Had the first Finger in the *Pie*,
 Betwixt the *Trencher* and the *Lip*,
 So oft it happens when the *Fates* deny.

7

A *Nest* of *Harpies* that did wait,
 To intercept it at the door ;
 Without a *Trencher*, *Fork* or *Plate*,
 (E're he smelt the Plot,) did all devour.
 No sooner did the fatal News
 Approach their Ears in doleful strain,
 The *Aldermen* their Longings lose,
 And the *Doctor* will never be himself again.

8

The *Aldermen* in woful Fits,
 Into immediate Labour fell,
 Deliver'd of too pretty Chits,
 The like were never hatch'd in *Hell*.
 With two Abortive Plots, the two
 Deliver'd were, but all in vain,
 For now their Plots will no longer do,
 Nor will *Titus* ever be himself again.

A new Litany, to be Sung in all Conventicles for Instruction of the Whigs. Tune Cavalilly-man.



From Counsels of fix where *Treason* prevails,
 From raising *Rebellion* in *England* and *Wales*,
 From *Rumbolds* short *Cannons*, and *Protestant Flays*,
For ever O Fate deliver me.

From *Shaftsbury's* Tenets, and *Sidneys* old Hint,
 From seizing the King by the Rabbles consent,
 From owning the fact, and denying the Guilt.
For ever, &c.

From aiming at Crowns, and indulging the Sin,
 From playing *Old Noll's* Game over agen;
 From a Son and a Rebel, stuf up in one Skin,
For ever, &c.

From Swearing of Lyes like a Knight of the Post,
 From Pilgrims of *Spain*, that should Land on our Coast,
 From a Plot like *T--*, swept about 'till 'tis lost,
For ever, &c.

From *Oates's* clear Evidence when he was next,
 From hearing him squeak out *Hugh Peters* old Text,
 From Marrying one Sister, and Raping the next,
For ever, &c.

From tedious confinement by Parliament Votes,
 From *Burnet's Whig* Sermons and Marginal Notes;
 From saving our Heads, by cutting our Throats,
For ever, &c. From

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From *Presbyter* Ban-Dogs that bite and not bark,
 From losing ones Brains by a blow in the dark,
 From our Friends in *Moor-fields*, & those at *Moor-Park*,
 For ever, &c.

From Citizens Consciences and their Wives soul Itch,
 From Marrying a Widow that looks like a Witch,
 From following the Court with design to be Rich,
 For ever, &c.

From *Trimmers* Arraigning a Judge on the Bench,
 From flighting the *Guards* that we know will not flinch,
 And from the *Train'd-Bands* Loyal aid at a pinch,
 For ever, &c.

From all that to *Cæsar* shams Duty express,
 That cringe at his Coach, and smile in his Face,
 And two years ago thought it scorn to Address,
 For ever, &c.

From having the Gout, and a very fair Daughter,
 From being oblig'd to our Friend cross the Water,
 From Strangling and Fleying, and what follows after,
 For ever, &c.

From Wit that lies hidden in gay Pantaloon's,
 From Womens ill Nature as frail as the Moons,
 From *Francky's* lame Jest's, and *Sin Rags's* Lampoons
 For ever O Fate deliver me

*A Song of the Light of the Nation turn'd into Dark-
 ness. Tune Cavalilly man.*

Come all you Caballers and Parliament Votes,
 That stick'd for hanging and cutting of Throats,
 Lament the misfortune of Perjur'd Oates.
Who first must be Pillor'd and after be hang'd.

What Devil suspected this five years agon?
 When I was in hopes to hang up half the Town,
 Swore against Mitre, and Cursed the Crown.
But now must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

I Curs'd the *Bishops* and hang'd up the *Priests*,
 Swore my self Doctor, yet never could Preach,
 But a Cant full of *Blasphemy's* all I could reach,
For I first must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

Now *Oates* is in Cupboard and Manger with *Colt*,
 The Caldron may Oyl me for fear I should molt,
 Here I've ne'r a Bum for a Wheel-barrow jolt,
Yet now must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

My thousand *Commissions* and *Spanish Black-Bills*,
 My invisible Armies lodg'd upon Hills,
 Such old Perjur'd Non-sence my *Narrative* fills,
That I now must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

My twelve Pounds a week, I want to support,
 For stinking i'ih' City, and fouling the Court,
 Like the *Devil in Dungeon* I'm now hamper'd for't,
I first must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

They hang us in order, the *Devil* knows how,
 'Zounds all that e're put one Paw to the Plow,
 Ine'r fear'd the *Devil* would fail me till now,
That I first must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

For calling the Duke a *Papist* and Trayter,
 I often have call'd the King little better,
 I'm fast by the heels like a *Beast* in a Fetter,
I first must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

I swore that the *Queen* would Poyson the King,
 That *Wakeman* had *Moneys* the Poyson to bring,
 When I knew in my Heart there was no such thing,
I now must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

I'm resolv'd to be Hang'd dead Drunk like *Hugh Peters*,
 If-I can but have my Skin stuff with good *Liquors*,
 Then I shall limp to old *Tapsky* much quicker,
But I first must be Pillor'd, and after be Hang'd.

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*A Litany from Geneva, in answer to that from St. Omers.
Tune, Cavallily-man.*

From the *Tap* the *Guts* of the Honourable *Stump*,
From which runs *Rebellion* that stinks like the *Rump*
On purpose to leven the whole *Faction* Lump,
Libera nos Domine.

From him that aspires as high as the *Crown*,
And vows to pull *Copes* and *Cathedrals* down,
Fit only to Govern the World in the *Moon*.
Libera nos Domine.

From the *Prick*-ear'd *Levite*, that can without pain,
Swear *Black* into *White*, then un-swear it again,
Whose name did design him a Villain in *Grain*,
Libera nos Domine.

From his *Black-Bills*, and *Pilgrims* with *Sickles* in their
That came over to make a *Religious Band*, [hands,
Then Ravish our *Wives* and inhabit our *Land*,
Libera nos Domine.

From the Mouth of the *City* that never gives o're,
To complain of *Oppressions* unheard of before,
And yet for his *Letchery* will not quit score,
Libera nos Domine.

From the *cent per cent* *Scriv'ner*, & all his *State-tricks*,
That cries out of *Intemp'rance*, who yet will not stick
To clear a young *Spend-thrifts* *Estate* at a lick,
Libera nos Domine.

From the force and the fire of the Insolent *Rabble*,
That wou'd hurl the *Government* into a *Babel*,
And from the nice *Fare* of the *Mouse-starvers* *Table*,
Libera nos Domine.

From the *Elder* in *New-street* that *Goggles* and *cants*,
Then turns up his *Whites* to nose it, and pants,
And at the same time plays the *Devil* and *Saint*,
Libera nos Domine.

From *Jenkins Homilies* drawn through the *Nose*,
From *Langley*, *Dick*, *Baldwin*, and all such as those,
And from brawney *Settle's Poem* in *Prose*,
Libera nos Domine. From

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From a surfeit occasion'd by *Protestant Feasts*,
From *Sedition* for Sawce, and *Republicks* for Guests,
With *Treason* for *Grace-cup*, or *Faction* at least,

Libera nos Domine,

From the *Conscience* of *Cits* resembling their *Dame*,
That in publick are *Nice*, but in private so *Tame*,
That they will not stick out for a *Touch* of that *same*,

Libera nos Domine.

From the blind *Zeal* and *Democratical Tools*,
From *Whigland*, and all its *Anarchical Rules*,
Devis'd by *Knaves*, and impos'd on *Fools*,

Libera nos Domine.

From the late times-reviv'd, when *Religion* was gain,
And *Church-Plate* was seiz'd for *Reliques* *Prophane*,
Since practis'd by searching *Sir William* again,

Libera nos Domine.

From such *Reformation* where *Zealots* begun,
To Preach *Heaven* must by firm *Bullwork* be won,
And *Te Deum* sung from the mouth of a *Gun*,

Libera nos, &c.

For *Parliamentarians*, that out of their *Love*,
And care for His Majesty's *Safety* wou'd prove,
The securest way were His *Guards* to remove,

Libera nos, &c.

From *Sawcy Petitions* that serve to inflame us,
From all who for the *Association* are Famous,
From the *Devil*, the *Doctor*, and the damn'd *Ignoramus*,

Libera nos Domine.

Cupid turn Musqueteer. Tune, Cavalily-man.

A Lafs what is like to become of the *Plot*,
Now *Tony* is dead, and *Titus* is got
In so fair a prospect of going to *Pot*?

Which no body can deny.

They say he has lately reviv'd an old trick,
Which he us'd as a *Med'cine* when he was *Love-sick*,
Page, *Bayliff*, or *Bum* to take in the *Nick*,

Which no body can deny.

Now

Now *Titus* for one of the Saints Tutelars,
Had got a young Fellow as brawny as *Mars*,
With a thousand invincible charms in his *A---*

Which no body can deny.

A large pair of Buttocks as ever was seen,
With a delicate Nut-brown hole between,
And rascally *Cupid* lay lurking within,

Which no body can deny,

Whence *Centinel-like* with his Gun in his hand,
Hespy'd out the *Doctor* and charg'd him to stand,
Not doubting but he would obey his command,

Which no body can deny.

But he disobey'd; which when *Cupid* espy'd,
He quickly presented; *Have-at-you* he cry'd,
And lodg'd him a Bullet in his left side,

Which no body can deny.

'Tis true he was Arm'd (as Poets have told)
With only a *Bow* and a *Quiver* of old,
And *Arrows* for Love, which were headed with Gold,

Which no body can deny.

Which still he does use, as h'has formerly done,
When th' old way of Loving he means to drive on,
But for this *new way* he makes use of a Gun.

Which no body can deny.

The Gun went off bounce, yet the Dr. n'er started,
Which was some effect of his being stout-hearted,
For he only thought that the Fellow had Farted,

Which no body can deny.

But quickly he found he had cause to repent it,
For *Cupid* had poyson'd the Shot e're he sent it,
With something so strong, you might easily scent it.

Which no body can deny,

This Poyson so basely debases Loves Fires,
That the foulest of objects the Lover admires,
And so it inclin'd the good *Doctor* desires,

Which no body can deny.

For he fell in Love ('tis a kind of a Riddle)
Immediately with this great Fellows *Bumfiddle*,
But chiefly he smirkt at the *Slit* in the middle;

Which no body can deny.

Quoth he in a rage, *what a plague have you done?*
Your Barrel is foul, I'll lay twenty to one;
But I have a Rammer will scour your Gun,

Which no body can deny.

Nay, never refuse, but leave off your winking,
There's nobody near, and 'tis just to my thinking,
That I shou'd chastize you thus for your stinking,

Which no body can deny.

So down went the Breeches, and he fell to work,
About him he laid, as he had been a Turk:
And so this great business was done with a jerk,

Which no body can deny.

And truly the business was great in its kind,
For the Fellow was very well scour'd behind,
And the Doctor was eas'd both in body and mind,

Which no body can deny.

*The State Empirick, a new Song. To the Tune of,
Cavalilly-man.*

FROM over the Seas not long since there came
A Doctor of most notorious Fame,
If you please you may guess at his Un-Christian name,
Which nobody can deny.

This Doctor came hither to cure three Nations,
Who were so silly as to be his Patients;
And first he Blooded 'em for the Fashions,

Which no body can deny.

The Med'cine he brought was called a P L O T,
Which was compounded of the *Di-vel* knows what:
When first he Arriv'd, it was Piping Hot.

Which no body can deny.

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But if we may guess at the Damn'd *Composition*,
'Twas a mess of all sorts of *English Sedition*,
Made up by a *Presbyterian Physician*.

which no body can deny.

To make each Dose go down the safer,
What do's me still this Learned Gaffer,
But cover it over with a *Papist Wafer*.

which no body can deny.

As soon as 'twas swallow'd, the *Patient* began
To stare and to talk like a Lunatick man,
Of *Pistols* and *Daggers* to kill and trepan.

which no body can deny.

To some 'twas *Enetick*, to others *Cathartick*,
(I mean, to all those who did of it partake)
In short, it made every honest Mans heart ake,

which no body can deny.

To say truth we were all in a filthy condition, .
This voided a *Libel*, that spew'd a *Petition*,
For which we may thank in part our *Physician*.

which no body can deny.

At last it made our Blood to ferment,
That a *Rancorous Sore* from mens bodies was sent,
The *Ulcer*, I mean of a strange *Parliament*,

which no body can deny.

Its Venom upon each Member was shed,
The body it almost had overspread :
Nay, it had e'en like to have seiz'd on the *Head*,

which no body can deny.

But one wiser than all, did give't such a thump,
That it burst and went out just next to the *Rump*,
Which made with Joy ev'ry Loyal Heart jump.

which no body can deny.

This *Ulcer* was full of *Pistol* and *Sword*,
With *Blunderbuss*. and with your things made of *Beard*,
Your *Protestant Flayls* to fight for the Lord.

which no body can deny.

Oh

Oh Doctor ! I fear, you have study'd *Art-Magick*,
 To compass your ends, which still were so *Tragick* :
 But now it is hop'd that we may lead you a *fig*

which no body can deny.

Orelse I am sure, without being uncivil,
 A man may believe you deal with the Devil,
 For no body else could have wrought us such evil.

which no Body can deny.

Your Canting was Charm, Rebellion your Witch,
 With these you gave the poor Rabble the Itch,
 When like *Empricks* on Stage, you made 'em a Speech.

which no body can deny.

Y'are Jilted you see by Fashion your Whore,
 Your little *Tap-Pig* can help you no more :
 Hell owes both a spite, and will pay yet the score.

which no body can deny.

The Loyal Litany.

From a new Modell'd Jesuit in a *Scotch Bonnet*,
 With a *Mass* under sleeve, and a *Covenant* on it,
 From *Irish* Sedition blown out of *French* Sonnet,

libera nos domine.

From Conspiriring at *Joe* and Caballing at *Mews*,
 From Sir *Guts* holy Tub of uncircumcis'd *Jews*,
 From Gibbet and Halter which will be their dues,

libera nos, &c.

From a Parliament Man rak'd out of the Embers,
 From *Knights* that haunt *Compters*, & Lunatick *Members*
 From Presbyters *January's* and Papists *Novembers*,

libera nos, &c.

From hugging a Witch and consulting the Devil,
 From *Welch* Repermates which are something uncivil
 From the touch of a *Scot* to cure the Kings Eyil,

libera nos, &c.

From the mutinous Clamours of such as raise Fears,
 From those that wou'd set us together by the Ears,
 Who still for the Shipwrack of Monarchy Stears,

libera nos, &c.

From

From Rebellion wrapt up in an humble Petition,
From the crafty Intrigues of an old Politician,
From a *Geneva* Divine, and a *Staffords* Phycitian,
libera nos, &c.

From serving great *Charles* as his Father before,
Disinheriting *York* without why or wherefore,
And from such as *Absaloms* folly adore,
libera nos, &c.

From denying the King that which is his Right,
From cashiering of Members for faults very light,
From the troublefom searches of a Monylefs Knight,
libera nos, &c.

From Libelling of Government, and Actions of Kings,
From vindicating Sectaries in Illegal things,
From encouraging Faction which Rebellion brings,
libera nos, &c.

From murmuring for sending the Parliament home,
From choosing *Phanaticks* to sit in their room,
That the Actions of *Forty* may not be out-done,
libera nos, &c.

From *Irish* Massacres by *Papists* done,
From Seditious Cut-throats which thing is all one,
From murtherring the Father, and banishing the Son,
libera nos, &c.

From shrouding all Villanies under the Cause,
From making us happy by giving Sword Laws,
From trampling oth' Mitre and Crown with applause,
libera nos, &c.

From hunting the King, and abjuring his Race,
From cleansers of Bung-holes usurping his place,
From Preachers in Tubs that are void of all Grace,
libera nos, &c.

From *Vulcans* Treasons late Forg'd by the Fan,
From starving of Mife to be Parliament Man,
From his Copper Face that outface all things can,
libera nos, &c.

From Voting Lords usefess, and dangerously Ill,
From Hanging of Bishops for dropping the Bill,
From Phanaticks have too much their will, *libera nos,*

From Purging the House to obstruct our free choise,
 From resolving the King to oppose with one voice,
 From such that at mischief do daily rejoyce,
 From all the *Seditious* that love not the King,
 From such as a Civil-War once more wou'd bring,
 And repenting with *Colledge* at last in a String,

libera nos, &c.

The Whigs Lamentable Condition, or the Royalists Resolution. To a pleasant new Tune.



THe Deel assist the Plotting *Whigs*
 To carry on their damn'd *Intriguas*,
 And does provide them new supplies,
 G'n any faus and *Rascal* dies,
 Up starts some *Bankrupt Perjur'd Loon*,
 Instructed by the *Polish Prince*,
 How to amuse th' unthinking *Toon*,
 And make the *Bygots* leese their sense.

2 This

2

This squinting and Curmudgeon fits
Consulting with his *Whiggish Chits*,
Who treacherously with him combine,
To root out all the *Royal Line* :

But Heaven, which has disclos'd their *Plots*,
Confound their vain Inventions,
Disperse the wretched hair-brain *Sots*,
And cross their curs'd intentions,

3.

Whither d'ye hurry *Phaeton*?
Is't not enough that he's undone,
By your perfidious Treachery,
The source of all his Infamy?

But, to promote his wretched ends,
Ye make the Larden a stop-gap;
Like *Crocodiles*, ye fawning Friends,
Pretendedly mourn his mis-hap.

4.

The Bearn may see how he is feul'd,
Yea late may find that he is gull'd :
Wha then shall pity his Estate,
That toil'd to be unfortunate?

He's now a hardy *Rebel* grown,
And Glories in base Action,

The silly Land gangs up and down,
To make Feuds and Distractions.

5

Wau to'l the Nation Scabs and Boils,
Ye that delight in rivil *Broils*;
Wha'd set us by the Ears again,
Ye Worroiers of Loyal men,

I fe mean the pert blew-apron *Fops*,
Wha meddle with the *State Affair*,

Leuk to'l your *Wives*, & mind your *Shops*,
Whig *Gold* nor *Cornish* shan't be May'r.

6

All *Egypt's* Plagues seize Doctor *T.O.*
Who did design the overthrow

Of

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Of Church and State: have we forgot

'Twas he contriv'd the *Papists* Plot;

Can we forget our *Martyr'd* Prince,
Whose blood does loud for Veng'ance call?

Shall we not stand in's Sons defence,
'Gainst *Whigs* who wish for his down-fall?

Take courage, pull au *Rebels* down,
Obey the King, and Guard His Throne;
Commit the rest to th' prudent care,
Of our *Tribunes* and gaud *Luird* May'r;

As for our Foes the Rebel-rout,
He timely curb'd the stubborn *Elves*:
Their *Villainy* he has found out,
And now they're fit to hang themselves

The Tories Triumph, or the Point well weather'd.



Some say, the *Papists* had a Plot
Against the Church and Crown;
But be it so, or be it not;

The King must please the Town.

The

The *Papists* take *Tyburn* by turns,
To please the *City-Gulls* :
It's strange that they who all wear Horns,
Should fear the *Popish Bulls*.

2
The *House of Commons* blew the Coals,
The Nation to disettle,
And like to *Tinkers* made two holes
To mend one in a Kettle :
Or else, what needs that precious Vote,
That if the King should fall
By *Pagan* or *Phanatick Plot*,
The *Pope* must pay for all ?

3
Our Royal *James* of Princely Race,
And High Illustrious Fame,
Was not thought fit by *Commons* base
To follow *Charles's* Wain.
But let that *House of Office* know,
When they have Sow'd their Leaven,
He shall succeed, though they say no,
By all the Laws of Heaven.

4
Old *Cavaliers*, for Loyalty,
They streight clapt up for Treason,
In hopes to bring in *Anarchy*,
'Gainst Justice, Sense and Reason.
Brave *Hallifax* and *Feverham*,
Brave *Worster*, Just and Wise,
They did Vote down, as dangerous Men,
That they themselves might rise.

5
But Oh ! that Lord in *Leicestershire*
Turn'd Catchpole, though too late :
'Tis better Priests in Prison were,
Than Bums should lose their Trade.
For Priests poor *Waller* never sought,
But where were Golden Crosses ;
His *Mirmidons* went Snacks, 'tis thought,
In all the Owners losses.

The *Doctor* he did bid farewell
 To *Jesus* and the Court ;
 And *Tony's* Tap runs flat and dull ;
 Makes *Catch* in hopes for sport.
 Blew *Protestants* can make no work,
 Unless, like *Hungary*,
 They for Relegion, joyn the *Turk*,
 For *Christian Liberty*.

A Narrative of the old Plot, being a new Song. Tune,
 Some say the *Papist* had a Plot, &c.

When *Treitors* did at *Pop'ry* rail,
 Because it taught *Confession* :
 When *Bankrupts* bawl'd for *Property*,
 And *bastards* for *Succession*.

When *Tony* durst espouse the Cause,
 'Spight of his *Pox* and *Gout*,
 When speaking *Williams* Purg'd the House,
 By Spewing Members out.

When *Hunt* a twy-fac't *Pamphlet* wrote,
 The Emblem of his Soul :
 When *Oates* swore whom he pleas'd in's Plot,
 And Reign'd without controul.

When *L-----ce* too Lampoon'd the Court,
 And Libell'd *Cats* and *Dogs* :
 When *Witnesses* like *Mushrooms* sprung
 Out of the *Irish Bogs*.

Then *Perkin* thought 'twas time to prove
 His Claim to *King-ship* fair ;
 And faith 'tis fit the *Peerless* Son
 Should be the *Peoples* Heir.

6

So fill'd with Zeal he and his Knight
Carefs and Court the Rout :
And my Lord Duke goes up and down
To shew his Grace about.

7

Tho Ford Lord Grey would not ingage
Upon that idle score ;
For he would have a *Commonwealth*,
As well as *Common-Whore*.

8

He envy'd his old Friend a Crown,
But why I can't devise ;
For's Grace had *Grac'd* his Lordships head
With Horns of noble size.

9

Then Johnson wrote his *Patrons* Creed,
A Doctrine fetch'd from Hell :
'Twas Chirstian like to disobey,
And Gospel to Rebel.

10

Julian his Pattern and his Text,
A meaner *Theam* he scorns :
First represents him at the Desk,
And then *Apostate* turns.

11

Like his, his *Patrons* Zeal grew high,
Th' *Exclusion* to advance ;
And the right *Heir* must be debarr'd,
For fear of *Rome* and *France*.

12

The Zealous Commons then resolv'd,
(*And they knew what they did*)
By whomfo're the King should fall,
The *Papists* Throats should bleed.

13

So murd'ring *Ponyards* oft are slit
Into a Guiltless hand :

And .

216 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

And Innocence is Sacrific'd,
Whilst Malefactors stand,

14
By *Hells* assistance then they fram'd
Their damn'd *Association* :
And worthy men, and men worthy,
Divided all the Nation.

15
Fools oft and *Mad-men* leave the less,
And choose the greater Evil ;
Thus they for fear of *Papery*,
Run head-long to the Devil.

16
At last the Loyal Souls propose
To ease their Sovereigns Cares ;
If He'll sit down, and first remove
Their Jealousies and Fears.

17
Just the old *Trick* and *Sham Device*,
Of *Belzebub* their Sire :
If he'll fall down and worship them,
They'll grant his hearts desire.

18
Nay Lives and Fortunes then shall be
Entirely all his own :
If he will fairly once d. claim
A Brother and a Crown.

A Collection of Loyal Songs. 217

The Plot confounded, or the downfal of Whiggism.

Tune, Ah Jenny! gin your Eyes do kill.



I.
THe *Plot* (God wor)
 Is all broke out,
 Confound those brought it in;
 Let them be damn'd,
 (Besides being sham'd.)
 For their *King-killing* sin;
 Down, down with their General
 Council and Colonel,
 Joyner and Cobler of State,
 Their Members of *Parliament*
 Of the new *Rump*,
 Let all repent too late.

2

Oh now you *Whigs*
 led up this Jig,
 What is't you'll lead up next?
 Why 'faith I hear
 To *Tyburn* you gang,
 For being beside your Text:
 To *Tyburn* the High-born,
 As well as the *Cobler*,
 Concern'd in *Plot* so dire,
 Just *Hickle-te-Pickle-te*
 Swing on a Row;
 Pray God I am no *Lyer*.

3

Did ever Fools
 Set up such Tools,
 That durst not stand the shock
 Of being made,
 Or being marr'd?
 A Pox on such Bully Rocks!
 Fy, fy, fy, fy,
 Fy, fy for shame,
 Such *Heroes* run the Pit,
 It shews, God knows,
 Their fear of blows,
 And eke their want of Wit.

4

The *King* God blefs,
 The *Queen* no less,
 The *Duke* and *Dutchess* too;
 The Lady *Anne*,
 With Her good Man,
 And all the *Royal Crew*:
 Let those that love
 The *King*, be blefs'd,
 And those that hate Him curs'd;
 Let *Tories* swim
 In *Claret*, and
 The *Whigs* be choakt with thirst.

A Collection of Loyal Songs. 219

*The Creditors Complaint against the Bankers ; or the
Iron Chest the best Security.*

*Since Bankers are grown so brittle of Late,
That Money and Bankers together are flown,
I'll Chest up my Money, and then 'spight of Fate,
Let 'em all break their Necks, my Money's my own,*

To the Tune of, There was a Lass of Cumberland, &c.



B¹*ankers now are brittle Ware,
They break just like a Venice Glafs ;
If you trust them, then have a care,
Lest your Coyn to Foreign Lands do pass.
An Iron Chest is still the best,
'Twill keep your Coyn more safe than they;
For when they've feather'd well their Nest,
Then the Rooks will fly away,*

2
*They sneak about to get your Gold,
And hoard it up in Hempen Bags,
So they fare well when they grow old,
They care not if you're cloath'd in Rags.
An Iron Chest is still the best, &c.*

3
*In Iron Walls your Money laid,
You have it down upon the Nail;*

L 2

For

For though no *Use* nor *Intrest*'s paid,
The *Principal* will never fail.

An Iron Chest, &c.

In this safe Hold your *Wealth* convey'd,
If you but safely keep the Key,
No *Ensmey* can e're invade,
Nor with the *Plunder* run way.

An Iron Chest, &c.

A better Pledge than *Bankers Note*,
For *Orphans*, *Wives*, or *Widows Gold* ;
For when the *Banker's* gone to Pot,
This good *Security* will hold.

An Iron Chest, &c.

An Iron Chest endures the Fire,
When *Bankers Bags* consume with heat ;
The one still yields what you require,
Whilst the other only proves a Cheat.

An Iron Chest, &c.

When *Bankers* flie to *France* or *Spain*,
To *Rome*, or any other Land,
To your Chest you need not go in vain,
Your *COYN* is ready at your hand.

An Iron Chest, &c.

Put not your Faith in any Man,
Though heaps of *Silver* you may see,
For they will Cheat do what you can,
And make you soon as poor as Me.

An Iron Chest, &c.

This Chest will neither Melt nor Flie,
Eut be your Friend in time of need ;
But *Bankers* may both Break, and Die,
Oh then the Chest's a Friend indeed.

An Iron Chest, &c.

Then Friends, be all advis'd by Me,
 And keep your Money in your Chest;
 Whilst he's his own Security,
 The Creditor may sleep in rest.
An Iron Chest is still the best,
'Twill keep your Coyn more safe than they;
For when they've Feather'd well their Nest,
Oh then the Rooks will fly away.

A new Song in Gratulation of King JAMES the Second,
coming to the Crown. Tune, Hey Boys up go we.



¹
Now, now King JAMES of High Renown,
 The Second of that Name,
 Whose lofty Brow bears *England's* Crown,
 As Lawful Heir of th' same;
 No vain pretence can interpose
 Between Him and His Throne;
 For all the Writings of our Laws
 Declare, it is His Own.

2

No crafty Rogues can take the Right,
 From JAMES of Royal Race,
 Nor Perjur'd Oates with all his Slight,
 Abjure Him from His place;
 Now *Shaftsbury* that cursed Fend
 Is dead and gone away,
 And *Monmouth* his unfortunate Friend,
 Is fled and dare not stay.

3

You *Tories* then in common Joy,
 Express your present Ease,
 Since Knavish *Whigs* no more annoy
 Brave *England's* happy Peace;
 You Citizens with one consent,
 In joyful Confort Sing
Hymns unto your God, since He hath sent
 Great JAMES to be our King.

4

Let pleasant Groves and Meadows ring
 With Ecchoes of His Praise,
 And good Subjects be taught to sing
 His Name, in warbling Lays;
 May's Mighty Fame yet higher rise,
 In much more Glorious sort,
 Mounting above the Starry Skies,
 And *Jove's* bright-shining Court.

5

Raise up your Voice in higher Notes,
 And Humer's lofty strain,
 With Royal JAMES with common Votes
 A Long and Happy Reign:
 Extoll His Acts and Noble Deeds,
 His wisdom and Piety,
 And's Fortitude, since none exceeds
 Him in brave Chivalry.

6

Yet none, tho' cunning Nature frames
His Soul of purer Air,
Can praise enough our Mighty JAMES,
Great *Charles* his Lawful Heir,
Whose Wisdom and Courageous Hand,
These many years ago,
From Ruine hath preserv'd this Land,
And from approaching Woe.

7

How oft has He in Foreign Field
Won Honour and Renown,
Whilst th' Enemy himself did yield,
By's Valour overthrown.
Witness the *Dutch*, whose Prowess He
Did long ago sustain,
With so much Force and Gallantry,
On *Neptune's* Liquid Plain.


8

How oft did He Himself engage
Amongst the roaring Waves,
T'abate the Fury and the Rage
Of base *Phanatick* Knaves?
Whose pleasure 'tis, and chief delight
To banish Piety;
Who think't a virtue for to fight
'Gainst *England's* Monarchy.

9

Let now that Vile and Perjur'd Crew,
With Envy pine away,
Their sad and dismal fortunes rue,
And curse that fatal day,
Wherein they did of late conspire
With such Impiety,
To kill the King, with great desire,
To bring in *Anarchy*.

Live then great JAMES our mighty King,
 Live Brave and Noble Soul;
 Soar up on *Fame's* ascending Wing,
 Above the Starry Pole;
 May mighty *Jove's* protecting care
 Preserve thee from thy Foes.
 And make thy Subjects evermore
 Obedient to thy Laws.

A new to the Tune of; the  *Granadeers March.*



Hail to the Mighty Monarch, Valiant *Pole*,
 Of Victory the Soul,
 The first great *Conqueror* in the Holy War,
 The Bright Auspicious *Nothern* Star.
 To *Staremberg* the bold, and all his Train;
 To the generous *Lorain*,
 That has Valiant Men at his command,
 As e're the mighty *Bully* had, stole his Land,

For

For 'twas He, 'twas He, that *Christian Turk*,
 That has set 'em all to work;
 And now lies upon the lurk,
 In hopes a mighty name to gain,
 But his hopes may prove in vain.
 For the *Pole* with his *Jove*-assisting Hand
 Thundred all out of the Land,
 By a word of his command,
 Both *Trimmer*, *Whig*, and *Jew*,
 And all that *Christian Peace* subdue.

The Second Part to the same Tune.

T Eckley that *Perkin Prince* of War,
 That has kept so great a stir,
 Deluded by a *Renegado Fate*,
 Now with his injur'd Monarch, will capitulate.
 Policy and *Treason* ne're agree,
 There's no hopes of *Remedy*,
 Since injur'd *Clemency* is so much abus'd,
 All shew of sham *Repentance* ought to be refus'd,
 For the *Pole* with *Rebels* scorn to treat,
 Nor can *Mahomet* the Great
 Hinder *Teckley's* Defeat,
 Nor all the *Pride* that the *Faction* draws,
 Can oppose our *Royal Cause*,
 Whilst the bold *Resulters* strive in vain,
Sobiesqui and *Lorain*,
 Will all *Hangary* stain,
 Should the new *Conquest* still pursue,
 Then *Monsieur Garde-vow*.

A New Song on the Coronation of King JAMES II. &c. .
Being St. Georges day, the 23d. of April 1685. Tune.
 Hail thou Mighty Monarch Valiant *Pole*.

Hail! Thou Mighty Monarch Valiant *JAMES*,
 Whose Praise our Song proclaims,
 The first great Conqueror over Sea and Shore,
 That made the sturdy *Hogan Mogan State* to low'r.

To

To MARY His fair Queen, and all Her Train,
 That Grace His happy Reign,
 Who sits amongst the bright Orb of Ladies *Crown'd*,
 As Heavens Imperial Orb amongst the Stars *Eathron'd*;
 For 'tis She, 'tis She, that Heavenly Gem,
 That adorns the Royal Stem
 With the brightest Diadem,
 And brings that *Comfort, Peace, and Joy*,
 Which Tyrants wou'd destroy,
 For our JAMES with His *Jove-assisting Arm*,
 The lowd Factions shall so charm,
 That they shall do no harm,
 Both *Whig and Trimmer, Turk and Jew*,
 And all that *England's Peace* undo.

2.

See the *Cloud's* dispers't, hand o're our head
 Since Mighty *Charles* was dead,
 The day smiles on our Joys, and the Morning clears,
 A rising Sun succeeds the Deluge of our Tears.
 The Mighty *Charles* is gone, but in His Room
 The Rightful Heir is come,
 Great JAMES the Pledge of our Deceased Prince,
 That Loss, the only Blessing that cou'd Recompence.
 'Twas He with Drums and Trumpets sound,
 That did sit this day *Enthron'd*,
 And above the Nobles *Crown'd*
 With *Virtue, Truth, and every Grace*
 That compleats a Prince's Praise.
 'Tis He, who in spite of Envious Fate,
 (His *Rebellious Subjects* hate)
 Will defend the *Church and State*,
 Their *Rights, their Liberties and Laws*
 Against all that dare Oppose,

3.

Such *Heroick* Virtues who can find
 Adorn a Prince's Mind?
 Such *Courage, Clemency, Majesty and Grace*,
 A Legacy bequeath'd unto the *Royal Race*;

Fortitude.

Fortitude and *Conduct* both agree,
 And make a Harmony
 With *Justice*, *Tenderness*, each a lovely Guest,
 That move, and keep a *Consort* in His *Royal Breast*.
 'Twas He, 'twas He, (in spite of *Plot*)
 That Reclaim'd the stubborn *Scot*,
 Who subdu'd Him on the Spor,
 And brought the Proudest of His Foes
 In Obedience to the Laws.
 'Twas He that curb'd the *Belgick State*,
 Made the *Hogan* yield to Fate,
 And the *Monsieur* stoop of late
 For fear so oft His courage try'd,
 Should take down the *Monsieur's* Pride.

4

May our Mighty Monarck ever Reign,
 Great JAMES to rule the Main,
 The Dread Sovereign over Seas and Land,
 To Exercise the Pow'r of his vast command:
 May He in Peace and Plenty ever Reign,
 The Dread of *France* and *Spain*,
 To curb the Insolence of His Proudest Foe,
 And keep the haughty Bully *Monsieur* still in awe.
 May He in Health for ever live,
 Truth and Justice to retrieve,
 With His due Prerogative,
 To aveng the loss of *Guiltless Blood*,
 To Reward the *Just* and *Good*.
 May He in *Grandeur Wealth* and *Peace*,
 Lord it over Land and Seas,
 And His Glory still increase,
 Whilst every Glass that keeps the Round,
 With our Sovereigns Health is Crown'd

The Salamanca Doctor's Farewell: or Titus's Exaltation to the Pillory, upon his Conviction of Perjury. To the Tune of, Packinton's-Pound.



1.
Come listen, ye *Whigs*, to my pitiful moan,
All you that have Ears, when the *Dr.* has none;
In Sackcloth and Ashes let's sadly be jogging,
To behold our dear Saviour o'th' Nation a flogging.

The *Tories* to spight us,
As a Goblin to fright us,
With a damn'd *Wooden-Ruff* will bedeck our Friend *Titus*:
Then mourn all to see this ungrateful behaviour,
From these lewd *Popish-Tories* to the dear Nation-Saviour.

2.
From three prostrate Kingdoms at once to adore me;
And no less than three Parliaments kneeling before me;
From hanging of Lords with a word and a frown,
And no more than an Oath to the shaking a *Crown* :

For all these brave Pranks,
Now to have no more thanks,

Than

Than to look thro' a Hole, thro' two damn'd oaken Planks.
Oh! mourn ye poor *Whigs* with sad Lamentation,
To see the hard Fate of the Saviour o'th' Nation.

3

For ever farewell the true Protestant Famous,
Old days of th' Illustrious great *Ignoramus*;
Had the great Heads-man *Bethel*, that honest *Ket* *h* *Royal*
But satc at the Helm still, the Rogues I'd defy all;

The kind *Teckelite* crew,

To the *Alcoron* true,

Spight of Law, *Oaths* or Gospel, would have poor true blew.
But the *Tories* are up, and no Quarter nor Favour,
To trusty old *Titus* the great Nation-Saviour.

4

There once was a time, boys, when to the worlds wonder,
I could kill with a breath more than *Jove* with his *Thun-*
But Oh! my great *Narrative*'s made but a Fable, [*der*;
My Pilgrims and Armies confounded like *Babel*:

Oh, they've struck me quite dumb,

And to tickle my *Bum*,

Have my *Oracles* all turn'd to a Tale of *Tom Thumb*.

Oh! weep all to see this ungrateful Behaviour,

In thus ridiculing the great Nation-Saviour.

5

From Honour and Favour, and Joys, my full swing;
From 12 Pound a week, and the World in a string;
Ah poor falling *Titus*! 'tis a cursed debasement,
To be pelted with Eggs thro' a leud wooden-casement

And Oh, muckl *Tony*,

To see thy old crouy,

With a face all benointed with wild *Locust Honey*:

'Twould make thy old *Tap* weep with sad Lamentation,

For trusty old *Titus*, thy Saviour o'th' Nation.

6

See the Rabble all round me in Battel Array,
Against my wood *Castle* their Batteries play;
With *Turnep-Granadoes* the Storm is begun,
All *Weapons* more mortal than *Pickering's* screw'd Gun:

Oh!

Oh! my torture begins
To punish my Sins,

For peeping thro' *Key-holes* to spy *Dukes* and *Queens*;
Which makes me to roar out with sad Lamentation,
For this Tragical blow to the Saviour o'th' Nation.

7
A curse on the day, when the *Papists* to run down,
I left bugging at *Omers*, to swear Plots at *London*;
And Oh, my dear Friends! 'tis a damnable hard case,
To think how they'll pepper my Sanctify'd carcass;

Were my Skin but as tough.

As my conscience of Buff,

Let 'em pelt their heart-bloods, I'd hold out well enough;
But Oh these sad Buffets of Mortification,
To maul the poor Hide of the Saviour o'th' Nation.

8
Had the Parliament sate till they'd once more but put
Three Kingdoms into the *Geneva old cut*,
With what Homage and Duty to *Titus* in Glory,
Had the *Worshipping Saints* turn'd their *Bums* up before
But Oh, the poor Stallion, [me;
Alamode de Italian,

To be futter'd at last like an *Englist Rascallion*.
Oh mourn all ye Brethren of th' *Association*,
To see this sad Fate of the Saviour o'th' Nation.

9
Cou'd I once but get loofe from these troublefom *Tackles*,
A *Pocky Stone Doubler*, and plaguy *Steel Shackles*,
I'd leave the damn'd *Tories*, & to do my self Justice,
I'd e'en go a mumping with my honest Friend *Eustace*.

Little *Commyns* and *Oats*,

In two *Pilgrims* coats,

We'd trufs our *Black Bills* up, and all our old *Plots*;
We'd leave the base world all for their damn'd rude be-
To two such *Heroick* true *Protestant Saviours*. [haviours,

10.

But alack and a day! the worst is behind still,
Which makes me fetch groans that wou'd e'n turn a
Windmil. Were

Were the *Pillory* all, I should never be vext,
 But Oh to my sorrow the *Gallows* comes next ;
 To my doleful sad Fate,
 I find tho' too late,
 To this *collor* of *Wood* comes a *hempen Crevat* ;
 Which makes me thus roar out with sad Lamentation,
 To think how they'll truss up the Saviour o'th' Nation.

*The Salamanca Doctors Soliloques, Tune, the Thundring
 Cannons roar.*



^I
OH! stupendus comick Fate,
 How uncertain is our State,
 Bandy'd here at such a rate
 It renders me Distracted
 The World is such a changing Scene,
 Now proves cloudy, then Serene,
 What a plague does all this mean,
 Or is't by Law Enacted?

2 In

2

In the years *Seventy Eight*, and *Nine*,
 The Primordiums of my Reign,
 What a prospect had I of vast gain,
 By ealie *Killing*, *Swearing* ;
 I could Imprison with a Nod,
 Fear'd not Devil, Man, or God,
 In such dismal paths I trod;
 No Villainy forbearing.

3

Enchanting *Tonies* Majick Arr,
 Inspir'd me flush in every part,
 Obdurate was my Gangreen heart ;
 No Innocence would Pardon ;
 My false Oaths resiftless Flood,
 Corrupted Masses of Guiltless Blood,
 In such high Vogue my (*Dixit*) stood,
 As *Saviour* of the Nation,

4th

Impostors of the courtest kind,
 As *Oracles* reception find,
 Such as could see, appeared blind ;
 For fear of my displeasure :
 Should they pry with *Eagles* Eyes,
 To look under the disguise,
 I had 'em made a Sacrifice,
 Or tormented them at leasure.

5

Backt by the *Faction* and the *Crowd*,
 As Gospel what I swore aloud,
 Revenge upon the *Pope* I vow'd,
 And all his *Mass-Adherents* ;
 I no distinction made between
 A *Popish* Kitchen-wench and *Queen*,
 My good will the same had been ;
 Had they been Gods Vice-Gerents.

6

Foxt with Malice Rage and Spite,
In Blood-shed was my whole delight,
I hunted *Jesuits* in the night,
As if by scent directed :
I swore the Rabble into fear,
Of Blessing all to them was dear,
No Widows crys and Orphans tear,
My wickedness diverted.

7

The Iron *Sawfages* I now wear,
Tickle every step, mine Ear,
As if they'd whisper *Perjurer*,
Cropping *Time*'s advancing :
Translation hence unto the Bar,
Is irksom, though it be not far,
And then receive the Fatal Scar,
Is an odd sort of Dancing.

8

My Woral *Halters* and *Black-Bills*,
More fatal than *Mercurial Pills*,
A complication now of Ills,
Do promise to betide us,
The invisible *Commissions* too,
Distributed, but none knew how,
Conspire the utter overthrow.
Of Wicked *Perjur'd Titus*.

9

O'rewhelmed thus in black Despair,
Hopeless as the Prince o' th' Air,
My crimes I Trump, I do not care,
For I know what comes after,
'Tis an old saying always own'd,
One born for Hanging's never drown'd,
God's just Judgments me surround,
To swing away in a *Halter*.



1

IF I live to grow old, (for I find I go down)
 Let this be my Fate ; In a Countrey Town
 Let me have a warm House, with a Stone at the Gate,
 And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate ;
May I govern my Passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.

2

In a Countrey Town, by a murmuring Brook,
 With the Ocean at distance whereon I may look ;
 With a spacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
 And an easie Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern my Passion, &c.

With.

3

With *Horace* and *Petrarch*, and two or three more
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before :
With a Dish of Roast Mutton, not Venison or Teal,
And clean (tho' coarse) Linen at every Meal.

May I govern, &c.

4

With a Pudding on *Sundays*, and stout humming Liquor,
And remnants of *Latin* to welcom the Vicar,
With a hidden reserve of *Burgundy* Wine,
To drink the Kings Health in, as oft as I Dine.

May I govern, &c.

5

When the days are grown short, & it Freezes & Snows,
May I have a Cole-fire as high as my Nose ;
A Fire, (which once stirr'd up with a Prong)
Will keep the Room temperate all the night long.

May I govern, &c.

6

With a Courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead, may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and left not behind him his Fellow :
For he govern'd his Passions, with an absolute sway,
Add grew wiser and better as his strength wore away
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay,

The Old Womans Wish, Tune, The Old Mans Wish.

1

WHEN my hairs they grow hoary, & my cheeks they
look pale, [fail ;
When my forehead hath wrinkles & my eye-sight doth
Let my words both and actions be free from all harm,
And have my old Husbaud to keep my back warm.
The Pleasures of Youth, are Flowers but of May,
Our life's but a Vapour, our bonny's but Clay ;
Oh let me live well, though I live but one day.

2. With

2

With a Sermon on *Sunday*, and a Bible of good Print,
 With a Pot o're the fire, and good Victuals in't ;
 With *Ale, Beer, and Brandy*, both *Winter and Summer*,
 To drink to my Gossip, and be pledg'd by my cummer.
The Pleasures, &c.

3

With *Pigs*, and with *Poultry*, with some *Money* in store,
 To lend to my Neighbour, and give to the poor :
 With a Bottle of *Canary*, to drink without sin,
 And to comfort my Daughter when that she lies In.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

4

With a Bed soft and easie, to rest on at night,
 With a Maid in the morning to rise when 'tis light ;
 To do her work neatly, & obey my desire,
 To make the house clean, and to blow up the Fire.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

5

With *Coals*, and with *Bavins*, and a good warm Chair,
 With a thick *Hood & Mantle*, when I ride on my Mare :
 Let me dwell near my Cupboard, & far from my Foes,
 With a pair of Glasse Eyes to clap on my Nose.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

6

And when I am dead, with a sigh let them say,
 Our honest old Gammer is laid in the Clay :
 When young she was chearful, no *Scold* nor no *Whore*,
 She helped her Neighbours, and gave to the Poor :
Tho' the Flower of her Youth, in her Age did decay,
Though her life was a Vapour, that vanish'd away ;
She liv'd well and happy until the last day.

The Old Womans Wish to the same Tune.

I

If I live to be old, which I never will own,
 Let this be my Fortune in Countrey or Town ;

Let

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Let me have a warm *Bit*, with two more in store,
And a lusty young Fellow to rub me before.
May I give to my Passion an absolute sway,
Till with mumping & grunting my Breath's worn away
Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay,

2
In a dry Chimny Nook with a *Rug* and warm close,
A swingeing Cole-fire still under my Nose;
With a large Elbow Chair to sit at the Fire,
And a Crutch, or a Staff to the Bed to retire.
May I give to my Passion, &c.

3.
With a Pudding on *Sunday*, with Custard and Plums,
When my Teeth are all out, for to ease my old Gums;
With a dram of the Bottle, each day a fresh quart,
Reserv'd in a corner to cheer up my heart.
May I give to my Passion, &c.

4
With a Neighbour or two to tell me a Tale,
And to Sing *Cherry-Cafe* o're a pot of good Ale,
A *Snuff-box*, and short Pipe snug, under the Range,
And a clean Flannel Shift as oft as I change.
May I give to my Passion, &c.

5
Without *Palsy* or *Gout*, may I die in my chair,
And when dead, may my *Great, Great, Great Grandchild*
She's gone who so long had cheated the *Devil*; [declare,
And the world is well rid of a troublefom evil.
That gave to her Passion an absolute sway,
Till with mumping and grunting her breath wore away
Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay.

Jack Presbyters Wish. Tune, The old Mans Wish.

IF the *Whigs* shall get up, and the *Torys* go down;
May I have an Estate, in *Courtrey* or *Town*,

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Of Crown or Church-lands, of considerable worth,
 And a Sister of sixteen, to whom I'll hold forth :
May I trample on Princes with an absolute sway,
And grow Prouder, and Higher, and Richer than they;
Still advancing my self as my Rulers decay.

2.

To furnish my Table, I'll make my Cooks Dish-up,
 For Break-fast a *Papist*, for Dinner a *Bishop* ;
 At last, for my Super, no daintier a thing,
 Than the Flesh of a *Duke* and the Blood of a *King*.
May I trample on Princes, &c.

3

May the Groans of th' afflicted be the rest of my Food ;
 May I sport in an Ocean of *Innocent Blood* ;
 May I stick at no Mischief that Hell can afford,
 Whilst I boast that I'm doing the work of the Laird ;
May I trample on Princes, &c.

4

With *Luther* and *Calvin*, and many *Saints* more,
 I'll boast of *Religion*, denying its Power ;
 With Countenance distorted, and fain'd whining Zeal,
 I'll Preach and Teach *Monarchy* into *Commonweal* ;
May I trample on Princes, &c.

5

May all my *Plots* prosper, both old ones & new ones,
 No shifting of *Sham-Plots*, no trusting of *True ones* ;
 May Ages hereafter in History tell,
Jack Presbyter-Rampant has twice born the Bell.
May I trample on Princes with an absolute Sway,
And grow Prouder, and Higer, and Richer than they,
Still advancing my self as my Rulers decay,

Love in Extremity; or the Constant Lovers Resolution,
Tune, I never saw a Face till now, &c.



I Never saw a Face till now,
That cou'd my Passion move,
I lik'd, and ventur'd many a look,
But durst not think of Love.
Till Beauty charming e'ry sense,
An easie conquest made,
And shews the vaineess of defence,
When Phillis does invade.

2
But Oh! her colder heart denies
The thoughts her looks inspire,
For while on Ice she Frozen lies,
Her Eyes dart only Fire.
Thus by extreams I am undone,
Like Plants too *Northward* set,
Burnt by too violent a Sun,
Or starv'd for want of Heat.

'Twixt

3.

'Twixt hope and fear, I tortur'd am,
 And vainly wish for ease,
 The more I struggle with my Flame,
 The more it does increase.
 I wou'd, and wou'd not be releas'd
 From those sott Chains I've made;
 But if I strive, I'm more oppress'd,
When Phillis does invade.

4.

Her Eyes they so enchanting are,
 So lovely is her Face,
 That gaze on her no Mortal dare,
 And not to Love give place.
 So Musick's her Angel-Voice,
 So charming is she made,
 That not to Love none dare make choice,
When Phillis does invade.

5

I fain wou'd turn my Eyes away,
 To try if she'd grow kind,
 But on her Beauties they will stay,
 Though ruine were design'd:
 A Riddle is my Passion grown,
 No less it can be said,
 For reason is so quickly gone,
When Phillis does invade.

6

O cruel Love! why dost thou daign,
 To wound me with' such smart,
 And not an equal Shaft retain
 To melt her frozen heart?
 Or does she struggle with the Flame,
 To be Victorious said?
 For if she does, my hopes are vain,
Though Phillis does invade.

7

However I will hugg my Woe,
And sigh in each sad Grove,
Till the relentless Rocks do know
The anguish of my Love.
'Tis she my Feavour can allay,
No cure but her kind aid,
My Feavourish-passion will obey,
Since Phillis does invade.

8

And if she'l ever cruel prove,
I'll calmly Court my Grave,
For nothing but her happy Love
From Death has power to save;
But if I die, I'll blefs her name,
While lifes last murmure's stay'd,
And still be tender of her fame,
That does my life invade.

*A new Song. To the Tune of, I never saw a
Face till now, &c.*

I

Beneath the shady *Willow* lay
A Nymph more charming bright,
Than e're made happy blushing day,
Or shone to adorn the night:
A thousand *Cupids* flutter'd round
About the place she lay,
Wondring to see upon the ground
A Nymph so bright and gay.

2

The Air her Face did gently blow,
And all her charms appear'd,
And not a God that saw her so,
But what the Nymph rever'd:
Her swelling Breasts, than *Swans* more fair,
Rising with gentle heat,
Beyond Poetical compare,
Beauties Immortal seat.

M

3 Ten

3

Ten thousand curls did her bedeck,
 More black than *Ravens* are,
 Which wanton round her Snowy Neck,
 To adorn the Witness there.
 Her Garments ruffled with the wind,
 About her gently plaid,
 And a whole World of Beauty there,
 To the open Air displaid:

4

At which the sleepy Nymph began
 To rouse her drouzy head,
 Afraid she had been seen by Man,
 In haste she bustling fled,
 But as she ran, she took a slip,
 Which much increas'd her dread,
 And when she strove to rise, by a slip
 She lost her Maiden-head.

England's *Loyalty*, or *YORKS Welcom to the Crown*,
Tune, I never saw a Face 'till now.

A Cloud of Vapours, Wind, and Smoak,
 Of late Eclips'd our Skie;
 And *Treason* (brought unto the Test)
 Converted Loyalty,
 But since the Blast is overblown,
 And *YORK* become our *King*,
 Let *Court* and *City* both rejoyce;
 And Loyal Subjects Sing.

2.

Rebellion oft did bend and bow,
 To shoot His *Highness* down,
 And did contrive to overthrow,
 And keep Him from the Crown:
 But all the Wind-mills of her mouth
 Were bolted forth in vain,
 Since he's the *Sov'reign* of the Shore,
 And *Guardian* of the Main.

3

No Squibs compos'd of Fatuan-fire,
 Thrown from proud *Eubie's* hand,
 Can blow up purest Marble Walls,
 Where Valour doth command:
 Though *Trimists* turn their coats at will,
 And *Jack* should *Bishop* kifs,
 'Tis but a by-blow of the State,
 And time's *Periphrasis*.

4

Let all the Loyal Heads of Wit
 The Politicians mourn;
 And all the Mountibanks of State
 At *Tyburn* take their turn;
 We'll play no Kingdoms at a throw,
 Nor *Crowns* at Lot'ries try;
 But pay Allegiance just, and true,
 Unto *His Majesty*.

5

Then rouse brave Prince, the worst is past,
 Long Life, and happy Reign,
 We'll pray for Thee whilst health endures,
 And drink Thy health in Wine;
 But let *Achitophel* be gone,
 And *Traytors* stand aloof,
 May not one approach thy *Throne*,
 Tho it be *Treason* proof.

6

And sure the Storms are turn'd to Gales,
 Heaven's clear that was or'ecast;
 The vapours that Eclips'd our Skie
 Are vanished at last;
 And sure the regal right is thine,
 And Royal *Charles* is dead;
 Sure thou may'st choose what way to set
 Thy *Crown* upon thine Head.

7

Advance the Loyalists of State,
 Of *Church*, the just, and good;

M 2

De-

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Destroy and raze rebellions root,
The self-conceited proud;
That all true Subjects may live well,
And have before their eye
Their dearest *Charles* yet still alive,
In *JAMES's* Royalty.

8
A *Crown's* the object of desire,
And *Envie's* mark to hit;
Yet few do weigh the burthen great,
And sorrows hang on it:
In private eat thy *Hony-comb's*,
A *Monarch* in thy mind;
Contentment is a *Treasure* which
High *Spirits* seldom find.

A new Song. Tune, I'll tell thee Dick, &c.



1
CHil tell tell thee, *Tom*, the strangest Story,
Because thou art an honest *Tory*;
'Tis news beyond expressions
Zich zights are no where to be seen
In any Lond (*God save the Queen*)
But at our *Quarter-Sessions*.

2

Vor Rogues I zaw in zick a place,
As wou'd the Gibbet quite disgrace,
'Tis pity it shou'd want 'em.
But how the Devil they came there,
List, *Town*, and chil in brief declare
And how they did recant 'em.

3.

When I was late at *London Town*,
To zee zome zights e'r I went down,
To *White-hall* I did venture;
And having on my best Array,
As vine as on a Holy-day,
Zoors I made bold to enter.

4

Up stairs Iwent, which were as broad,
And dirty too as any Road,
Or as the streets o'th' *Zity*.
Hadst thou been there, thou wouldst have said
His Majesty had kept no Maid.
God zooks, and that's a pity.

5

When I was up, I did discern
A Chamber bigger than a Barn,
Where I did zee Voke stand,
That I was well vrighted quite,
It was so strange and grim a zight,
With long things in their Hand.

6

Their cloathing cannot well be told,
On which were things of beaten Gold
Upon their Back and Breast;
I doft my Hat when I came in,
Quoth I, pray which of you's the King?
Which made a woundy Jest,

7

At last came by a Gentlemon,
Who made me zoon to underftond
I need not be avear'd;

M 3

Quoth

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Quoth he, come on, and vollow me,
Chil shew thee straight His Majesty;
Vor thease are but his Guard,

8

But *Tom*, not any Wake or Vair
Can shew zich numbers as are there,
Still cringing low, and bowing,
That one may zwear, and tell no lie,
They wearier are, than thou or I
With *Thrashing* or with *Plowing*.

9.

No Ants did vaster lead or drive,
Or Bees buz to or fro the Hive,
I marl they were not dizzy;
Nay, zure the Nations great Avairs
Lay heavily upon their Cares,
They look'd zo wise and busie.

10.

At last came in His Majesty,
Not taller much than thou or I;
Yet, whatzoe're I ail'd,
With only gazing on His Vace,
I trembl'd like a Love-zick Lafs
Just on the point to yield.

11

He look'd methought, above the rest,
Tho not by half zo vinely drest,
Which made me vall a zwearing,
A Pox upon the Parliament,
That will not let us pay him Rent,
Golds only for his wearing.

12

A Ribbon vine came cros avore,
Zich as our Landlords Bridemen wore;
At end of which was hung
A curious thing, that shone as bright
As *Maudlin's* eyes, or morning light,
When guilded by the Zun.

13

But now the news, chil tell the truth,
Hard by His zide there stood a Youth,
That look'd as trim and gay,
As if he had not Guilty bin
Of wishing e're to be a King,
Unless a King of *May*.

14

It was the zame our Vicar zed
Vor *Treason* shou'd have lost his *Head*.
Vor which vive hundred Pound
By Proclamation offer'd was
To any that shou'd take his Grace
In any Kerfon ground.

15

Won *Zunday* morn, thou mayst remember,
I think the twantieth of *Zeptember*,
Our Parson read a thing,
How this zame Spark, (a vengeance on him!)
With vorty moor, did take upon him
To kill our Gracious King.

16

But scant the vrighted harmless *Zwain*,
That meets a *Woolf* upon the Plain,
Was zo agast with vear :
Wounds! if His Majesty (quoth I)
Does keep no better Company,
Chil stay no longer here.

17

With that, the Mon that brought me in,
By the Jacket pull'd me back again ;
Quoth he, pray hear ye reason ;
He was a *What-dey-call't*, 'tis true,
But's Pardon makes him vree as you,
Vrom Knavery or *Treason*.

18

Whaw, whaw ! quoth I, a pretty nick,
To make Rogues honest by a trick
Zo often try'd in vain ;

M 4

As

As if my Bull shou'd gore me once,
I'd trust the zenseless Beast with horns
To gore me o're again.

20

Chil e'n to *Devonshire* agen,
Where honest Men are honest Men,
And Rogues are Hang'd for Rogues.
Ods wounds ! were I His Majesty,
E'r zich a Zon shou'd countenanc'd be,
Chid prize him as my Dogs.

A new Song upon Titus Oates's retreat from White-Hall, into the City. To the Tune of, Chil tell thee Dick where I have been.

1

CAn'tt tell me *Ceres*, what curst fate
Hangs o're the head of *Oates* of late ?
Or what cross *Planet* Reigns ?
That *Oates* the noblest thought at first,
And best, shoul'd now be held the worst ;
And vilest of all *Grains* ?

2

Oates, that same brave and swagg'ring *Blade*,
Which th' other day with lofty Head,
His Fellows all o're-topr ;
Should for a Roguish weed be thrown
Out of the Court ; and now full blown,
Be in the Blossom crop't ?

3

Oates, that was welcom thought to be
For the *King's Horse*, fit company,
(God blefs him evermore !)
Should now by ev'ry Groom be spurn'd,
And for a *Rogue* in *Grain* be turn'd
Out of the Stable door ?

4.

Had these *Oates* musty been, or stale,
Or had they any noysom smell,
They had of blame not fail'd :
But these (as *Musk* it self) were sweet,
With *Coat* as black as any Jet ;
But some-what too long-tail'd.

5.

That *Tyrant's Fades*, that *Oates* and *Hay*
Refus'd for Mans flesh, I dare say,
N'er such an *Oat* did taste :
And, pity 'twas, his worth to shew,
That he had not been long ago,
Into their Manger cast.

6.

The case is hard, that *Oates*, that fed
The Noblest Beast that liv'd in Mead,
On Pastures Green, or Heath-well ;
Should be at least, himself turn'd down
Into the Common of the mown,
To feed the Calves of *Bethel*.

7

But cheer up, *Oates*; 'tis of no disgrace ,
The Calves are of the City Race,
(There are none such at *White-Hall*;)
And freely will their Milk give down,
(And thou canst stroak them well, 'tis known)
To feed thee in requital,

8

Some have the Pedigree, and Strain
Of *Oates*, deriv'd from that bless'd *Grain*,
Which *Egypt's* Famine freed :
And I believe, what they aver ;
For, without doubt, these (Our) *Oates* are
Of the true *Gypsy* Breed.

9

Nay, others have his Parents blam'd,
They had the Brat not *Joseph* nam'd ;
But they herein had er'd :

M 5

For

hite-
thee

Had

Forthat good Man at *Court*, at last,
 For his deserts washighly Grac'd :
 Not for a *Rogue* cashier'd.

10

Yet, I doubt not, but of such known,
Divinity, had *Oates* there grown,
 He would have with a Rope,
 Amongst their *Leeks*, and *Onyon-Gods*,
 (As more deserving it by odds)
 Been long ago truit up.

11

Shall we, who boast true *Gospel-right*,
 Instead of doing him that Right,
 Then treat him worse than *Pagan*?
 And Excommunicate him clear
 Out of our *Courts*, as if he were
 A Minister of *Dagon*,

12

This sure is a new *Papist-Plot* ;
 Who, seeing now we in a Knot,
 Begin to hang together ;
 Think't the best way, (which *Heaven* defend!)
 Is to untie us, and to send
 Our *Doctor*, God knows whither,

13

You Charitable *City-Dames*,
 If now you will set up your Names,
 Preserve him like Sweet-Meats :
 He flies to you, to be secure ;
 Keep close your Fore-doors ; but be sure.
 Guard well your *Posse n-Gates*,

A New Love Song. To an excellent new Tune.



As May in all her Youthful dress,
 So gay my Love did once appear,
 A Spring of charms dwelt on her Face,
 And Roses d.d inhabit there.
 Thus whilst the Enjoyment was but young,
 Each night new Pleasures did create;
 Harmonious words dropt from her Tongue,
 And Cupids on her Forehead sate.

But as the Sun to West declines,
 The Eastern Skie doth colder grow;
 And all its Blust ring Looks resigns,
 To th' pale-fac'd Moon that rules below:
 Whilst Love was eager, brisk and warm,
 My Chloe then was kind and gay;
 But when by Time I lost the Charm,
 Her Smiles like Autumn dropt away.

Tom

Tom and Doll, or the Modest Maids Delight, To an
Excellent new Tune.



When the Kine had given a Pa'l full,
And the Sheep came bleating home,
Doll who knew it would be healthful,
Went a walking with young Tom:
Hand in hand Sir,
O're the Land Sir,
As they walked ro and fro.
Tom made jolly Love to Doll,
But was answer'd, no, no, no, no, no, &c.

2

Faith says *Tom*, the time is fitting
We shall never get the like ;
You can never get from Knitting
Whilst I'm Digging in the Dike:
Now we're gone too,
And alone too,
No one by to see, or know ;
Come, come, *Dolly* prithee shall I ?
Sill she answer'd, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

3.

Fie upon you Men, quoth *Dolly*,
In what Snares you'd make us fall,
You'l get nothing but the folly,
But I shall get the Devil and all ;
Tom with Sobs,
And some dry Bobs,
Cry'd, *you're a Fool to argue so ;*
Come, come, *Dolly*, shall I ? shall I ?
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

4.

To the Tavern then he took her,
Wine to Love's a Friend confest,
By the hand he often took her,
And drank Brimmers to the best, &c.
Doll grew warm,
And thought no harm ;
Till after a brisk Pint or two,
To what he said, the silly Maid
Could hardly bring out, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

5

She swore he was the prettiest Fellow
In the Countrey or the Town,
And began to grow so mellow,
On the Couch he laid her down ;
Tom came to her,
For to woo her,

The King

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Thinking this the time to try,
 Something past so kind at last,
 Her no was chang'd to I, I, I, I, I, &c.

6

Closely then they joyn'd their Faces,
 Lovers you know what mean,
 Nor could she hinder his Embraces,
 Love was now too far got in;
 Both now lying
 Panting dying,
 Calms succeed the Stormy Joy,
 Tom would fain renew't again,
 And she consents with I, I, I, I, I, &c.

Oates well Thrast'd, being a Dialogue between a Country Farmer, and his Man Jack. Tune, Which no body can deny, Repeat the Burden twice.



Jack.

O Ur Oates last week not worth a Groar,
 Have Sir, (which all do wonder at)
 Abomination thriv'd of late :

Master. Which no body can deny, Sir.
 Beall the Tribe of Oates accurst,
 And the old Dotard too, that first
 The Brat within his Hedges nurst,
And sow'd such wicked Seed, Boy.

Jack

Jack.

Good Master, I pray your Fury stop;
For, as the saying is, I hope,
You'll shortly see a Doctor-Crop,

Master. And many more besides, Sir.

A curse on every thing that's call'd Oates;
Both Old and Young, both Black and White Oates;
Both Long and Short, both Light and Tite Oates;

Jack. I hate the Vip'rous Seed, Boy.

Your Oates, now ripe, Sir, do appear,
For they begin to hang the Ear:
The time of cutting them draws near,

Master. If my Skill fails me not, Sir.

Then down with em, and all their Train;
Let not a Blade of them remain,
Our poor Land to infect again:

Jack. 'Tis pity one should scape, Boy.

Where shall I Reek them, (the Sithe's Edge
They've felt) in Barn or under, Hedge?
For they are fit for Cart or Sledge,

Master. And Roping only do want, Sir,

E'en if thou wilt, lodge them in thy Barn,
For they shall ne'er come amongst my Corn;
Or cart them, if thou wilt, to Tyburn;

Jack. And there to trust them up, Boy.

Th' are hous'd, Sir; But the Trash all Sense
Exceeds, that's in 'em; by what means,
This filthy Oates shall we e're cleanse?

Master. From all that Roguish stuff, Sir.

Go, get a pack of sturdy Louts,
And let them lustily thrash their Coats:
Too well you cannot thrash damn'd Oates;

Jack. Which no body can deny, Boy.

Th' are tharsh'd and wimb'd, and made as clean
As hands can do't, but all in vain;
For still base Oates behind remain:

What shall we do with 'em, Sir.

Master.

Master.

Let 'em divided be (like Martyrs
Of *Royal Justice*) into *Quarters*;
Then ground in Mill, or bray'd in Morters:

Jack. So Oates ought to be serv'd, Boy.

How shall I use the Straw? 'Tis good
Only to cast out into the Road,
And underfoot to Dung betrod;

Master. And there to lie and rot, Sir.

Burn't, like an Heretick, in Flame;
And expiate so our Guilt and Shame,
For giving Long-tail'd Oates such Fame;

Abhorr'd by all but us, Boy.

Beyond Sea th'are kickt out of Door;
But held with us here in such Store,
That Oates we even do adore:

Jack. But Curs'd be Oates, say I, Boy.

Whar shall we now at last Sir, do
With this same paultry Oates, by You
So hated, and admir'd by few;

Master. And these both Knaves and Fools, Sir.

Let Oates be cast to Ravenous Hogs,
Or ground for Meat for hungry Dogs;
And no where Sown, but in deep Bogs,

Or bottom of a fakes, Boy.

Or to the Fowl so th' Air be thrown,
By Vermin to be prey'd upon;
Or out o th' World by Whirl-winds blown,

To th' Devil's Arse of Peak, Boy.

Let ev'ry Tongue, and Tail i th' *Isle*
Of Man, of Bird, of Beast, defile
Oates so detestable, so vile:

And 'twill be so, thoult see, Boy.

Or if to Popery thou in line,
Thou shalt have Oates incag'd in Shrine,
And shew about that *Trefo-Divine*:

*And this will get thee Pence, Boy.**Jack.*

Jack.

Let it, good Master, pray be so;
 And I'll amongst the Papists go,
 With my O Raree Shite, and my O brave Show,
 Till I a Pension get, Sir.
 And then I'll Coach it up and down,
 From Countrey, and from Town to Town,
 Till o're the World I've made Oates known,
 For a very Rogue in Grain, Sir.

The happy return of the Old Dutch-Miller. To the
 Tune of the First.



¹
Good People of England I hope you have had
 Experience of my Art in my Trade;
 For I am the Miller that was here before
 That ground Women young, of four or five score.
 Then make hast Customers, bring in your Tribes,
 I'll quickly dispatch them without any Bribes.
 For I am so Zealous for Whiglanders crew,
 I'll cure their Distempers with one turn or two.

2 And

2

And now (for your comfort) I am come again
 To cure the defection in all your Men;
 Whether they be Factious, Stupid, or Lame;
 Let's see e're a Chymist that can do the same.
Then make hast customers, &c.

3

If you have e're a City that's troubled with Simples;
 That's over-rich grown, and has Rebellious Pimples
 I'll strip it of all these defects in an hour,
 And make it submit to the King or the Tower.
Then come away customers, &c.

4

If any pretending *Whig-Sheriff* yet dare,
 (In the year of his Office) Arrest the Lord Mayor;
 Let them come to my Mill, if their Insolence must
 Be taken a Peg lower, I'll Grind them to dust.
Then make hast customers, &c.

5

If any grave *Alderman* Perjures and Swears,
 Till he runs the great hazzard of losing his Ears.
 Let him bring but his Toll, and to cover his shame,
 I'll hide him i'th' Hopper, and dip him i'th' Dam.
Then make hast customers, &c.

6

If any hot Zealots, or tubulent Cits,
 With Tumults and Ryots run out of their wits;
 For the Toll I'll so tame 'em, that they shall be all
 Like Flower of *Patience*, I'll Grind 'em so small.
Then make hast customers, &c.

7

If you have e're a *Fop* that's proud of a String,
 And fain would aspire to the Throne of a King;
 Bring him to my Mill, I will presently shew
 If he's qualified for a *Monarch*, or no.
Then make hast customers, &c.

8,

If you have e're a Lord that's a *Pimp* to his Wife,
And to hide his *Horns* would venture his life:
Send her to my *Mill*: I'll venture a Tryal,
To make her as honest as e're he was Loyal.
Then make hast customers, &c.

9

If you have e're a Slabbering Lord that's a *Foel*,
And sits in *Cabals*, three *Kengdoms* to rule,
And stands for a States-man; I'll make him as able
As ever a *Helper* in all his own *Stable*.
Then make hast customers, &c.

10

If you have e're a Lord that used to Preach
I'th' top of a *Crab-Tree*, above all your reach,
And still the *Lords-Supper* expos'd in *Lamb-wool*:
Send him to my *Mill*; I'll reform his skull:
Then make hast customers, &c.

11

If you have e're a *Knight* that's a *Knave* & *Thead-brare*,
That deals in *Neck-laces*, and such kind of *Ware*,
And stole the best *Plot*, now hides it in *Bristol*:
Bring him to my *Mill*, I'll make him confess't all.
Then make hast customers, &c.

12

If you have, or had, any *Sheriffs* that are *Whigs*,
That have cut off some *Heads*, & are cutting off *Legs*.
Bring them and their *Perjur'd Juries* together,
I'll turn 'em all round in my *Mill* with the weather.
Then make hast customers, &c.

13

If you have e're a *Doctor* that has ne're a mouth,
But a hole in the place for a *Nose North and South*:
Put him in my *Mill*, I shall make him speak sense
Behind and before, like a *Quaker* in *Trance*.
Then make hast customers, &c.

2

And now (for your comfort) I am come again
 To cure the defection in all your Men;
 Whether they be Factious, Stupid, or Lame;
 Let's see e're a Chymist that can do the same.
Then make hast customers, &c.

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If you have e're a City that's troubled with Simples;
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But a hole in the place for a *Nose North and South*:
Put him in my *Mill*, I shall make him speak sense
Behind and before, like a *Quaker* in *Trance*.
Then make hast customers, &c.

14

If he has been Perjur'd ten thousand times o're,
 And for want of Imployment, begins to grow poor;
 I'll make him as *Rich* (if he knows his own name)
 As when he came mumping from *Flanders* or *Spain*.
Then make hast Customers, &c.

15

If Forty Religions he dares to believe.
 And yet Preacheth *Blasphemy*, Fools to deceive:
 Bring him to my *Mill*, with more of the *Grift*;
 I'll make him a *Devil*, a *Man*, or a *Beast*.
Then make hast Customers, &c.

16

If you have any *Plots*, either *sham* one or true ones;
 Bring out the contrivers, both black ones & blew ones:
 I'll either refine 'em from all their past *Ill*,
 Or else I will strangle them all in my *Mill*.
Then make hast Customers, bring in your Tribes,
I'll quickly dispatch them without any Bribes:
For I am so Zealous for Whiglanders Crew,
I'll cure their Distempers with one turn or two.

*A New Song, Perjury Punish'd, or Villainy Lash'd: To
 the Tune of, Packington's-Pound.*

*A Perjur'd Villain here you see
 Mounted upon the Pillory;
 He that the Pulpit did Prophane,
 Shall ne're be seated there again;
 To Whipping then we do him bring,
 Lash till he crys, God Save the King.*



1.

Bold *Titus* he walkt about *Westminster-Hall*,
 With Paper on Front, Saluting them all;
 But never was yet a Volumn so large,
 That could but contain what's Conscience doth charge.

His Ears must be spar'd,
 Because they have heard

Folks whisper in *London*, when *Titus* appear'd
 Beyond the rough Sea, and many miles wide,
 From whence, in a moment, with ease he could stride.

2

On *Pillory* next, he mounts with a Grace,
 As if he'd been us'd to sit in that place;
 Though stale Eggs and Oranges sawcily flies,
 Their Battery still he boldly defies.

Tho' hide's not so ruff
 As his *Turkish* Buff,

He's certain it will hold out well enough.
 Since his Face is like Brass, and so will remain,
 Of such gentle storms he'll never complain.

3

At *City Exchange* next day he appears,
 Where whining *Phanaticks* Saluted his Ears ;
 Their *Pillory'd Prophet* they boldly defend,
 Who can't save them, nor himself, in the end.

His Throne they pull'd down,

To the *City's Renown*,

The Relicks on shoulders they bore up and down:
 But tyr'd with Procession, 'twas Judg'd for the best,
 In Prison these Zealots should take up their nest.

4

The day that succeeds, at humble *Carts-tail*,
 From *Aldgate*, to *Newgate*, he's Whip'd without fail ;
 Like *Spaniard* he mov'd, with motion most grave,
 Yet from cruel Rod it did not him save.

The kind *City Dames*

Whose hearts he inflames,

Against his hard Fate, with fury exclaims,
 And sighing, and whining, they spare not their Tears ;
 Whilst on tender back the lashes appears.

5.

A day now of respite is giv'n their Saint,
 Whose bold impudence sends forth no complaint,
 He's often saluted by Sister most kind,
 Whilst Plaster is put on the place just behind.

He flabbers and sinacks,

And nothing he lacks,

They'd venture their Bellies as well as their Backs
 For *Titus* their Friend, who with a strong breath,
 Had sent many *Innocent People* to death.

6

But then says the *Zealous*, they were only *Papists*,
 Which we hate ten thousand times worse than *Atheists* ;
 Though he did swear false, 'twas with good intent,
 That he might establish a new Government ;

He would but pull down,

The *Mitre*, and *Crown*,

And set up a *Bastard* upon *England's* Throne,

And

And alter the Tide of *Religion*, and *Laws*,
Depending upon the Merits of the *Cause*.

Next day on a *Sledge* their ⁷ *Martyr* was seated,
Where lashes on's Shoulders were often repeated;
Their loud Acclamations the *Rabble* sent out,
And hoped e're long to have 'tother bout.

The *Doctor's* not shy
With them to comply,

'Tis a thousand to one at *Tyburn* he'll die
For Sodomy, or some other small sin,
Which his *Janizaries* against him do bring.

But since Learned *Doctor* has past his Degrees,
A Man of that Station must pay all his Fees;
A number of *Witnesses* he did Subborn,
Who, without Scruple were all plainly Forsworn.
Of *Blasphemy* too,
He's Guilty 'tis true,

Lies fair to his charge without more ado;
When all this is done, will *Sodomy* come,
And bring him a *Rope* to finish his doom.

But though his condition we much do bemoan,
We hope that at *Tyburn* he dies not alone;
May other false *Traitors* upon him attend,
And there for their crimes, make an Infamous end.

Our Good King God bless,
His Senate no less,

That still does endeavour his Foes to suppress,
May Religion established no time decay,
That Foppish *Phanaticks* may never bear sway.

A new Song. Tune, A Beggar I will be, &c.

¹
PRay listen well, while I describe
 A *Trimmer* in the Church,
 Who Preaches oft, but for the *Pray'rs*
 He'll leave you in the lurch;
 For a *Trimmer* he will be will be;
 For a *Trimmer* he will be.

²
 And here in the *Pulpit*,
 A *Trimmer* you will find,
 With *Trimming* coldness in the Mouth,
 But *Treason* in his Mind;
 For a *Trimmer* he will be, &c.

³
 This *Trimmer*, to play the Rogue
 With a better Grace,
 Chose, out of the whole Land,
 To Marry into *Cromwells* Race;
 Thus a *Trimmer*, &c.

⁴
 This *Trimmer* the *Engagement* took
 During *Cromwell's* Reign,
 But at the *Restoration*
 He spew'd it out again;
 Yet a *Trimmer*, &c.

⁵
 Thus this *Trimmer*, when upermost,
 He chose the Rebels side;
 But when the King came in again,
 He strait swam with the tide;
 For a *Trimmer*, &c

⁶
 This *Trimmer* so profits
 By his Prince's coming in,
 That from a *Non-conformist Preacher*,
 Up he starts a *Dean*;
 Yet a *Trimmer*, &c.

7

This *Trimmer*, as soon
As he Preferment gets,
Immediately discovers
He has not left his Cheats:
But a Trimmer, &c.

8

What worse could this *Trimmer* do,
His Function to disgrace,
Than being got into the Church,
The *Altar* to Deface?
Thus a Trimmer, &c.

9

No sooner is a foolish Lord
For a *Traytor* known,
But he justifies his *Loyalty*,
And confirms it by his own;
For a Trimmer, &c.

10

This *Trimmer* instructs
This *Traytor* how to die;
But when he's question'd for't,
He sticks not at a Lie;
Thus a Trimmer, &c.

11

This *Trimmer* has a Brother *Scot*,
As great a R---e as he,
Supporter, and *Speech-maker* chief,
To th' whole *Conspiracy*;
For Trimmers they, &c.

12

This *Trimmer Scot* to stay
To swing was loath,
But has left his Brother *Trimmer* here,
I hope will hang for both;
Tor Trimmers they will be, will be;
For Timmers they well be.

A Dialogue between Bowman the Tory, and Prance the Runagado. A new Song. To the Tune of, Hark the Thundring Canons roar.



Bowman.

Come murdering *Miles*, where's your *Sedan*?
 Or where's the Man you had it from?
 Which you carried *Godfrey* in,
 With Ropes about your Necks Boys?
 Nay, where is Mr. *Howses* Horse,
 Which had been sold at *Penticoft*,
 On which thou sworst the Corps rid Post,
 Above two years before Boys?

Prance.

By all the Gods I do adore,
Mahomet, and what e're I swore,
 I never saw since, nor before,
 That *Godfrey* which was Murder'd:

For

For Money I did swear and lie,
To give the *Plot* a deeper dye,
Old *Tony* promis'd to stand by,
And see our matters order'd.

Bowman.

That *Water-Witch* it was his spell,
That froze up *Styx*, the way to *Hell*,
The *Thames*, the *Seas*, and every *Cell*,
Just to the Gates of *Pluto*;
The *Hellsport* was frozen o're,
To both the *Axiles*, Sea and Shore,
That the World might ne're have motion more,
To save the *Whigs* as you do.

Bowman.

Your *Harnden* now is Guilty found,
'Twill cost him forty thousand Pound,
Pox ! Money's but an empty sound,
When Knaves deserve to swing, *Prance*,
Had forty Pound been offer'd there,
To all that would come in and swear,
He would have fallen to *Ketches* share,
To teach him *Tyburn*-string Dance.

Prance.

'Zounds the Lords are out o'th' *Tower*,
In spite of all our Perjur'd Power,
Damn'd *Oates* and I are scarce secure,
All our Intregues do falter :
Out of the *Tower* without an *Oates*,
To give advice, or *Rump* of *Votes*,
'Zblood, we must cut our own Thoats,
To keep out of the Halter.

Prance.

Nay, that which plagues me worst of all,
They kickt me out of *Goldsmiths-Hall*,
And swear that I disgrace them all;
One cursed *Tory* scratcht me;

268 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

In every place where e're I come,
Like *Sheep* from *Wolves* from me *Folks* run,
Three times a day I am drunk alone,
For fear old *Nick* should fetch me.

Bowman.

Well *Prance*, now look but five years back,
How many Necks thy Tongue made crack,
It's time for thine to go to wrack,

For *Perjury* and *Treason*:

Since thou abhorr'st both *Cross* and *Mass*,
Thou may'st pull down thy Sign o'th' *Cross*,
And hang thy self at the same Post,
It is Right and Reason.

Prance.

I'll first see *Rutland*, *Kenze*, and thee,
Hang'd up for *Tory* Loyalty,
I'd be both Hang'd and Damn'd to see,
With *Towser* in the Number,
After I would not live to Dine,
But down-right drunk with *Brandy Wine*,
Straight into th' Sea with *Herd* of *Swine*,
For Circumstance I am under.

The Tory Song on His Highness's return from Scotland.
Tune, The Prince of Orange's Delight.

Room, room for *Cavaliers*, bring us more *Wine*,
His *Highness* is Landed, about with the *Glass*;
The *Brimingham*-piece is but counterfeit *Coy*n,
Yet fain for good *Starling* among us wou'd pass.
Hey *Bowman* more *Wine*,
Fill up to the brim;
While *Zealots* repine,
We'll frolick and sing;
For *Oats* is confounded, that turn-coated *Round-head*,
Then let us be *Loyal*, and true to our King.

2.

A little old Conjuror threw so much Brass,
And Pewter, and Copper amongst the true Coyn;
That hardly a Penny of Money can pass,
But what is Clipt, Plated, or wash'd very fine,
But thine Boy, and mine,
Bears the Stamp of the King;
Then let's have more Wine,
While good Money we bring;

John Thum is confounded, that brazen fac'd *Round-head*,
Then let us be Loyal, and true to our King.

3

With such a bold, impudent, and brazen-face,
They'd pass for true *Mettle*, altho' but wash'd o're;
The Kings Stamp and Image they only disgrace,
As they did their Lord and Creator's before:
But thine Boy, and mine,
Bears the stamp of the King,
Then let's have more Wine,
While good Money we bring;

For *Care* is confounded, that *Shismatick Round-head*,
Then let us be Loyal and true to our King.

4

Yet (what is most noted) these *Brimingham Elves*
To bear the true stamp, are so brazen'd with Art,
That they wou'd have nothing to pass but themselves,
Altho' they'r but Copper, and Gall at the heart.
But thine Boy, and mine,
Bears the stamp of the King,
Then let's have more Wine,
While good Sterling we bring; [head,

Sow-sucking *Hog* is confounded, that treach'rous *Round-*
Then let us be Loyal, and true to our King.

5

They call themselves Loyal, nay more, love the King,
Yet *Royalists*, *Tory*, and *Papist* mis-call;
And rail at all those who stand up for the thing,
With *L'Estrange*, *Heraclitus*, and *Thompson*, and all.

N 3

'Gainst

'Gainst these, the Slaves
 Their Libels they sing;
 Yet they are the Knaves
 That do Libel the King;

But *Langley's* confounded, that *Phamphleting Round-head*
 Then let us be Loyal, and true to our King.

6

Thus *Brimingham* still the stamp-Royal rebukes,
 With Brazen-fac'd Impudence guilded so fine;
 Who hates the Kings Picture as well as the Dukes,
 And loves it in nothing unless in his Coyn;
 But let him still pass
 For a counterfeit thing,
 About with the Glafs,
 And merily sing;

For *Ben* is confounded, that *Cuckoldy Round-head*;
 Then let us be Loyal, and true to our King.

7

To the King and the Queen, fill it up to the top,
 The Duke & the Dutches, whom Heav'n has restor'd;
 And next *Hans in Kelder*, the *Royal Blew-Cap*;
 To all the true Issue, and each Loyal Lord.
 Crown every Glafs,
 Fill 'em up to the brim:
 About let 'em pass,
 While we merily Sing;
 For *Baldwin's* confounded, that impudent *Round-head*;
 Then let us be Loyal, and true to our King.

8

To brave *Albemarl*, the next we'll pursue,
 With *Worster*, and *Clarendon*, *Seymore*, and *Hall*;
 To all to their King, and their Countrey are true,
 Who *Loyalty* love, and confound the *Cabal*.
 If *Monarchy* shine,
 And *Bowman* but bring
 Good store of brisk Wine,
 We'll make the *Dog* ring;
 For *Tony's* confounded, that *Spiggoted Round-head*;
 Then let us be Loyal, and true to our King.

A New Song. To the Tune of, State and Ambition.

*Hark, hark, what noise is this that doth rebound,
And fills the buisie Air with pleasing sound?
What Glorious Object's this that Feasts our Eyes.
And strikes our heart with wonder, and surprise?
This is the happyest day that e're was seen,
Long live, and flourish both our King, and Queen.*

1

JAMES our Great Monarch is Crown'd with all Glory,
And ours the blest Nation that's under the Sun,
All the whole World is fill'd up with His Story;
Th'Applause He has gain'd, and th'Honour He has won.
On the rough Seas our Foes He opposed,
And purchas'd our freedom with the hazzard of His,
His Prudence preserv'd us, and wisely disposed,
Our hearts to unite, without danger, or strife.

2.

Neighbouring Nations our Amity Courteth,
So brave and so War-like is *James* our great King;
The *French*, *Dutch*, and *Spaniard* here daily resorteth,
And all other Nations their Complements bring;
For to Congratulate Great *CÆSAR'S* Glory,
Which spreads its clear Splendour o're all the vast *Globe*
Distractions are vanish'd of *Whigs*, and of *Tories*,
And seems contented from *Rags* to the *Robe*.

3

Then the *Hats* they flie off, & the *Healths* they go round us
To *James* our Just Monarch, & His Beauteous *Queen*,
The excess of our Joy, doth almost confound us,
A day of such Glory was never yet seen;
I'th' midst of our Bliss, 'tis a sin to be sober,
We'll forfeit our freedom if we do not drink fair,
He's not a good Subject, nor yet a true Toper,
That puzzles his Senses with Politick care.

4

The Bells, and the Bonfires cannot interrupt us,
 Our Frolicks goe round, and ascend to the Skie,
 The poyson of Policy ne're shall corrupt us;
 The sullen *Phanaticks* our company Flies.
 Let us not consume then our Brains with dull thinking,
 But kill the long hours with Pleasure, and Mirth;
 We'd rather expire with overmuch drinking,
 Than *Plotting*, and *Sotting* should have a new birth.

5

To all the King's Enemies we'd drink confusion,
 To Politick *Plotters* Destruction and Shame,
 We hope to convert them all in the Conclusion,
 And by our example to play a sure Game.
 Whilst their *Foppish* folly consumes them with dulness,
 And brings them at last to wry-mouth'd Grimaces,
 Our heats enlighten'd with Joy and With Fulness,
 When th' unpity'd *Plotter* doth die like an *Ass*.

6.

'Tis we're the bold Heroes that Guard the Nation,
 And raise its Glory more high than the Skies;
 Our Voices exalt now this great *Coronation*,
 And with Acclamations ill wishers defies:
 Their Charms are too weak, our Joys for to hinder,
 Which in our full Cups we cheerfully send,
 There's not in our Station so bold an Offendre,
 That dare but refuse us to drink to the end.

7

The bounty of *Heaven* show'r down all its blessings,
 Upon our good King and His amiable Queen,
 May no true Felicity ever be missing,
 But in Their full Splendour be perfectly seen.
 And may all Their Subjects with firm Loyal Duty
 Obey with content Their easie Commands;
 Like hearts that are Sacrific'd all to Her Beauty,
 May Their Royal Precepts at no time withstand.

*Oates's Lamentation, and a Vision that appear'd to him
since his Tryal; at the Kings-Bench. To the Tune of
State and Ambition.*

I

A Due to my Title, of *Saviour* o'th Nation,
My Forty *Commissions*, and *Spanish Black-Bills*,
My twelve Pound a week, and hopes of Salvation,
Six Dishes a day which my *Demons* oft fills:
Now I must be whipt thro' each Country o'th' Kingdom
In each Corporation in *Pillory* must stand,
Out-face the contempt of all *Christians*, & when done,
Must return home for *Tyburn*, to hang & be damn'd.

2

I no God nor Devil believed nor feared,
Until since my Tryal one night in the Goal,
A Legion of Fiends in my Chamber appeared,
There over my *Brazen-fac'd* Conscience did quale:
They shew'd all my actions, my *Bums* and my *Postures*,
As we us'd to scamper on Flock-beds and Floors;
How I am the worst of all *Sodomites* Bastards,
I stuck to my *Bums* and kickt out all the *Whores*.

3

Then *Whitebread & Fenwick*, brave *Garvin & Harcourt*,
Turner and Pickering, *Coleman and Langborn*,
Ireland, Grove, Staley; I deserve to hang for't,
And *Stafford* came bleeding and in the same form,
Their heads in their hands, they quite round me moved
Blood sprung as from Fountains where their heads had
This *Vision* with horror my *Conscience* reproved [stood,
They left all my Chamber besmeared with blood.

4

No Mercy from God, nor Man I can hope, for
Abus'd both my Countrey, my God and my King,
The Destruction of all I most falsely have sworn for,
The most Loyal Families to ruine did bring;

Ng

Yet

Yet am so Case-hardned ; I cannot repent it,
 My Soul is swell'd bigger than it was before :
 Black *Treason* or *Murder*, I still would attempt it,
 Were I to be Damn'd, and hang'd at the Door.

5

Tony and *Sidney* were left that imploy'd me,
 Sent me to St. *Omers* a Plot for to find ; [me,
 They found me a *Fool* for their turn when they'd try'd
 'Zounds, I all the while left the Plot here behind,
 Which 3 parts o'th' Nation with *Tony* had signed ;
 Resolv'd to Rebel, and our King to Dethrone ;
 But his Stars by providence, ours hath out-shined.
 And left me like a Rogue to be hang'd all alone.

6

Twenty from St. *Omers* all proved me Perjur'd,
 And Fifty from *Staffordshire* made it as plain,
Ireland dy'd wrongfully to my Souls hazard,
 And all that I swore against dyed the same ;
 Besides, my own Evidence came in against me,
 Call'd me Rogue, and spiller of Innocent Blood ;
 Yet still I'll deny all to save those advanc'd me,
 Whose Party maintains me with *Gold, Drink & Food*.

7

Then he like a Hog fell to snorting I left him,
 Ty'd up with his Irons and his bloody black Soul,
 Content to be Dama'd as old *Tony* had taught him,
 For Perjured Murder, no Fiend e're so foul :
 Yet he must be hang'd for the honour o'th' Nation,
 That *Innocent Blood* may not threaten the Crown
 Of the King or Queen *Mary*, the Worlds admiration,
 Whose *Scepter* shall flourish and ne're tumble down.

The Loyal Irish-man. Tune, Irish Trot' or Fingaul Fig.



M¹Y bony dear *Shony*, my Crony, my Honey,
Why dost thou grumble, and keep in thy words
Sighing and crying, and groaning and frowning, [so?
Ah why dost thou still lay thy hand on thy Sword so?
What if the *Traitors* will talk of States-matters,
And rail at the King, without cause or reason:
We'll Love on, and let business alone,
For billing and kissing can ne'er be found *Treason*.

²
Plotting and Sotting, and railing and fooling;
Gods Nowns, with the Rabble is now all the Fashion:
Swearing and Tearing, Caballing and Brawling;
By *Chreest* and *St. Patrick*, 'twill ruine the Nation:
He's but a *Widgeon* that talks of Religion,
Since Rebels are now the *Reformers* and *Teachers*,
Sodoms Disciples Debauches the People,
Good *Heaven* defend us from more of such *Preachers*.

³
Visions, Seditions, and railing Petitions,
The Rabble receive, and are wondrous merry:
All can remember the fifth of *November*,
But no man the thirtieth of *January*:

Talk

Talking of *Treason* without and Reason,
 Will lose the poor City its bountiful *Charter*;
 The *Commons* harranging will them to hanging,
 Tho' each Puppy hopes to be *Knight of the Garter*.

³
Clayton and *Payton*, *Papillion* that Villain,
 With *Cornish* and *Ward* are the *Monarchy* Hunters,
 Rascals too low are, to Lodge in the *Tower*,
 And scarcely are fitting to fill up the *Compter*;
Bethel is fled too, and *Tony* is dead too,
 Our Fate to befriend us, made bold to strike *Sir*:
 Routed the *Bigot* and pull'd out the *Spigot*,
 His Fame and his Body now stinks all alike *Sir*.

Ignoramus Justice. Tune, Sir Eglemore.



¹
Did you not hear of a *Peer* that was Try'd?
 With a *fa, la, la, la, la,*
 That lookt like a Cask with a *Tap* in his side,
 With a *fa, la, la, la, la.*
 This *Noble Peer* to the Bar was call'd,
 The *Witnesses* sworn, but the *Fire-man* out-bawl'd;
 With a *fa, la, la, la, la,*

2. Then

2

Then up Sir Samuel did start ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

And found the Bill not worth a F--t ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

With that the Court kept such a stir,

The Fore-man should prove to silly a Sir,

With a fa, la, &c.

3

The Witnesses for the King swore plain,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But had they been as many again,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

The Jury before such Truths receiv'd,

Nor them, nor St. Peter they would have believ'd ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

4

The Witnesses brought him a Traytor in ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But the Jury found it another thing ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

For he who did still his King oppose,

Is made a true Subject in spite of the Laws ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

5

Thus this great Lord of High Renown,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Th' exalted Idol of the Town ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Is clear'd by Ignoramus-sway,

For betraying the King and the Church in a day ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

6

The Rabble to shew their Loyalty,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Did in full shouts with the Jury agree ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

3

They

278 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

They Bonfires made with great applause,
And all to maintain the *Good Old Cause*,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

And now in spight of King and Queen;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
More Jollity was in the streets to be seen:
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Than on the twenty Ninth of *May*,
Though it was the *Restoration* day;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Another passage I chanced to hear,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
That the *Doctor* is fallen from the Front to the Rear,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
He to the *Saints* does now incline,
Abjures the *King*, and with *Rebels* combine;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Yet these pretend now for to inherit,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
(As Heirs do Estates) the *Light of the Spirit*;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Yet let them say or do what they will,
They'll find themselves *Ignoramus* still;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

But had it been a *Popish* Lord,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
One Witness then had serv'd in a word;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
They had not then enquir'd so far,
But found it, and never had stept from the Bar,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

If by this Law the *Charter* be lost,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Will *Tony's* Estate repay all the Cost?

With a fa, la, la, &c.

The Boys will then find out the Chear,
And *De Witt* the Old *Canibal* in his retreat;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

12

They'll curse the Pate that studied to bring,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Plague to the Countrey, and ruine to th' King?

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Divested thus of *'Chitophels* Pride,

They'l do him that *Justice* which *Juries* deny'd;

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Truth *Tryumphant*, over *Perjury Rampant*; on the *Tryal*
of the *Salamanca Doctor* at the *Kings-Bench-Bar*,
May the 8th. and 2th. 1685. Tune, *Sir Eglemore*.

1

Here was a *Doctor* of Antient Fame,

With a Sa-la-manca la,

He never was Christned, yet carried the Name

Of a Sa-la-manca la.

A *Popish* Holder-forth was he,

A *Doctor* he was, yet ne'er took Degree,

At Sa-la-manca, sa-la, Sa-la-manca la.

2

This *Doctor* he was a *Knight* of the *Post*,

With a Sa-la-manca la,

And amongst the *Evidence* rul'd, the Roast,

With a Sa-la-manca la.

He nothing but the Truth did swear,

But the Devil a word of Truth was there,

With a Sa-la-manca, &c.

3

A turn-coat *Orthodox* Divine,

With a Sa-la-manca la,

And cou'd amongst the *Brethren* whine;

With a Sa-la-manca la.

A dangerous Plot he did disclose
Against the King, yet stuck to his Foes,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

His Nose was made of shining Brass,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
With a Mouth in the middle of his Face,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.
When all the Pack was on the scent,
This *Blood-hound* he all the *Beagles* out-went,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

The Doctor a step had so damnable wide,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
'Twixt London and Paris he could easily stride,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.
One Foot in St. Clements at the White Horse,
And 'tother astride at St. Omers-Cross,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

He had a delicate *Eagles* Eye,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
Five hundred miles distant his Prey he could spy,
With a *Se-la-manca la*.
He could see old Ireland in the Strand,
And little Don John in the Austrian Band,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

Like Jupiter he had an Ear,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
At once all Mortals he could hear,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.
What's said in England, Spain, or France,
Tho' he never heard Truth, but when he heard Prance,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

But now alas! by the Leg he is ty'd,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,

Which

Which has quite spoil'd his striding so wide,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.

In Links and in Chains our *Jove* they bind,
And the *Doctor* is to one place confin'd,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

6

Thus clog'd with his Garters, and ready at call,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,

The *Doctor* was summon'd to *Westminstet-Hall*;
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.

With Joyful shouts, and Tuneful strains,
The Clog of his *Conscience* and the ratling of Chains,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

10

Of Witnesses a Noble Train,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,

Came from St. *Omers*, *France*, and *Spain*,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.

Both *Judge* and *Prelate* thither came,
To say what they cou'd in the *Doctor's* Fame,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

11

And now by what it did appear,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,

And all the *Evidence* summon'd there,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.

The *Assè* for all his long loud Ear,
Not one true word of himself could hear,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

12

The first he heard was a Fatal Note,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,

You are Guilty Sir *Rogue* of a Damnable Plot,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.

But to hear himself *Perjur'd*, and *Damn'd* withal,
He had better have had no Ears at all;
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

13

Then Hanging had been his Destiny,
 With a *Sá-la-manca la*,
 And never disgrac'd the Pillory,
 With a *Sa-la manca la*.
 But now he's bound in Garter and Cuff
 To do Penance within a *Wooden-Ruff*,
 With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

14

Not all his Spells can shun this Fate
 With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
 Although the Brethren Pawn'd their Plate,
 With a *Sa-la-manca la*.
 Although he Poyson'd the Dog, with hope
 Of scaping with 35 Fathoms of Rope,
 With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

15

By many lengths here he out-run the Plot,
 With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
 When but one was predestin'd to be his Lot,
 With a *Sa-la-manca la*.
 And may such Fate all *Whigs* attend,
 Who with Loyal pretence, prove *Rogues* in the end,
 With a *Sa-la-manca la*.

*Unfortunate Jockey; or Jenneys Lamentation for the
 loss of Jockey. To an Excellent new Tune.*

I

TWa bony Lads were *Sawney* and *Jockey*,
Sawney was lewd, and *Jockey* unlucky,
Sawney was tall, well favour'd, and wity,
 But I'ie in my heart thought *Jockey* more pretty,
 For when he su'd me, woo'd me, and view'd me,
 Never was Lad so like to undo me,
 Fie I cry'd, and almost dy'd,
 Lest *Jockey* should gang and come no more to me

2 *Jockey*.

2

Jockey would Love, but he would not Marry,
And I've had a dread that I've should miscarry,
His cunning Tongue with wit was so gilded,
That I've was afraid my heart would have yielded;
For daily he prefs'd me, kiss'd me and bless'd me,
Lost was the hour methought when he mist me,
Crying, denying, and sighing, I woo'd him,
And muckle ado I had to get fro him.

3

But cruel Fate rob'd me of my Jewel,
For *Sawny* would make him fight in a Duel,
And down in a Dale with *Cypress* surrounded,
Ah! there to his death poor *Jockey* was wounded;
But when he thrill'd him, fell'd him, kill'd him,
Who could express my grief that beheld him?
Raging, I tore my Hair for to bind him,
And vow'd and swore I'd ne're stay behind him.

4

I sigh'd and sob'd until I was weary,
To think my poor *Jockey* should so miscarry;
And never was any in such a sad taking,
As hapless *Jenny*, whose heart is still aking,
To think how I crost him, tost him, and lost him,
Too late it was to Cohn words to accost him;
Alone then I sat lamenting and crying,
Still wishing each minuit that I were a dying.

5

Ah! *Jockey* since thou behind thee hast left me,
And death of all joys and all comfort bereft me;
Thy destiny I will lament very mickle,
And down my pale cheeks salt tears they shall trickle;
To ease me of trouble each bubble shall double,
To think my *Jockey* so Loyal and Noble,
I've grieve for to think that those eyes are benighted,
Wherein mournful *Jenny* so much once delighted.

6

That blow Oh *Sawny* was base and unlucky,
 That robbed poor *Jenny* of her dearest *Jockey*,
 A bonny boon Youth 'twas known he was ever,
 To please his poor *Jenny* was still his endeavour;
 But 'twas fortune uncertain, our parting,
 Procured and caused this breaking and smarting,
 But whilst I do live, 'tis resolved by *Jenny*,
 For *Jockeys* dear sake, ne're to lig more with any.

7

Thus *Jenny* for *Jockey* lay sighing and weeping,
 Oft wringing her hands while others were sleeping,
 But *Sawny* to see her thus strangely distressed
 For the loss of her Love, his heart was oppressed.
 Tho' this deluder, view'd her, and su'd her,
 'Twas all but in vain, for she call'd him intruder;
 And said, if I die you for my Love, I will mock ye,
 For you were the cause of the death of my *Jockey*,

8,

That bonny brave *Scot* hath left nene behind him
 That like to himself was worthy of minding,
 His Fathers delight, and the joy of his Mother,
 And *Scotland* before ne're bred like another;
 When I think on his Beauty, let duty confute ye,
 Death never before had like a great booty;
 For all that do know him, do sigh and bewail him,
 But Oceans of tears now can little avail him,

9

Ah! *Jockey* there's nene that are left to inherit
 The *Tyrke* of thy virtues, thou wonderful merit,
 But whilst I do live thou shalt not be forgotten.
 I'll sing out thy praise when thy Carkass is rotten.
 For thou wast the fairest, rarest, and dearest,
 And now thou art dead, like a Saint thou appearest,
 I'll have on thy Tomb-stone these Verses inserted,
Here lies hopeless Jockey, who was so true hearted.

And when this thy *Motto* shall fairly be written,
 There's none shall read but with grief shall be smitten,
 And say 'twas pity that one so true hearted,
 Should by cruel Death from his *Jenny* be parted.
 And thus I with weeping, creeping, and peeping,
 Look into thy Grave where thou dost lie sleeping,
 Till sighing, my self I have brought to my end,
 To shew that poor *Jenny* was *Jockeys* true Friend.

*Tony's Soliloques. Tune, The Lamentation of a bad
 Market.*

WHEN the *Plot* I first invented,
 I was ravisht in conceit,
 To see its Frame so well cemented,
 Varnish'd over with deceit.
 It was an Infant of my Spirit,
 Nay, the darling of my Soul,
 If its contrivance be a merit,
 By *Jove* the *Cooper* did well Boul.

For to give this *Engine* motion,
 To arrive where it did tend,
 I fill'd the Vulgar ears with notions,
 And Gospel of my *Oaten* Friend;
 I antidated all Transactions,
 Distinguish'd Stiles of new and old,
 In the State I made such *Fractions*;
 Some I bought, and some I sold.

The *Mobile* I so Distemper'd,
 With the *Magick* of my Care,
 None but wou'd his Soul have ventur'd,
 Where brave *Tony* bore a share?

Have

6

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 With the *Magick* of my Care,
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 Where brave *Tony* bore a ſhare?

Have

Have I not in *Abomination*

Held the *Mitre* and *Lawn-Sleeves*;
And Itcht at a second *Sequestration*,
To pull down such *Ghostly Theeves*.

⁴
Have I not taught the *Sanhedrim*
To Imperate, and not Obey?
Th' had *Genusflections* done to Them,
Which Men to Crowned heads do pay.
Then would I banter for Repeal
O'th' Five and Thirtieth of Queen *Bess*,
To make a way for *Commonweal*,
(The Centre of our happiness.)

⁵
How many hot and high Debates,
In favour of th' *Exclusive Bill*,
I bandy'd 'twixt the two Estates,
Th' effects of my depraved will!
By Subornation to the *Block*
I brought a *Guiltless Noble Peer*;
And trusted others to that Lock,
Which cost my *Buck* — and me so dear.

⁶
In fine, poor profligated *Wretch*,
For to indulge my Minions spight,
My Sacred Conscience I did stretch,
And did Old *Rowley's* Guards Indict.
I did Espouse all *Wickedness*,
And only lov'd what's purely evil;
In that alone was my excess;
Then take thy own *Associate Devil*.

A new Song on the Instalment of Sir John Moor, Lord Mayor of London. Tune St. George for England.

¹
YOU London Lads rejoyce,
 And cast away your Care,
 Since with one Heart and Voice
 Sir *John* is chosen Mayor,
 The Famous Sir *John Moor*,
 Lord Mayor of *London Town*,
 To your Eternal Praise,
 Shall stand a Subject of Renown,
 Amongst your Famous Worthies
 Who have been most esteem'd;
 For Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
 Your Honour hath Redeem'd.
 Sir *John* he's for the Kings Right,
 Which Rebels would destroy,
 Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

²
 When with a Hide-bound Mayor,
 The *Town* was in Distraction,
 Sir *John* clapt in the Chair,
 And cur'd the *Hall* of Faction:
 He to the People shew'd
 Their Duty and Allegiance;
 How to the Sacred King and Laits
 They pay their due Obedience,
 Sir *George* unto the People,
 A Loyal Speech did give,
 But Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
 Your Honour did retrieve.
 Sir *John* is for Allegiance,
 Which Rebels would destroy.
 Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

3.

When thou wast last, O London,
 In Faction and Sedition ;
 By *Whigs* and *Zealots* are undone,
 While they were in Commission ;
 When *Treason* like old *Noll's* Brigade,
 Did Gallop through the Town,
 And Loyalty, (a tyr'd Jade)
 Had cast her Rider down :
 The Famous Sir *George Jefferys*,
 Your Charter did maintain ;
 But Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
 Restor'd your Fame again.
Sir John he is for Monarchy,
Which Rebels would destroy,
 Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

4.

When the *Mayor* with *Sheriff's* mounted,
 And Jealousies contriv'd,
 And all the Town run after,
 As if the Devil driv'd ;
 Then Famous Sir *John Moor*,
 Thy Loyalty restor'd,
 And Noble Sir *George Jeffereys*,
 Who did the Acts Record :
 Sir *George* of all the *Heroes*
 Deserves the foremost place ;
 But Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
 Hath got the Sword and Mace,
Sir John he is for Justice,
Which Rebels wou'd destroy.
 Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

5

Sir *Patience* wou'd have the Court
 Submit unto the City,
White-Hall stoop to the *Change*,
 And is not that a Pity ?
Sheriff Bethel (save Allegiance)
 Thinks nothing a Transgression :

Sir

Sir *Tom* rails at the Lawful Prince,
 Sir *Bob* at the Succession ;
 While still the brave Sir *George*
 Does their Fury interpose :
 But Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
 Maintains the Royal Cause.
 Sir *John* is for His Highness,
 Whom Rebels would destroy.
 Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

6

Sir *Patience* is for a Parliament,
 Sheriff *Bethel* a Petition
 Instead of an Address,
 Cram'd brim full of Seditious.
 Sir *Tom* he is for Liberty,
 Against Prerogative.
 Sir *Bob* is for the Subjects Right,
 But will not Justice give,
 And brave Sir *George* does
 All their Famous Deeds Record :
 But Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
 Your Loyalty restor'd.
 Sir *John* he's for the Int'rest,
 Which Rebels wou'd destroy.
 Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

7

Sir *Patience* he calls for Justice,
 And then the wretch will sham us,
 Sheriff *Bethel* he packs a Jury
 Well vers'd in Ignoramus ;
 Sir *Tom* wou'd hang the Tory,
 And let the Whig go free ;
 Sir *Bob* wou'd have a Commonwealth,
 And cry down Monarchy.
 While still the brave Sir *George*
 Does all their Deeds Record ;
 But Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
 Your Loyalty Restor'd.

Q

Sir

Sir John he is for Justice,
Which Rebels won'd destroy.
 Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

8

And many such Loyal *Mayors*
 As honest *Sheriffs* find;
 Such *Sheriffs* find a *Fury*
 Will to the King be kind;
 And may the King live long,
 To rule such People here?
 And may ye such a Lord *Mayor* find,
 And *Sheriffs* every year:
 That *Traytors* may receive
 The Justice of the Laws,
 While Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
 Maintains the Royal Cause.
Sir John is for the King still,
Whom Rebels would destroy.
 Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Coy Jenny, and constant Jemmy. To the Tune of, Tell
me Jenny, &c.

Jemmy.

Tell me *Jenny*, tell me roundly,
 When you will your heart surrender:
 Faith and troth I Love thee soundly,
 'Tis I that was the first Pretender:
 Ne're say nay, nor delay,
 Here's my heart, and here's my hand to,
 All that's mine, shall be thine,
 Body and Goods at thy command too

Jenny.

Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Jenny*,
 Have you promis'd to be true to?
 Fie, I think the Devil's in ye,
 To hug a Body so as you do:

What

What d'ye do, let me go,
I can't abide such foolish doing;
Get ye gone, naughty Man,
Fie, is this your way of Wooing?

Jenny.

Prithee *Jenny* don't despise me,
Since I am thy Faithful Lover;
I above the *Indies* Prize thee,
And my mind to thee discover;
Takeno care, for I swear,
Thou shalt be my only Jewel;
Grant Relief to my Grief,
Prithee Dearest be not cruel.

Jenny.

All your words cannot deceive me,
For I know you do but flatter,
When your will is gain'd, you'll leave me
For to mince upon the matter:
Therefore know, to your Bow,
I will never yield or bend to,
For I find, words are wind,
Whatsoever you pretend to.

Thus at length they both consented,
Nothing could these Lovers sever,
And their Friends were well contented,
They resolv'd to love for ever;
They went, with intent,
To the Kirk for to be Married,
Both did joyn, and combine,
Vex'd that they so long had tarry'd.

*Loyalty unfeigned, or, the true Protestants Admonition,
To an Excellent new Tune.*



HOld fast Thy Sword and Scepter *James*
 sad times are coming on,
 The murmures that do daily rise,
 Smell rank of *Forty One*.
 When Subjects give their King advice
 What their Expence should be,
 It is a sign they love no Kings,
 Or Kings themselves would be.

But mark the *Papists* wills awhile,
 And you will find them great,
 How willing they are to act a new,
 From *Forty One* to *Eight* ;
 The World against them doth complain ;
 Their Cruelties abhor,
 That take delight in cursed *Plots*,
 To raise up Civil War.

3.

They Plotted on our late troubles here,
Though others pushed them on,
Phanaticks they were in the Reer,
And *Papists* in the Van:
Whilst those who first imbroyl'd the State,
Did laugh at our sad Woes,
When they beheld our strong debate
Turn'd to unfriendly blows.

4

Till three great Nations sweat in blood,
And many thousands slain,
The Bosom of the Earth bestrew'd,
Like dewy drops of Rain;
Then was the time that *Rome* laugh'd loud,
And sported with our rage,
Till thrusting in amongst the Crowd,
That did fierce Battel wage.

5.

Against the Lords Anointed King,
Perswading 'twas the way
The Royal Power to nought to bring;
By killing him bore sway;
This *Jesuitick* Doctrine soon,
(Oh Fatal for to tell)
Trampl'd upon the Sacred Crown,
By it the *Mitre* fell.

6

Thus Church and State bled, whilst *Rome's* Whore,
The Scarlet Beast did ride,
The many-headed Factions bore
Her in her greatest Pride;
And patiently sustain'd the Yoak,
From which they deem'd them free,
For then Religion was a Cloak
To cover *Roguary*,

7

Nor can it be more geievous sure,
 Than when the Proud commands;
 Of *Usurpation* we induce,
 Curb'd by our Equals hands:
 Princes are Noble, and what they
 Impose we can disgust,
 In their Commands we God obey,
 For they dispence Heav'ns trust.

8

Then let us all beware in time,
 That *Rome* don't us deceive,
 And evermore abhor the crime
 Of such as seek *Geneve*:
 Let the blood-thirsty *Villains* all,
 And slaughter seeking Crew,
 Of *Shismatics* before the fall,
 Great *Monarch* just and true.

9

Then will the Nation rest in peace,
 Both *Church* and *State* will be,
 Founded on perfe& Happiness,
 Great *JAMES's Monarchy*
 Will then its former Lustre gain,
France then will stand in awe.
 Who now does tryumph o're the Main,
 And give the Nations Law.

10

Remember, Kings are Gods on Earth,
 For Heaven 'tis they bear sway,
 And are most Sacred from their Birth,
 Which binds us to obey:
 Then let such *perin* who deny
 Obedience to the Laws,
 That do repine at *Majesty*,
 Or seek the *Good old Cause*.

A Song upon the King of Poland, and the Prince of the Land of Promise. Tune, Hold fast thy Crown and Scepter Charles.

1 Prince.

O Poland Monster of our life
Corruption of our Age;
Which on my Infant hours didst smile,
Till thou inflam'd the Rage
Of my Ambitious Soul, to sore
Above its defil'd Sphear;
And Icarus-like. I now must low'r;
Transform'd into Despair.

2

Now all my Trophies of success,
Are in Oblivion drown'd;
And none for me dare now Address,
Where I hop'd to be Crown'd.
I by thy false blind Plots am sham'd,
Fool'd from a glorious Sway,
Snatch'd from a Fathers Arms, and damn'd;
Like all that disobey.

3

Thou call'dst my nearest Friends at Court,
Soft, easie, absurd Tools,
That Kings were but for States-mens Sport,
The Council, Knaves and Fools;
But I, poor I, find now too late,
Your Polish Grace can lie;
None prov'd more weak at the foils of State
Than poor silly Tom and I.

4

Now that Imperial Crown, which you,
For me so fit had made,
Is fal'n and broke, I know not how,
And all our Wiles betray'd;

296 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

Our foul Cabals, and *Wapping* Treats,
Retrench'd to secret Holes :
Treasure the strength our Greatness waits
In these rough reared Walls.

Poland.

Thou mighty Prince, by the Elect,
I'th' *Land of Promise* sways ;
Thy tim'rous Soul is the defect
Of our declining days.
What brighter prospect can't propose,
To magnifie thy Name,
Than *Hearts* and *Arms & Power* of those,
That rule both Law and Fame ?

6

The Rustick *Swains* want not the word,
No Magazines, nor Horse,
'Zounds Sixty Thousand by the Sword,
Defy both Fate and Curse.
They'll lay Three Kingdoms at our Feet,
In Blood and mangled Brains ;
Then the *Train-Bands, Cinque-Ports & Fleet,*
At our Command remains.

7

Though *Rowley* and his Brother joyns,
And Wheel around the Park :
Like two Yoak't Oxen, tug and twine
'Gainst our Designs i'th' dark,
And wisely weigh ; their Wits have wrought
Our Potent Partners fall ;
That Conquest must be dearer bought,
Else *Tony* Hangs for all.

8

We have reserv'd Machines in Store,
To raise more daring Flames,
Than Mortals e're Conspir'd before ;
Or Damned Furies Frames,
If e're a *Parliament* be call'd,
Our Representatives there

Shall

Shall scorn to be out-box'd or bawl'd,
In Countrey, Tōwn, or Shire.

Then every Member of the *Cause*,
Amidst the Rabbie Rude,
Who shall decide the *Poll* with blows,
And quash the *Tory* Crowd,
Then stick to *Time*, whilst Heads are hot,
Our Force together brings:
If this best *Plot*, at last fail not,
By *Christ*, we'll both be Kings!

The Plotting-Cards requir'd, or the New Game of Forty,
One. *Tune*, I'll tell thee *Dick*, &c.



Come, cut again; the *Game*'s not done,
Though strangely yet the *Cards* have run,
As if they pack'd had been:
Most likely are to lose; and say,
They know not what's next best to play:
Such shuffling re're was seen.

2

Look well (my Masters) to your hits,
 And have about you all your Wits;
 For high the *Play* does run:
Three Kingdoms now at stake do lie,
 And *Rocks* all *Hocus-tricks* do try,
 That ye may be undone.

3

On *Clubs* and *Spades* some wholly bett,
 For they the most are like to get;
 Whilst *Hearts* in vain contest,
 And *Diamonds* too, (unto their cost
 That have them) sure are to be lost:
 The *Blackest Cards* are best.

4

God bless all *Kings* and *Queens*, tho' now
 The best *Coat-Cards*, (the *Lord* knows how)
 At this preposterous *Game*,
 Are like all to commanded be,
 And *Trump* with all their *Royalty*.
 By every *Knavish Pam---*

5

So *Hewson* blind (tho' he be dead)
 Alive, was by blind *Fortune* led,
 And still did winning go;
 And ever since we find, that he
 Sweeps all with his *Effigie*,
 The great *Pamphilio*.

6

Nay, *Trays* and *Duces*, which were deem'd
 The basest *Cards*, are now esteem'd
 Prime ones, to win the day;
 He that (you see) to gain the *Prize*,
 For *Kings* and *Queens* you must despise,
 And *Honours* throw away.

7

Thus the best *Cards* are now the worst,
 And what was *Last* is become *First*:
 No wonder now a days,

Thy

The Nation topsy turvey lies;
And (as 'twere, pleas'd with Contraries)
At losing Load 'em Plays.

The Second Part.

¹
THis is like some *Eutopian Game*,
Where *Servant-Maids* controll their *Dame*,
And *Kings* are *Subjects* made:
Felons, their *Judges* do *Indict*;
And he a *Traytor* is down-right,
Who falsly is betray'd.

²
A *Dunce*, who never took *Degrees*,
But such as lead to Villanies,
A *Doctor* is most found:
And who, to furnish his own want,
Can seize *Gold Cross*, or *Silver Saint*,
A *Justice* is Renown'd.

³
Who Horse to Battel never led,
But has with many Horses fled
Out of of his Neighbours Field,
A *Captain* was; and with his *Word*
Kills more, than with his duller *Sword*.
He ever made to yield.

⁴
A *Villain* who can cheat his Lord,
Gets Chains of *Gold* instead of *Cord*,
And is from Prison freed;
For *Him*, who says he *Murder'd*, has
A *Pardon*, both for that does pass,
And all that e're he did.

⁵
Who for foul *Crimes* and *Forgeries*,
Has worn the *Yok* of *Pillories*,
And has been *Whipt* about.

300 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

If he but add new *Perjury*,
He wipes off past *Iniquity*;
And speaks *Truth* without doubt.

6

He *that* had rather choose to die,
Than to redeem his life with lie,
Is th' only *Perjur'd Rogue* :
And they who damn themselves to live,
Sure signs of their *Probation* give,
For they'r the *Saints* in *Vogue*.

7

Then *Play* away, (good Country-man,)
What *Hand's* the best, is now most plain ;
And boldly thou may'st *Stake* :
A *Pack* of *Knaves* together get,
And never doubt to win the *Set* ;
For they the *Voll* will make.

The Kings Health, set to Farinell's Grounds. In six Parts

First Strain.

JOy to Great *Cæsar*,
Long Life, Love and Pleasure ;
'Tis a Health that Divine is,
Fill the Bowl high as mine is ;
Let none fear a Feaver,
But take it off thus Boys ;
Let the King live for ever,
'Tis no matter for us Boys.

Second Strain.

TRy all the Loyal,
Defy all,
Give denial ;
Sure none thinks his Glass too big here,

Not

Nor any *Prig* here,
Or Sneaking *Whig* here;
Of Cripple *Tony's* Crew,
That now looks blew,
His Heart akes too,
The *Tap* won't do,
His Zeal so true,
And Projects new,
Ill Fate does now pursue,

Third Strain.

Let *Tories* Guard the King,
Let *Whigs* in Halters swing;
Let *Pilk* and *Shute* be sham'd,
Let Bugg'ring *Oates* be damn'd;
Let Cheating *Player* be nick'd,
The turn-coat Scribe be kick'd;
Let Rebel *City Dons*
Ne'r beget their Sons;
Let ev'ry *Whiggish* Peer,
That Rapes a Lady fair,
And leaves his only Dear
The Sheets to gnaw and tear,
Be punish'd out of hand,
And forc'd to pawn his Land
T'atone the grand Affair.

Fourth Strain.

Great *James*, like *Jehovah*, spares those would un-
[King Him,
And warms with His *Graces* the *Vipers* that sting Him;
Till Crown'd with just Anger, the Rebels He seizes;
Thus Heaven can thunder when ever it pleases.

Fig.

Then to the *Duke* fill, fill up the Glas,
The Son of our *Martyr* belov'd of the King:
Envy'd and Lov'd.
Yet Bless'd from above,
Secur'd by an Angel safe under his Wing.

Sixth Strain.

F Action and Folly,
 And State Melancholly,
 With Tony in *Whigland* for ever shall dwell;
 Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty,
 Then teach us our Duty,
 For none e're can Love, or be Wise and Rebel.

*Advice to the City, or the Whigs Loyalty:
 To a Theorbo.*

R Emember ye *Whists* what was formerly done,
 Remember your *Mischiefs* in *Forty* and *One*,
 When *Friend* oppos'd *Friend*, and *Father* the *Son*,
 Then, then the *Old Cause* went rarely on;
 The *Cap* sat a loft, and low was the *Crown*,
 The *Rabble* got up, and the *Nobles* went down;
 Lay *Elders* in *Tubs*,
 Rul'd *Bishops* in *Robes*,
 Who mourn'd the sad *Fate*
 And dreadful *Disaster*,
 Of their *Royal Master*,
 By *Rebels* betray'd.

Then *London* be wise, and baffle their *Power*,
 And let them Play the *Old Game* no more;
 Hang up the *Shrieves*
 Those *Baboons* in *Power*,
 Those *Popular Thieves*,
 Those *Rats* of the *Tower*,
 Whose *Canting Tale* the *Rabble* believes,
 In a hurry, and never sery;
 Nerrily they go on,
 Fy for *Shame*,
 We're too tame. Since they clame the *Combat*;
 Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra,
 Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra;
 Dub, a dub, and let the *Drum* beat,
 The strong *Militia* guard the *Throne*.

2 When

When *Faction* possesses the popular Voice,
The *Cause* is supply'd still with *Non-sence* and *Noise*,
And *Tony* their *Speaker*, the *Rabble* leads on,
He knows if we prosper, that he must then run.
Carolina must be his next Station of ease,
And *London* be rid of her worst Disease,

From *Plots* and from *Spies*,
From *Treason* and *Lies*,
We shall ever be free,
And the Law shall be able,
To punish a *Rebel*
As cunning as he.

Then *London* be wise, &c.

Rebellion ne're wanted a Loyal pretence;
These *Villains* swear all's for the good of their Prince:
Oppose our *Elections*, to shew what they dare,
And losing their *Charter*, Arrest the *Lord Mayor*;
Fool *Jenks* was the first o'th' *Cuckoldy Crew*,
With *Ellis*, and *Jeykel*, and *Hubland* the *Jew*;
Fam'd Sparks of the Town,
For Wealth and Renown,
Give the Devil his due,
And as we fear,
Had their Sovereign been there,
Th had Arrested him too.

Then *London* be wise. &c.

The West-Country-man's Song at a Wedding.

Uds hearty wouuds, I fe not to *Plowing*, not I Sir,
Because I hear there's sach hard doings hard by Sir.
Thomas the *Minstrel*, he's gone twinkling before Sir,
And they talk there will be or three more Sir,
Who the *Rat* can mind either *Eyard* or *Ball* Sir,
Or any thing at all Sir,
For thinking of Drinking i'th' *Hall* Sir, E'gad

E'gad not I, let Master fret it and storm it,
 I am resolv'd, I'm sure there can be no harm in't;
 Who would lose the right of *Lasses* and *Pages*,
 And pretty little *Sue*, when she ever ingages?
 E'gad not I, I'd rather lose all my Wages.

2

There's my Lord has got the curiouslest Daughter,
 Look but on her, she'll make the Chops on thee water.
 This is the Day the Ladies are all about her,
 Zome to feed her, zome to dress her, and clout her,
 Ods bud, she's grown the veatest, the neatest, the sweetest
 The pretty't little rouge, & all men do say the discreetest,
 There's ne're a Girl that wears a head in the Nation,
 But must give place since Mrs. *Betty's* Creation,
 She's zo good, zo witty, zo pretty to please ye;
 Zo charitable kind, zo curtiuous and loving, and easie,
 That I've bound to make a Maid of my Mother,
 If *London* Town can e're fend down zuch another.

3

Next my Lady in her gallant Apparel,
 I've not forget the thundring thumping *Barrel*,
 There's such drink, the strongest head can't bear it,
 'Twill make a Vool of *Zack*, or *White-Wine*, or *Claret*,
 And such plenty that 20 or 30 good *Vellows*,
 May tippie off their *Cups* until they lie down on their
 [Pillows. [head zo
 Then hit off thy *Vrock* and don't stond scratching thy
 For thither I'll go, *Ods Wounds*, because I've zed zo.

The Dyet of Cowly.

NOW, now my Love, the greatest Oath that is;
 None loves you half so well as I,
 I do not ask your Love for this,
 But for *Heaven's* believe me or I die;
 No servant e're but did deserve,
 His Master should believe that he does serve;
 And I'll ask no more wages tho' I starve.

2

'Tis no *luxurious* Diet ; this, and sure,
I can't by't too lussy prove,
Yet shall it willingly endure ;
If I can but keep together Life and Love,
Being your Prisoner, and your slave ;
I do not *Feasts* nor *Banquets* love to have,
A little *Bread* and *Water's* all I crave.

3

On a sigh of Pity, I a year can live ;
One tear will keep me twenty at least ;
Fifty, a gentle look will give ;
A hundred, on one kind word I'll Feast :
A thousand more added be,
If you an inclination have for me ;
And all beyond is vast Eternity.

The Discoverers Discover'd. To a new Tune,

1

DOwn *Discoverers*, who so long have Plotted,
With holy fams to gull the Nation,
Both *Peer* and *Prelate* they uselefs Voted,
By the old Babes of *Reformation* :
Property's all their cry, *Rights* and *Freedom*,
Laws and *Religion* they pull down,
With old Intestine *Lance* to bleed them,
From *Lawn-Sleeve'd Prelate* to *Purple Throne*.

2

Confound the *Hypacrites*, *Bumighams* Royal,
Who think *Allegiance* a transgression ;
Since to oppose the *King* is counted Loyal,
And to rail high at the *Succession* :
Monarchy's Tyranny, *Justice* is cruel,
Loyalists, *Tories*, and *Rory Knarves*,
And *Dagon's* Liberty's a Jewel,
That we again may be *Brewers Slaves*.

3 Drink

2.

Drink, drink, my *Boys* since Plotting is in Season,
 And none *Loyal* call'd but busie *Brats* of *Faction*,
Rome, Rome, no more thy Holy *Treason*;
 We have those at home of more *Divine Extraction*.
 We have *Peers* and *Parsons*, *Smiths*, and *Coopers* too,
Carpenters and *Joyners* of the *Reformation*;
 All your Brood of *Cloister'd Jesuits* out-do,
 To reduce to Duty a divided Nation.

3

Let *Whigs* and *Zealots* dabble deep in *Treason*,
 And suck from the *Spiggot* *Heavenly Revelation*;
 We in the *Glass* will find more solid *Reason*,
 And our hearts inflam'd with nobler *Inquisition*,
 Let them boast of honest *Brumighams* and true;
 And with those Compose the *Kirk* and *Seperation*,
 We have honest *Tories*, *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Hugh*,
 We'll drink on and do more service for the Nation.

*Five years Sham-Plots discover'd in one true one. To the
 Tune of, I told young Jenny, &c.*

1

Now Innocent Blood's almost forgot,
 We have found the original grounds of the *Plot*,
 Now every Moon-blind *Rebel* may know,
 That Providence sees our *Actions* below.
 Now *Oates* for *Pegs*, may pack up's *Awls*,
 And there inform his Master,
 To furnish Rooms, make fire in the Halls
 For Company that comes after.

2

These are not like our *Plots* of *Old*,
 When Evidence swore for *Silver* and *Gold*.
 There are no *Armies* under ground,
 No *Sham Magazine* that ne're were found;

No *Spanish Pilgrims*, and *Black-Bills*,
But open profess'd *Traytors*;
Where *Perjury* spares, the *Sword* it kills,
These are our Saint-like *Satyrs*.

3

These are the *Blades*, detested by *Laws*;
In contempt of *Justice* decide it with blows.
These are the *Blood-hounds* of our age,
That brought our late *Monarch* upon the Stage;
Yet these more *Barbarous Brutes* of ours,
Would murder both *King* and's *Brother*,
And lay the *Guilt* at *Innocent Doors*;
And still continue the *Murder*.

4

From thence the *Sacrifice* begins,
To *Massacre* others for their own *Sins*:
And this has been the *Plots* support;
First made in the *City*, then forc'd on the *Court*:
But now the *Mystery's* brought to light,
True Innocence is no protection:
Surprising Rebels dare not fight;
Their *Souls* are *Imperfections*,

5

If they had *Butcher'd* the *Royal Line*,
To murder its *Friends* they were to joyn:
The like was never on *Record*,
In the wide *Wilderness* of the *World*;
To Rob the *Kingdom* of all that's good,
And none but *Rebels* surviving,
To Lord it o're three *Nations* in *Blood*;
Each to be an *Oliver* striving.

6

The *Saddle* is now on the right *Horse*,
The *Whig* must mount for *Tyburn* in course:
For these can be no false *Allarms*;
We have their *Confession*: the *Men* and their *Arms*.
Makes *Catch* perceive his *Harvest* is near,
He swears, if his *Horse* do not fail him,

368 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

He'll not take a Thousand Pound this year,
For what his Trade may avail him.

*A Song upon Information. To the Tune of, Conventiles
are grown so brief.*

1

Inferming of late's a notable Trade:
For he that his Neighbour intends to invade,
May pack him to *Tyburn*, (no more's to be said)
Such power hath *Information*.
Be good, and be just, and fight for your *King*,
Or stand for your Countries Honour;
You're sure by precise *Information* to swing:
Such Spells she hath got upon her.

2

To *Six Hundred and Sixty*, from *Forty One*,
She left not a *Bishop* or *Clergy-man*;
But compell'd both *Church* and *State* to run;
By the strength of the *Non-Conformist*.
The *Dean* and *Chapter*, *Scepter* and *Crown*,
(The *Lords* and *Commons* snarling)
By blest *Information* came tumbling down:
Fair Fruits of an over-long parling.

3

'Twas this that summon'd the *Boadkins* all,
The *Thimbles* and *Spoons* to the *City-Hall*,
When *St. Hugh* to the *Babes of Grace* did call,
To prop up the Cause that was sinking,
This made the *Cobler* take the *Sword*,
The *Pedler* and the *Weaver*:
By the pow'r of the Spirit, and not by the Word,
Made the *Tinker* wear *Cloak* and *Beaver*.

4

'Tis *Information* from *Valadolid*,
Made *Jesuits*, *Fryers* and *Monks* to bleed,
Recapitulates *Lords*; and what not (indeed)
Doth such damnable *Information*.

In

In Cities-burnt, and stick not to boast,
Without any mincing or scruple,
Of Forty thousand *Black-Bills* by the Post,
Brought in with the Devils Pupil.

5

This Imp with her Jealousies and Fears,
Puts all Men together by the Ears,
Strikes at *Religion*, and *Kingdoms* tears ;
By Voting against the BROTHER.
This makes *Abhorrrers*, makes *Lords* protest.
They know not why, nor wherefore :
This strikes at *Succession*, but aims at the rest ;
Pray look about you therefore,

6

This raiseth Armies in the Air,
Imagining more than you need have to fear,
Keeps Horse under ground, and Armies to tear
The Cities and Towns in sunder,
'Tis this made the *Knight* to *Newark* run,
With his *Fidus Achates* behind him ;
Who brought for the Father one more like the Son,
The *Devil* and *Zeal* did so blind him.

7

It Whips, it Strips, it Hangs, it draws ;
It *Pillories* also without any cause,
By *Falsly* Informing the Judges and Laws,
With a trick from *Salamanca* :
This hurly-burles all the Town,
Makes *Smith* and *Harris* prattle ;
Who spare neither Cassock, Cloak, nor Gown,
In their paltry tittle-tattle.

8

'Tis *Information* affrights us all,
By *Information* we rise and fall,
Without *Information* there's no *Plot* at all ;
And all is but *Information*.

That

That *Pickering* stood in the *Park* with a Gun,
 And *Godfrey* by *Berry* was strangl'd;
 'Twas by *Information* such stories begun,
 Which the Nation so much have Entangl'd.

The Pot-Companions, or Drinking and Smoaking prefer'd before Caballing and Plotting. Tune, Thus all the day long we're frolick and gay, &c.

1
 Come make a good Toast, and stir up the fire,
 And fill the great Tankard of what we admire:
 Then bring in a Paper of excellent Fogoe,
 That we may perfume the whole house with the hogoe;
 And here let us sit, like honest brave Fellows,
 That neither are *Tories* nor *Whigs* in an Ale-house.
And here let us sit, like honest brave Fellows, &c.

2
 We'll raise no disputes of the Church or the State,
 To waken the *Plot*, which has slept out its date;
 Nor came we to treat of the Cities great Charter,
 But only to drink to the Sons of the Martyr;
 For better it is to be honestly sotting,
 Than to live to be hang'd for Caballing and Plotting:
For better it is to be honestly sotting, &c.

3
 Since Freedom or Death is not in our power,
 What have we to do with the Lords in the *Tower*?
 We'll leave them to Justice, let that take its course,
 And set every saddle upon the right Horse;
 Tho' the *Witnesses* fade, and the *Plot's* almost rotten,
 Yet *Presbyter Jack* will ne're be forgotten.
Though the Witnesses fade, &c.

4
 We have nothing to do with the Feuds of the Nation,
 With Old *Magna Charta*, nor the *Association*:
 Let *Shaftsbury* fancy himself to be Crowning,
 Or beg his *Quietus*, and venture a Drowning,

Let

Let *Titus* swear on, and raise up his story :
That's nothing to us, let the Saints have their Glory,
Let Titus swear on, &c.

5
Tho' the *Spaniards* were landed which *Bedloe* recounted,
And all the *Commissions* which *Oats* gave were mounted;
And little *Don John* did lead these brave Fellows,
The Devil a foot would we stir from the Ale-house.
When they have rais'd Armies by praying & winking,
'Tis we that maintain 'em with smoaking and drinking,
When they have rais'd Armies, &c.

6
Then away to the King, let the *Tankard* go round,
May the *Plots* and the *Plotters* each other confound :
To His Highness the Duke and His *Royal Successors*,
And every Member of *Loyal Addressers* :
To the honest Lord Mayor, & all other old Christians ;
But guard us, good Lord, from these whining *Philistins*,
To the honest Lord Mayor, &c.

Amorous Jockey, or Yielding Jenny.



1

Jenny my blithest Maid,
 Prithee listen to my true Love now,
 I am a bony Lad,
 Gang along with me to yonder Brow :
 Au the Boughs shall shade us round,
 While the *Nightingale* and *Linnet*
 Teach us how the Lad the Lads may woo ;
 Come & I'll shew my *Jenny* what to do.

2

I ken full many a thing,
 I can Dance and Whistle too,
 I many a Song can sing,
 Pitch the Bar, and I can Wrestle too :
 The bonniest Lads of au our toon,
 Gave me Bead-Lace, and Kerchefts many,
 Only *Jenny* 'twas could win,
Jockey from au the Lassies of the Green.

5

Then lig thee doon my Bearn,
 I'se not spoil t hy gawdy shining Goon,
 I'se make a Bed of Fearn,
 And I'se gently prefs my *Jenny* doon.
 Let me list thy *Peticoat*,
 And tly *Kercher* that hides thy Bosom :
 Shew thy naked Beauties there,
Jenny's only the Lads that I adere.

4

Jenny shall ne're repent,
 For I'se bravely will behave me,
 But to her hearts content,
 Schd mere pleasure back than she gave me:
 Then lig thee doon *Jenny* my Dear,
 And I will lay my self upon,
 Never was less cause of fear,
 Nor *Jenny* e're shall say I am undone.

Her Answer.

Jockey sa wee'l compleat our Bliss,
 I'll may justly fear he can undo
 Any poor harmless Maid,
 Whoever he pretends to woo :
 But gin my *Jockey* loves me best,
 I'll not wrestle long to faw doon,
 Hee sa much Love sa weel exprest,
 I'll forgive thee moiling my gay Goon.

6

Then looking in her Eyes,
 Now *Jenny*, now, quoth he's the hour,
 She blushing *Jockey* cries,
 Geud Sir use her kindly in yere power :
 The Storm was now no more.
 For *Jockey* fell a kissing of her Eyes,
 And gave the combate o're,
 Before poor *Jenny* had a mind to rise.

7

Then with a sigh she cry'd,
 Is this your mighty blessing you adore ?
 Was it for this you dy'd ?
 And now you have it, will die no more;
 Either convince me of the same,
 Or else your words ne mere I'll credit,
 Then try your skill to me again,
 Or I shall swear that my poor *Jockey* is Wedded.

*The present State of England. Tane, It was in the
 prime of Cucumber time,*

1

Jack *Presbyter's* up, and hopes at one swoop,
 To swallow *King, Bishops, and all-a*
 The *Mitre and Crown* must both tumble down,
 Or the Kingdom, he tells you, will fall a.

P

Sare

Sure 'tis a hard Fate, that to Prop up the *State*,
 We must pull down the *State Religion* :
 But the Saints have a new one, more holy & true one,
 Compos'd of *Fox* and *Widgeon*.

2.
 An Engine they've got, call'd a damn'd *Popish Plot*,
 Which will bring in a *Thorough Reformation* :
 Which tho't be half *Fable*, it mads all the poor *Rabble*,
 And puts out of wits half the Nation.
 Thus their work's quickly done, for each *Mothers Son*,
 That to the *Church* or the *King* is *Loyal*,
 Shall streight be indicted, or else be sore frighted ;
 To be brought to ther *Fiery Tryal*.

3
 'Tis no more, but pretend he's to *Pop'ry* a Friend,
 The *Brethren* cry aloud he's a *Traytor*,
 And their *Evidences* bring against him pretences,
 And all of a *Treason'ble* Nature.
 Th' *Impeachers* are such, so Honourable and Rich,
 That no Bribe can to *Falshood* invite 'em ;
 Tho' they contradi& themselves and ev'ry body else,
 A good lusty Vote can right 'em.

4
 No matter for blood, their Oaths shall stand good,
 In despite of all circumstances :
 The *City-Cabals* say they cannot swear false,
 And each *Pamphlet* their Honour enhances.
 Who dares to deny but one single lie,
 Of the many they swear on their credit,
 Must down on his knees, is rebuk'd and pays Fees ;
 And must cry *Peccavi*, he did it,

5.
 If any's so bold their tricks to unfold,
 Or offers to prove them *Lyars*,
 Strait up steps another, and swears for *Rogues-Brother*,
 And sings the poor wretch in the *Bryars*,
 Thus Villains, about ten, the worst scum of Men,
 (While the *Godly Party* maintain 'em :

A Collection of Loyal Songs. 315

All *England* do Govern, and each such a *Sov'reign*,
The King must not speak against 'em.

6

Old *Noll* and's *Dad Nick*, have taught 'em a trick
To make *Plots*, and then to reveal 'em;
Thus runs round the Jigg of a Politick *Whig*,
Sure Pardon if they don't conceal 'em.
Then inspir'd they bring in for sad men of sin,
Any one that is Honest and Loyal:
But if Pardon's deny'd, all flock on *Fitz. fide*,
To *Hector* the Mercy-Royal.

7

Thus most men for fears dare not for their Ears,
But *Whig* and his Rout to second,
Which if they refuse, they're far worse than *Jews*,
And *Papists* and *Traytors* are reckon'd:
And ev'ry poor *Ape* who for changes does gape,
And to be prefer'd by the *Party*,
To help *Good Old Cause* wide stretch his lean Jaws,
With loud lies to shew himself hearty.
And those Worthies three, *Care*, *Vile*, and *Langley*,
Do Publish as fast as they make them,
Their being in Print, signifies something in't,
And the *Rabble* for Gospel mistake them.

8,

Mean while *Pendant* laughs, and at *Byter* scoffs,
And at's hot-headed Zeal does flout-a;
The *Coxcomb* to see thus shaking the Tree,
While he's ready to gather the Fruit-a.
Let *Papists* be hang'd, and *Presbyters* damn'd,
And may goggle-ey'd *Traytors* all perish,
But let true hearts all sing, long live *James* our King,
The Church and the State to cherish.

Raree Show, or the True Protestant-Procession. Tune,
The Nothumberland-man.

¹
THis is the *Cabal* of some *Protestant Lords*,
A forging the turn that not long since they had,
Here *W---son* sitteth, and searcheth *Records*,
To find flaws in good Statutes, and varnish the bad.

²
This is the Lord *Tony* that slyly sits here ;
Who to sham and contrive has never deny'd ;
And rather than th' *Cause* should fall thro' his fear,
He'll let out *Rebellion* by broaching his side.

³
This is popular *Perkin* that smirks and looks gay,
The Women extol the Spark up to th' Skie :
None Dances with so great a Grace, as they say,
Yet some body thinks that he capers too high.

⁴
Here flourishing *Effex* the *Tongue* o'th' Gang,
With *Rhetorical Artifice* fancies fine things,
First vainly Composeth a talking Harange,
Then fosters a Villain in Libelling Kings.

⁵
Here's *Doster Informant*, that never would stick,
To Traffick in Oaths, or tell a State Lie ;
Observe how he firks all the *Jesuits* about,
First blew on a Beuk, and so *Papists*; God be we ye.

⁶
Here's *Wilmore*, that's troubl'd with scruples, & slings,
His *Citizens Conscience* is nice and demure,
A *Traitor* sIndicted for Treas'nable things,
But he tells you 'tis false, he's Protestant sure.

⁷
These are some sage *Citizens* that you see there,
Who, (out of their Zeal all our Rights to maintain,
And to keep out all Slav'ry have taken a care,
To put up in the streets two Posts and a Chain,

8 These

These are some Apprentices still do retain
Some *Tenets*, their Masters approve and allow;
They come to direct a wise *Monarch* to Reign,
Stead of sweeping of Shop, and cleaning of Shoes.

This is the *Committee* where *Grievance* is scann'd,
Where *Monstrous* dangers that threat'n the State,
Good Service is here by suspicion trepan'd,
And *Allegiance* is reckon'd *Malignancy* strait.

Here's the *Synod* of *Saints*, that will sometimes refresh;
The fallings of Nature with means of their own;
They'll Preach you the *Mortification* of *Flesh*,
With Eyes up to Heaven, and Breeches let down.

These are the *Cabal* of the *Covenanters*,
That think they maintain the Religion the best,
By pulling down *Churches* and their *Overseers*,
And routing the *Defender* of *Faith* with the rest.

These are the remains of the *Leveling Rump*,
That *sink* in the House, and fresh *Commons* annoy,
And lest the right *James* should be turn'd up *trump*;
They cry out, *all Court Cards* still their Gaming destroy.

That Lumber of *Trumprey* buzzing about,
Are silly *Subscribers* that comes at first dash,
To make up a large *Petitioning Rout*;
Of *Link-boys*, and all such true *Protestant Trash*.

These are the *Hucksters* that *Treason* retail:
They'll sell you a Sheet with a *Penyworth* in't,
There's our *Courantier Care*, and never will fail,
To Scribble, while *Langley* dares publish and Print.

That's the Club of a pack of Ingenious Friends,
That made *Charles* a *Scotch-Pedler* i'th' *Raree-Show*,

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And I hope that our *Monarch*, to make 'em amends;
Will give them a yard of *St. Johnsons* or two.

On the Throat-cutter of Jack-a-napes-lane, Tune,
Hang sorrow, cast away Care.

¹
T Here is an old story
That's much to the Glory
Of one who was call'd *Sophyrus*;
Whose Feats may be read,
Though the Man be dead,
By any that are desirous.

²
This Man had a Nose
(As you may suppose)
In the middle of his Face;
But he cut it off clear,
Like a brave Cavalier,
To get the Kings good Grace.

³
The manner is known,
So we'll let that alone;
Yet by the way you must note,
Though he slashed his Face
In a dangerous place,
He had a great care of his *Throat*;

⁴
Nor will any Man dare
This *Wight* to compare
With a *Heroe* that I can name;
Who, by cutting his *Throat*,
Grew a Man of great note,
And purchas'd Eternal Fame.

⁵
Sophyrus did well;
But *He* doth excel,
If he be but right understood :

For

For 'tis a plain case
As the Nose on ones Face,
It was done for the *Peoples* good.

6

The design was brave,
The People to save,
By letting his own *Throat* bleed;
But the Fiend that repines
At all good Designs,
Did hinder it to succeed.

7

For his hand being up
To spill the last drop
Of the *Peoples* saving Blood,
He made him flinch
But the other Inch;
And so prevented the good.

8

So he useth his *Throat*
For the People to *Vote*;
Yet some are so wicked, to hope
This obliging *Knife*
(Though it then spar'd his life)
Has mark'd a fair place for the *Rope*.

9

Now, whoever bears spleen
To the *King* or the *Queen*,
Or to *James* the *Duke* of *York*;
He shall have my *Vote*
For cutting his *Throat*,
Provided he'll perfect the work.

Titus Oates's Exaltation. To the Tune of, Sike a Wife
as Willy had.



Sike a life as *Titus* led,
As *Titus* led, as *Titus* led ;
When *Laird* was *Rascal*, *Lady Jade*,
He'll never lead again *Joe* :
Commissions and *Black-Bills* he had,
which did uphaud the *Swearing-Trade*,
And au the *Land* play'd *hey go mad*,
The like was never seen *Joe*.
He swore it out through thick and thin,
Through twa *Inch Beurd* saw au within,
And for the *Truth* pawn'd *Saul* and *Skin*,
Most deftly done of him *Joe*,

Wife
His *Pilgrims* and his *Narratives*,
His *Pilgrims*, &c.
Prepar'd for *Pape* and *Prelates* sleeves,
He'll never see again *Joe*;
Before the *Plot* ran Retrogade,
Then ev'ry *Bully* was a *Blade*,
And *Scepter* level'd with the *Spade*,
The like was never seen *Joe*.
Had we prevail'd against the *Duke*,
I will be sworn upon a *Beuk*,
He'd done the rest by *henk* or *creuk*,
And au had been our ain *Joe*.

3
Sike a Trade as *Tiuts* drave,
As *Titus* drave, &c.
When these 3 Nations he did save,
He'll never drive again *Joe*;
Ten Pounds a week he did receive,
And muckle mair the *Godly* gave,
And there was naught but ask and have,
The like was never seen *Joe*.
But to *Tyburn*, *Titus* trigs,
In company of th' *Godly Whigs*.
To Dance, and sing *Geneva-Figs*,
And there's an end of him *Joe*.

A SONG. To an Excellent new Tune.

4
YOu I Love, by *Jove* I do,
More than all things here below,
With a Passion far more great
Than ever Creature Loved yet,
And yet still you cry forbear,
Love no more, or Love not here.

2.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
 Bid the Wretched sigh no more,
 Bid the Old be Young again,
 Bid thee now ne'r think on Man.
Silvia, this when you can do,
 Bid me then ne'r think on you.

3

Love's not a thing of choice, but Fate,
 That makes me Love, makes you to hate;
Silvia then do what you will,
 Ease or cure, torment or kill;
 Be kind or cruel, false or true,
 Love I must, and none but you.

The MUG-HOUSE.



IF Sorrow the Tyrant invade thy Breast,
 Draw out the foul Fiend by the Lug, the Lug;
 No thought of tomorrow disturb thy rest,
 But dash out its Brains with a *Mug*, a *Mug*.

If business unluckily go not well,
Let dull Fools their ill Fortune hug,
To show our *Allegiance* we'll go to the *Bell*,
And drown all our cares in a *Mug*, a *Mug*.

²
If thy Wife be not one of the best, the best,
Adm't not a respite to think, to think,
Or the weight of thy Forehead weigh down thy Brest
Divert the dull *Demon* with drink, with drink.
If thy Mistress prove peevish, and will not gee,
Ne'r pine, ne'r pine, for the scornful *Pug*,
But find out a prettier, and kinder than she;
And banish Despair with a *Mug*, a *Mug*.

³
Let *Zealots* o're Coffee new Plots Divine,
And lace with fresh *Treasures* the *Pagan* Drug;
With Loyal blood flowing in our Veins that shine,
Like our Faces inspir'd with the *Mug*, the *Mug*.
Let Sectaries Dream of Alarms, Alarms,
And Fools, still for new changes tug,
We Fam'd for our Loyalty, will stand to our Arms;
And drink the *King's Health* in a *Mug*, a *Mug*.

⁴
Then, then, to the *Queen*, let the next advance,
With all Loyal Lads of true *English* Race,
That scorn the stum'd Notion of *Spain* and *France*;
Or to *Burdeaux* or *Burgundy* to give place,
The Flask and the Bottle, breed *Ach* and *Gout*;
Whilst We, We all the Season lie snug;
Not *Spaniard* nor *Florentine* can vie with our *Stout*,
And *Monsieur* submits to the *Mug*, the *Mug*.

The Whig Triumphant, or the Doctor Rampant. Tune, |
King James's Jig.

¹
THere was a brave Doctor (as ever you saw)
But not of Divinity, Physick, nor Law;
He cureth Diseases, (but all by the Rope)
And maketh a Felon of old *Cassius* Pope.

Note

He Drinks, he Swears; and bravely can Lie;
 But all's found out to be Perjury.
 But still he's a *Doctor*, though damnable *Oates*,
 The Forger and urger of Fopperies and Plots.

2

He *Britain* did blind, made Loyalists mute,
 And forced *Tyburnia*, *Tyber* salute.
 The day it was dark, the wind it did blow,
 The *Weather-cock* waver'd, and turn'd to and fro:
 Betwixt the Cabal of *Tory* and *Whig*,
 Poor Loyalty seem'd to be Cushion big.
 Sedition did wear a counteseit Face,
 And turn-coat *Treason* did run for the Race.

3

Brave *Titus* he ranted, he swore, and look'd big,
 His Head was a *Tory*, his Heart was a *Whig*;
 He hugged Religion, he backed in twain
 The Church and the State, (by *Legor-de-main*)
 But now he's promoted to Preach in a *Tub*,
 Where he must drink Dirt instead of old Bub:
 The *Pillory* shrinks, and cries (with a yelp)
 Dear Sister *Tyburnia* lend me your help.

4

But *Sonipes* jumps and flings at her Bridle,
 And calls him a Rascal both lazy and idle:
 She swears if her master should tie to her tail
 A Coole, and a Caller, a Sword and a Flail,
 She'll ne'r be disgrac'd to ride with him Post,
 Who hath three Nations so sadly tost.
 She Gall'd with Gentlemen Rogues to the Skin,
 And will not be Jaded with Junkets of Sin.

5

The heads of the Bear are lumped in one,
 And here is a Beast to wonder upon:
 Then muster your Eggs, and (*'Zounds with a Pox*)
 Make ready, Present, and Fire at the Fox,

But lest the *Chamelion* dart from his Tongue
Rebellious Root, that lurks in his Lungs.
Keep your due distance, his Mouth's a Bumbal;
His mental reserves will batter us all.

6

The wind *Hurricano* that blew in his Brain.
Was but a *Granado* bumbasted with Gain:
For Reason could never admit such a Sor,
The Member-confounder of O cruel Plot!
Then shut *Mouth* and *Nose*, and wink with your *Eyes*,
The Canibals breath's invested with lies,
With *Turnep* and *Dung* then charge him a fresh,
The *Oates* they are ripe and ready to thrash.

7

The *Doctor* he's Jolly, and now he must Dance
A Jig of his folly, in *Flanders* and *France*.
The Musick is sweet, the Whip and the Wheel
Will make the Cart tumble, the *Doctor* to reel:
His Right it is sure, his Evidence clear;
His Sallary's paid him every year.
Not Money, nor Gold, but blows on the Back,
For O *Bloody Oaths*! and many a base A&.

8

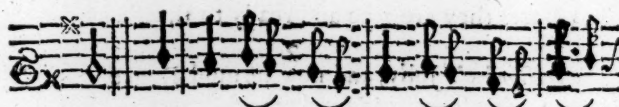
Should it be his Fate (as needs he must fear)
To leap from Pillory up to the Meir;
She'll swear she had never such Rider before;
She'll kick, and she'll caper, call *Son of a Whore*,
Tho'ts not worth the while to praise him in *Verse*,
Megre may write on his three legged *Herse*,
Here lies the Politick, the brave TITUS OATES,
The Damnable Doctor of desperate Plots.



L Et *Cæsar* live long, & his Temper abide;



who Twenty years Plentyful Seasons has



try'd; Let twenty and twenty, be coun-



ted too few, still every Season consisting



of new, till tyr'd with the Joys which this



world does af-ford, He re-tires to be made



a more Glo-ri-ous LORD.

2 Let

Let Royal *Almanzor* Great CÆSAR succeed,
And *England* from *Factions* for ever be freed;
Through endless Successions may His Line ever run,
By Sea, and by Land, who such wonders has done;
May His Issue increase, and these Nations Rule o're,
Until Ages last Period, and *Time* be no more.

A New Song.

THat Man's a Wretched thing,
Who Loves like me in vain:
Whose hopes no comfort bring,
Whose Heart endures the Sting
Of undeserv'd Disdain:
Whose Love is still his King,
Whose *Truth* is still his Pain!
Whose days with Sighs o'recast,
His Nights in tears are past,
Still wishing for his last;
And that does shun him too!
Whose life is his Disease,
Innurr'd to Cruelties,
Which ev'ry day does still renew.

No more I'll grieve in vain,
And not be understood;
No more will I complain
Of your unjust Disdain.
To give my sorrow Food,
My story shall remain
In Characters of Blood.
To slight a Sacrifice
We offer from our Eyes,
To cruel Deities:
Regardless of our Fate;
But now your Storm give o're,
For I'll Offend no more:
My Death my Crime shall Expiate.

Oates's

*Oates's Bug--Bug--Boarding-School at Cambewel
Tune, Lord Ruffel's Farewell.*

Rouse, rouse, my lazy *Mirmidons*,
And muster up our Tribe;
See how the *Faction's Fancies* stand,
To trim or cross the Tide:
Invite 'em to my *Vaulting School*;
The *Saints* for freedom tell,
How they may live without control
With me at *Camberwel*.

There all Provision shall be made
To entertain the best;
Old Mother *Creswel* of our *Trade*,
For to rub down our Guests:
Three hundred of the briskest Dames,
In *Park* or *Field* e're sell;
Whose *Amorous eyes* shall charm the Flames:
O'th' *Saints* at *Camberwel*.

For my own spending I will keep
Of Boys three hundred more;
They are to my *Appetite* more sweet,
Than *Bawd* or *Bucksom Whore*.
The *Turk's Seraglio* we'll revive,
He sinks so fast for *Hell*:
Our *English Turks* may *Plot* and thrive
With me at *Camberwel*.

That Sacred place shall tempt his *Grace*,
Once more from Friends to fall;
We'll leave these new-found sweets to trace,
Both *Moor-Park* and *White-Hall*.
For *Gray* and *Tom*, 'tshall be their home,
To kiss secure, and dwell,
Where ev'ry *Lass* shall hug his *Grace*,
In my sweet *Camberwel*.

5

Patience shall from the *Cock-loft* creep,
And here have free access,
To swear and drink, to Whore and sleep:
Such Virtues we profess.
Waller, his Pots of *Kenison*,
He took from *Priests* may sell:
His *Amber-Necklaces* make known
Our Saints at *Camberwell*.

6

Player may meet his Mistress here,
Sometimes *Sir Robert's Wife*;
They free from care, in Joys may share;
It may prolong ones life.
That daring *Gibbet* 'fore my Gate,
I'll tear him down to rights;
Because no Emblems of ill Fate
Shall fright our Amorous Nights.

7

Argile and *Lot*, and *Ferguson*,
And all Absconding Saints,
May safely to their Saviour come,
And tast our sweet contents:
Our largest Rooms to frisk and sport,
Beds round, and Curtains drawn;
The Life and Scene of *Venus Court*,
Excelling *Emperor's Throne*.

8

All naked round the Room we'll Dance,
Fine Limbs and Shapes to show;
In pairs by Candle-light advance,
In dazeling Postures go:
Here every Man obtains his choice,
Sister: Madam, or Nell:
We'll have *Papillion* and *Dubeys*,
To my sweet *Camberwel*.



When first *Dorinda*, your bright Eyes,
 Had made my Heart your Slave;
 In vain I fought for to disguise
 The Fortunes that you gave.
 Durst hardly call my Fate unkind,
 Or to my self complain;
 For fear some busie listning mind
 - Shou'd over-hear my Pain.

2
 Your Beauty did my Passion awe,
 So great your Virtues were;
 That all around I nothing saw,
 But prospects of Despair.
 Fond heart (I cry'd) hide, hide thy Love,
 Thy too fond thoughts reclaim;
 But all in vain, alas I strove
 To hide a raging Flame.

On the Siege of BUDA.



I
 Sound the *Trumpet*, sound the *Trumpet*,
Tara, tara, tara, tara, let the *Drum* beat,
 The *Canons* thump it,
 Sound a Charge, the *Christian* our Valour calls;
 To the *Trenches*, to the *Trenches*,
Dub, a dub, a dub, a dub, the Storm commences,
 In vain defence is;
 The *Pagan Turk*,
 Shall never lurk
 In *Buda's Walls*.

Lorain.

Lorain that mighty Man,
 Whose Force none can withstand, [vain
 Regards not the *Ottoman* Band has rais'd the Seige in
 Whilst we the Town which was our own,
 Will take it
 And make it
 Our own again.

²
Teckley's routed, *Teckley's* routed,
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, *Whigs* that Plotted,
 The Spoil's allotted;
 To divide amongst the *Christian* Conquerours,
 Wealth and Treasure, Wealth and Treasure,
 Bags and Jewels, Rags and Duels without measure,
 All made a Seaſure;
Guns and *Waggons*,
Pots and *Flaggons*,
 All are ours.
 See, See the Rebels frown,
 With ne'r a Rag upon,
 The light *Cavalry*, and *Dragoons* purſue him in the rear,
 Then Thunder to the Plunder,
 Ne'r ſpare it,
 The Claret
 Our Hearts will Cheer.

³
 Charge a Bumper, charge a Bumper,
 Melancholly, Pride, and Folly ſeaſe the *Rumper*;
 Whilst we a Number,
 Sacrifice to Pious *Charles*, his Peacefull Shrine:
 Charge again Boys, Charge again Boys,
 Peace and Plenty, Ages twenty,
 Crown the Reign Boys,
 Of Royal *James* Boys;
 'Till Heav'n approves a Race of *JOVES*,
 Spring from His Line;
 Then to the War-like *Pole*,
Lorain that Valliant Soul:

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The *Atlas* whose powerful Arms support the *Christian*
 To *Scultz* no less, [Throne,
 We wish Success;
 'Till thus Boys, and thus, the Proud *Turks* run down.

A new Song.



L Et the Trumpet sound,
 And the Glafs be Crown'd,
 Whilst the Health goes round,
 To the Heart that's sound and Loyal;
 Drink away Sir, nay Sir, pray Sir,

Make

Make no delay, nor think it any sin,
 To fill it to the brim,
 And then begin to the King,
 The Duke, and all the Royal Family.
 If you say 'tis too big,
 You'r a *Whig*, and I care not a Fig;
 For all you huff and look so fine,
 'Zounds I'll make you drink your Wine:
 But if you are a Man of War,
 And that you dare to drink but fair,
 Oh then I'll swear you are a dear
 And welcom Brother here.

A New Song. To an excellent new Tune.

¹
T Was a Foolish fancy *Jemmy*,
 To put your trust in *Tony*;
 He dipt ye all in *Treason*,
 Then humbly dy'd in season,
 When his *Spiggot* dropt out,
 The Plot came about,
 Far beyond your *Graces* Reason.

²
 'Twere fit you'd mind these matters,
 And help your Brother *Traytors*,
 You left your Friends together,
 To shift for one another;
 Who you well all know,
 Were in *Portugal-Row*
 With a Lady and her Mother.

³
 When you went from *Jerman-street* Sir,
 You Friends you went to meet Sir,
 Poor *Betty* was mitch griev'd Sir,
 You could not be believ'd Sir;
 Had she been in the way,

You

You had carried the day ;
But alas you were deceiv'd Sir.

4
Frank N---t's wondrous hearty,
And argues for the Party ;
His parts are most inviting,
And lately shin'd in Writing,
And he hath in his Face,
As much Wit as you've Grace ;
Which to say the truth, is Biting.

5
Thus Sir while you're attended,
Your troubles will be ended ;
Keep *Frank* still for your Writer,
And *P-----y* for your Fighter ;
And to ad to your sway,
Turn *P-----r* away,
And make poor *Ha-----t* fright her.

6.
Let *For---*s have a place too,
About your mighty *Grace* too ;
For *Ch---ton* hath great Reason
To look out sharp in season,
Give *Gibbons* his place,
To a Nobler Race,
And take Sir *R-----d M-----n*.

7
For he hath more wit than any,
To turn and wind the Penny,
He'll lie beyond all measure,
In Pimping is his pleasure :
And he's for his part
More a *Rogue* in his heart,
Than *Grey* or *Armstrong* either,

8
May Friends like these protect ye,
And only these respect ye ;

336 *A Collection of Loyal Song.*

May *Halters, Chain's* and *Fetters,*
Crown all *Rebellious Traytors* ;
Then in a short space
I'll wait on your *Grace,*
With a *List* of all your *Creatures.*

A New Song, to an Old Tune, Tom of Bedlam.

¹
Make room for an honest *Red-coat.*
And that you'll say is wonder ,
The *Gun,* and the *Blade,*
Are his *Tools,*---- and his *Trade,*
Is for *Pay,* to *Kill,* and *Plunder.*
Then away with the Laws,
And the Good Old Cause,
Ne'talk o'th' Rump, or the Charter,
Tis Cash that does the Feat.
All the rest's but a Cheat,
Without That, there's no Faith, nor Quarter.

²
'Tis the mark of our *Coyne, God With Us,*
And the *Grace* of *God* goes along with't
When the *Georges* are *flown,*
Then the *Cause* goes *down,*
For the *Lord* is *departed* from it.
Then away, &c.

³
For *Rum,* or for *Geneva*
For the *Table,* or the *Altar,*
This *spawn* of a *Vote,*
He *cares* not a *Groat*----
For the *Pence,* he's your *Dog* in a *Halter.*
Then away, &c.

¹⁴
Tho' the name of *King,* or *Bishop,*
To *Nosstrils* pure may be *Loathsom,*
Yet many there are,

That

That agree with the *Mayor*,
That their *Lands* are wondrous toothsom.

Then away, &c.

3.

When our *Masters* are poor, we leave 'em,

'Tis the *Golden Calf* we bow to:

We Kill, and we Slay,

Not for *Conscience*, but *Pay*:

Give us that, we'll fight for you too.

Then away, &c.

6

'Twas that first turn'd the *King* out;

The *Lords* next, then the *Commons*:

'Twas that kept up *Noll*

Till the *Devil* fetch'd his *Soul*:

And then it set the *Bum* on's.

Then away, &c.

7

Drunken Dick was a lame *Protector*,

And *Fleetwood* a backslider:

These we serv'd as the rest,

But the *City's* the *Beast*,

That will never cast her *Rider*.

Then away, &c.

8

Then the *Mayor* holds the *Stirrop*,

And *Shrieves* cry, *God save your Honours*;

Then 'tis but a *Jump*,

And up goes the *Rump*,

That will spur to the *Devil* upon us.

Then away,

9

And now for a fling at your *Thimbles*,

Your *Bedkins*, *Rings*, and *Whistles*,

In truck for your *Toyes*,

We'll fit you with boys: [*Butchers Wife*.

('Tis the *Doctrine* of **Hugh Peters*.) *To the

Then away, &c.

Q

2 When

10

When your *Plate* is gone, and your *Jewels*,
 You must be next intreated,
 To part with your *Bags*,
 And strip you to *Rags*,
 And yet not think y^e are cheated.
Then away, &c.

11

The truth is, the *Town* deserves it;
 'Tis *Brainless, Heartless Monster*;
 As a *Club* they may bawl,
 Or declare at their *Hall*,
 And yet at *Push* not one stir,
Then away, &c.

21

Sir *Arthur* vow'd he'll treat 'em,
 Far worse than the men of *Chester*:
 He's bold, now they'r *Cow'd*,
 But he was nothing so low'd,
 When he lay in the ditch at *Lester*.
Then away, &c.

3

The Lord hath left *John Lambert*,
 And the Spirit, *Feak's Anointed*,
 But why O Lord,
 Hast thou sheathed thy *Sword*,
 Lo, thy *Saints* are disappointed.
Then away, &c.

4

Tho' Sir *Henry* be departed;
 Sir *John* makes good the place now,
 And to help out the work
 Of the *Glorious Kirk*,
 Our *Brethren* march apace too,
Then away, &c.

15

While *Divines* and *State-men* wrangle,
 Let the *Rump-ridaen Nation* bite on't,

There

A Collection of Loyal Songs.

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There are none but we
That are sure to go free,
For the Souldier's still in the right on't.
Then away, &c.

⁴
Your Masters won't supply us
With Money, Food, and Cloathing:
Let the State look to't,
We'll find one that will do't,
Let him live' we'll not damn for nothing.

*Then away with Laws,
And the Good Old Cause,
Ne'r talk of the Rump, or the Charter,
'Tis the Cash does the Feat,
All the rest's but a cheat,
Without That there's no Faith nor Quarter.*

An Excellent new Wedding Song.

BEhold the Morn'dawns,
The Lark hath Sung,
Eternal be your Bliss,
Continue alway young;
*And every day you awake,
Your Love like this;
And every day you awake,
Your Love like this.*

²
Consummation with the rising Sun,
Be lovingly perform'd as now begun;
But hush the *Bride's* asleep, forbid the morning
But hush the *Bride's* asleep, forbid the morning
Cock to Crow so loud,
Disperse the buisie Crowd;
For fear too early waking make her weep,
For that, now lost, she could no longer keep.

³
Advance again, and softly Sing,

Q ²

And

And with a Murmring tone,
 Such pleasure to 'em Bring;
 That to our Voices they may Dream alone:
 And gently waking, let Loves charms renew,
 As Trees that Blossom, and ripe Fruit do shew.
 But hark, the Crowd return!
 Let us conclude our Harmony with this
 Delightful hearty wish,
 That still increasing Joys may always burn,
 And at Loves Port may Anchor every morn'

*A new SONG Sung before the Loyal-Livery-Men in
 Westminster-hall July the 19th. 1684.*

HArk! how *Nell* and *Bradshaw's Heads* above us
 Cry, come, come, ye *Whigs* that love us
 Come, ye faithful Sons, fall down, and adore ye
 Your Fathers, whose Glory
 Was to kill Kings before ye;
 From *Treason* and *Plots* let your *grave Heads* adjourn,
 And our glorious *Pinacle* adorn.
 What though the *Scaffolds* all are down here,
 To entertain the *Friends* of the *Crown* here?
 We, whose *Lives* and whose *Fortunes* Great *Charles*
 For *Monarchy-haters*, [will maintain
 Damn'd *Associators*,
Whigs, *Bastards* and *Traytors*,
 We'll build em, we'll build 'em again;
 Let the infamous *Cut-throats* of *Princes* be sham'd all,
 Their black Souls be damn'd all,
 Their *Blunderbass* ram'd all,
 With *Brimstone* and *Fire* Infernal;
 The Gods that look o're Him,
 Did by wonders restore Him.
 Their *Angels* sate round Him
 That hour they Crown'd Him,
 And were List'd His *Guards* Fternal.

2

How, like *Jove*, the *Monarch of Great-Britain*
 Drives the *Gyant-Sons of Titan*!
 Down ye *Rebel crew*; ye *Slaves*, lie under:
 See! *James* with his *Thunder*
 Has dash'd 'em all asunder;
 Down from His bright *Heav'n* the *Aspirers* are hurl'd,
 Lost in the common *Rubbish* of the World:
 See, how the God returns *Victorious*!
 And to make his *Tryumph* still more *Glorious*,
 See, the whole *Hosts* of *Heav'n* the proud *Conqueror*,
 The *Stars* burn all brighter,
 The *Sun* mounts uprigher,
 Whilst the *Steeds* Gallop lighter,
 To see, their *Jove* made so great:
 With the *Brands* and the *Stings* of a *Conscience* disloyal,
 From the fiery *Tryal*,
 Let the *Cowardly Slaves* flee all,
 Leave *Vengeance* and *Gilbets* behind 'em;
 Whilst the great *Desperadoes*
 All turn'd *Renegadoes*,
 With their old *Friends* took napping,
 In some *Cole-hole* at *Wapping*
 Shall *James* and His *Justice* find 'em.

3

Let the malice of *Fanatick Roundhead*
 (Hatch'd in *Hell*) be still confounded;
 The *Royal couple* no *Storm* e're sever,
 But new wonders deliver,
 And their *Heirs* Reign for ever,
 On *Englands* bright *Throne* sit till *Times* last *Sand* runs,
 And stop their *Glorious Chariot* with the *Suns*.
 Then for *James* the second's *Restoration*,
 Snatch'd from the *Jaws* of the *Imps* of *Damnation*,
 We with *Feastings* and *Revels* will cheer up our *Souls*:
 For the safety of *Cesar*,
 In *Joys*, and in *Pleasure*,
 Till our *Hearts* shall o're-flow like our *Bowls*,

For a *Health* to great *James* let the *Goblets* be Crown'd
 The *Huzzas* go round there, (there
 To the Skies let it sound there,
 Up to th' Throne of great *James's* Protector,
 Till the pleas'd Gods that see, Boys,
 Grow as merry as we, Boys,
 Joyn their *Spheres* in the *Chorus*,
 Make their whole Heav'n out-roar us,
 And Pledge us in Bumpers of *Nectar*.

A Song on St. Martin's Feast, May the 29. 1685.

THe *Cannons* all roaring, and *Trumpets* sounding,
 The *Hills* & the *Valleys* with th' *Ecchoes* rebounding
 This blest *Morn* our great *Rites* let us pay,
 Two *Brothers* and *Monarchs* restor'd in a day.
 May our Festival Tryumps new *Trophies* still brings,
 Our famous *St. Martin's* the *Cradle* of *Kings*,
 At that Glorious Morning,
 Great *Jupiter* was born in,
 So the old *Cretan* Boys sung with homage & wonder,
 The *Country-men* fam'd to the God of the *Thunder*.
 Let nothing *Disloyal* then dare to appear, [here;
 'Tis all hallow'd Ground, for great *James* was born
 Great *James* that steps up, & the *Chariot* drives on,
 Then dry up our *Tears*, for Great *Charles* is not gone.
 Though the mounting *Saint* go,
 The whole *Monarch* below,
 He let His Great Heir for blest Mortals to adore Him,
 All fill'd and inspir'd with the *Phoenix* before Him.

But e're we begin our just Adoration,
 Let's first blush away the whole shame of a Nation,
 Dull *Britains* so long frantick Fate,
 To see such bright *Glories* and *Worship* so late :

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But let our mad *Jealousie* rise up no more, [o're.
Whilst the whole God shines out, & the Clouds all blow
To Loyalty then Boys
Let's all cry *Amen* Boys.

Allegiance and Loyalty, Heav'n's first Creation,
And make all *Divine* e're the World's first Foundation,
The *Angels* themselves i'th' *Cæstrial Chorus*,
E're *Lucifer* fell, were all Loyal before us,
Let hot-brain'd *Argyle* then from *Holland* launch o're,
And the whole *Hydra's* heads of *Rebellion* all roar.

Till *James* our Great *Joze*

Shall the black Storm remove; [found'em,
Whilst like the last *Trump* his dread voice shall con-
To *Judgment* shall call, and *Confusion* shall sound 'em,

*A Song at the Loyal Feast in Westminster-Hall, on July
the 10th. 1684.*

See, see, the Air clears, the Murm'ers that grumbled,
The Gods, & the Vengeance of *James* has all hum-
The heads that at Crowns would be reaching, [bled ;
Are mounted on Pole, while their *Quarters* hang bleach-
So perish the *Tools* of Fop-Property Kings, [ing.
Where *Fools*; *Pearch Cedars*, and *Knaves* find 'em Wings;

No, the Royal-Line

A Channel that Divine is;

For *Charles* and his Heirs

We will spend our last Breath, Boys,
March through Seas and through Fires,

Through Blood, Wounds, and Death Boys.

Then warm our brisk *Veins*, for *Allegiance* inspires us;

'Tis a Spark that's Cœlestial, when Loyalty fires us.

Let *Fate* do her worst, ev'n in ruin we'r Crown'd :

Tho' thrown down to Graves, to the Stars we'll rebound.

Fresh *Lawrels* on the Tomb

Of the Honest shall bloom.

*Around the whole Globe, let our Ashes be hurl'd;
 The Dust of the Loyal shall new Seed the World.
 Around the whole Globe, let our Ashes be hurl'd;
 The Dust of the Loyal shall new Seed the World.*

All's our own Boys, our own Boys, the *Tryumph* is gotten.
 See, the *Kirk Dragon* tumbles, & the *Old Cause* is rotten.
 Farewell to *Geneva*; your fusty
 Old *Tony's* Sedition.

And *Tap-lees* run musty:

That compound of *Aches*, *Pox*, *Faction*, and *Gout*,
 Is dropt into *Styx*, and the *Fire-brand* put out.

Let *Ferguson* Preachers,

And *Farrington* rank Lechers,

No more can *Sedition* and *Church-Reformation*
 Come from flogging at *Creswells*, to saving the Nation.
 There's all *Rogue* and *cheat* in *Fanatick* and *Rumper*,
 Whilst *Honour* and *Truth* are in *James* and a *Bumper*.
 Let Famous *Mark-Anthony* quaff his rich Pearl,

The Price of a Kindom,

The Price of a Kingdom,

In a Health to a Girl;

But whilst our Bowls go round,

To *Cæsars* Health be Crown'd.

And of Hearts and Soul; a rich Off'ring we bring;

There's a World in the Goblet that's drank to the King.

Whilst of all Hearts and Souls one rich Off'ring we bring,

There's a World in the Goblet that's drank to the King.

*The Western Rebel; or the True Protestant Standard
 set up. Tune, Packington's-Pound.*

See the Vizor's pull'd off, and the Zealots are Arming
 For our old *Egypt*-plagues the *Whig* Locusts all
 [swarming.
 The True Protestant *Perkin*, in lightning has spoke,
 And begins in a flash to vanish in Smoak: Little

Little *Jemmy's* lanch'd o're
From the old *Holland Shore*,

Where *Shaftsbury* March'd to the Devil before.
The old Game's a beginning; for high-Shoes, & Clowns:
Are turning State-*Tinkers* for mending of Crowns.

2

Let his Deperate Frenzy to ruine spur on;
The Rebel too late; and Madam too soon:
But Politick Noddles without Wit or Reason,
When empty of Brains, have the more room for *Treason*
Ambition bewitches,
Through Bogs and through Ditches,
Like a *Will* with a *Wisp*: For the Bastard Blood itches.
And the Bully sets up, with high-shoes and Clowns,
A true Protestant *Tinker* for mending of Crowns.

3

Let him banter Religion, that old stale pretence,
For *Traitors* to mount on the Neck of their Prince;
But clamour and Nonsense no longer shall fright us,
Our Wits are restor'd by the flogging of *Titus*.
Their Canting Delusion,
And Bills of *Exclusion*,

No longer shall sham the mad World to confusion,
The old chear's too gross, & no more Bores & Clowns,
For perching on *Thrones*, and prophaning of Crowns.

4

So the great murder'd *Charles*, our *Church Freedom & Law*
Were all Martyrs of old, to the Sanctified Cause.
Whilst Gospel and Heav'n were the popular name,
The Firebrands of Hell were all light from that Flame.

Reformation once run'd,

Let Religion but sound [round.

When that *Kirk Bag-Pipe* plays all the Devils Dance:
But the whining *Tub cheat* shall no longer go down:
No more Kings on Scaffolds, and Slaves on a *Throne*,

5

Let his hot-brain'd Ambition, with his Renegade-Loone
Mount the Son of the People, for Lord of 3 Crowns;

Q 5.

The

The Impostor on onehand, and Traytor on t'other,
Set up his false *Title*, as crack'd as his Mother.

But whilst Peacock-proud,
He struts and talks loud,

The Head of the Rabble and Idol o'th' crowd;
From his false borrow'd Plumes, & his hopes of a Crown,
To his black Feet below, let th' Aspirer look down.

6

Then let him march on with his Politick Poll,
To perch up his Head by old *Bradshaw* and *Noll*:
Whilst the desperate *Jehu* is driving head-long,
To visit the Relicks of *Tommy Armstrong*.

For there's Vengeance a working,
To give him a Jerking,

And humble the Pride of poor little *Perkin*.
Great *James* his dread *Thunder* shall th' Idol pull down,
Whilst our Hands, Hearts, and Swords are all true to
[the Crown.

*The success of the two English Travellers, newly arrived
in London. To a new Irish Tune.*

1

AS we were ranging upon the salt Seas,
For *France* & for *Spain* our own humours to please;
But when we came there, the first news we hear,
You Rebels of *England*, what do you do here.

2

When we are a walking along in the Street,
Both Men, Wife and Children, and all we did meet;
They gather'd up stones, and at us did sling;
You Rebels of *England*, you murder'd your King.

3.

All this being odious unto our known heart,
Then from the *French* we were forc'd to depart;
The *French* did deride us with scornful disdain;
We hoisted up *Top-sail*, and Sailed for *Spain*.

4

But when we came there we'd not set foot on Land,
But straight they perceiv'd that we were *English*-men;
Their hands on their Rapiers, their Cloaks off did fling,
Cry'd Rebels of *England* you murder'd your King.

5.

All this being odious unto our conceits,
We hoisted and hasted up into the *Streights*,
Next Port into *Venice* intended to go,
Not thinking, nor dreading, they did of it know.

6

But when we came there our Ships they did ken,
They saw by our Colours we were *English*-men:
Oh they laugh'd in their Lingo, and at us did sneer,
You Rebels of *England* what do you do here?

7

Thus twenty years wandring from Sea-Port to Town,
In all parts abused, resolv'd to turn home;
We steer'd up for *London*, but when we came there,
The Court all in Mourning put us in despair.

8.

Then Great *Charles* of *England* we found was inter'd,
And some known Offenders in Mourning appear'd;
Who some years together had design'd and swore,
To serve him as they did his Father before.

9

Great *James* of his Birth-Right they sought to depose,
But now for ten *Guineys* you'd find none of those,
King *James* is established safe on His Throne,
And none shall invade the just Rights of the Crown.

10

And now we are resolv'd in *England* to stay,
And wait for to serve and our King to obey,
And His Royal Consort *Queen Mary*'s blest Name:
We'll drive both the *French* & the *Dutch* o're the Main.

Colonel Sidney's Lamentation and last Farewell
to the World
True, what name.

NOW, now too weak, alas! I find our Cause,
To'th over-ruling Powers the King and Laws
The force of our Impregnant Torrent's turn'd,
The Plots and Shams of our Inventions scorn'd,
Now I do fear what I could ne'r believe,
Some Powers above do all our Wits deceive;
And laughs at our Affociations Vow,
Poor Traytors! where's our Ignoramus now?

These Forty Years I've Reign'd in Roguery,
With kind success, 'gainst Lawful Monarchy;
And now must my gray Head be over-reacht,
And my stiff Neck by strength of halter stretcht,
In the beginning Friends, it was not so;
In Forty-One, now Forty Years ago;
I fear'd not then no God, nor King, nor Law,
Poor Traytors! where's our Ignoramus now?

On the late King I sat as Judge most stout,
By virtue of our Senate, Rump, and Rout;
Saw him condemn'd and Murder'd at White-hall;
His Sacred Blood doth now for Vengeance call,
With his own Gold I did Command and fight,
Against his Son, and all Successive Right;
And ne'r repented yet, nor can I bow,
Poor Traytors! where's our Ignoramus now?

This King return'd, which I with arms pursu'd,
With Tony I for Pardon did intrude;
What e're we askt his Grace did freely grant,
Preferment too, which his best friends did want
My Pride opposition still did shew,
A crooked Plant will never straighter grow;

And

And now too late I grieve all would not do,
Poor Traytors! where's our Ignoramus now?

With *Tony*, *Gray*, and *Russel*, I Conspir'd
My Princes death, and many thousands hyr'd
To Arm themselves in-ev'ry Town and Shire,
To Murther this King and Lawful Heir,
And lay it all upon the *Papists* backs,
Which with the weight of our own *Treason* cracks;
And for our Crimes too murther them allow,
Poor Traytors where's our Ignoramus now?

We draw'd in M-----b to advance the Cause
And made him Popular by Fools Applause;
We made his Soul swell to be a King,
When we alas! intended no such thing:
Now all's Unravel'd, both *Cabals* and *Plans*;
'Zounds I'de still Rebel, did I know how,
Poor Traytors where's our Ignoramus now?

At *Oxford* we were Rampant, over-fed,
The *Tayl* was ten times stronger than the *Head*;
Yet quite out-witted by too kind a King,
Then we to *Rumbolds* House our Arms did bring
Yet all was still prevented by strange Fate,
Had I with *Tony* made a safe Retreat,
Then *Ketch* had ne'r held up my Trayterous jaw
Poor Traytors where's our Ignoramus now?

The Tories Triumph, or the Down-fall of the Whigs.

Come let us be Joyful and Sing,
Great-Britain will soon be at rest:
Here's a Health to all whose Love the King,
Confusion to all the rest:
Then let us be Merry, for we
O'er *Rebels* do bear the sway;
And Drink 'till 'tis break of day.

Then

2

Then what Cause have we for to Repine?
 Since our Nation is Settled and Strong;
 Let ev'ry man Drink off his Wine,
 Whilst Rebels must hold their Tongue.
 Great-Britain the World shall Command,
 Rest in Love' Peace and Unity;
 Foreign Nations amaz'd shall stand,
 To see none so Happy as We.

3

Then let us be Merry. fill Wine,
 Let's Drink while our Money doth last;
 The Zealots have cause to Repine,
 Whilst we think not on Dangers past:
 Let each man Discharge a full Bumper;
 Here's a Health unto Loyalty:
 Damnation then light on each Rumper,
 To see none so Happy as We.

4

The Damnable Whigs they do Grumble,
 To see us so Happy and Great;
 But they dare not speak Plain, but to Mumble
 Each Presbyterian fearing's just Fate: (ble,
 Whilst Tories Quaff Bumpers a main;
 And under no Nation they be,
 We care not for France or for Spain;
 For none are so Happy as We.

5

Now Tories may walk in the Street,
 None to the contrary dare say;
 And if that a Whig we do meet,
 The Whig goes another way:
 But (as 'tis a usual thing)
 If one Tory another doth see,
 They straight to the Tavern and Sing,
 There's none so Happy as We.

6

Such strange Alterations we've seen
In *Britain* within these few years ;
There late such a Tumult hath been,
Caus'd *Loyalists* shed many Tears :
But now it is past and quite gone,
I hope no more *Ryots* to see ;
We've no cause our selves to bemoan,
For none are so Happy as We.

7

Great-Britain's Blest *Monarch* shall Reign,
Not fearing for to be Supprest,
By the Fury of *Spaniard* or *Dane* ;
But undoubtedly shall be now Blest
If *Domestick* Tumults do cease,
And *Plots* Discover'd all be ;
Brave *English-men* may then sing in Peace,
There's none are so Happy as We.

8

Great York despis'd by the *Rable*,
Though he's a Matchless brave *Prince* ;
While all did Praise *Perkin* that *Bauble*,
A *Puny* in common Sense :
But now they are Quel'd, and do say
They'll practice no *Disloyalty* ;
And now the *Whigs* hang themselves may,
Whil'st none live more Happy than We.

9

Some *Rebels* were still left behind,
Who fear'd neither *Justice* nor *Laws* ;
But strive themselves to entwine
In the Damn'd Pernicious *Old Cause* :
But now they are all fled away,
And they most Unhappy now be ;
Then surely we've great cause to say,
There's none more Happy than We.

Then

10

Then let this suffice, we have Power,
 All Nations shall unto us Bow :
 Was England so Happy before,
 Or ever so Glorious as now ?
 Now, we have a most Gracious Prince,
 By none, this denyed can be ;
 Then surely we'r all Blest, since,
There's none more Happy than We.

*The Downfall of Antichrist ; or Titus again in Querpo.
 To the Tune of Chivy-Chase.*

1

I Am the Man that not long since
 Seemed of great Renown,
 That serv'd at Table was like a Prince,
 And wore a stately Gown.

2

But That, and Doctors Tippet too,
 (A Plague upon ill luck)
 At the same time o're my Ears did go,
 Which vex't me to the Pluck.

3

The Devil in Hell confound 'em all
 These Whores, and Rogues of Babel ;
 But that damn'd Whore shall have a fall,
 If e're I come to Cabal.

4

'Twas the damn'd Papists Cruelty,
 That made me whipt so hard ;
 A Man so Innocent as me ;
 But God will them reward.

5

Since 'tis for Truth and Justice sake,
 I take all in good part,
 I'll that Defence against all make,
Satan thou know'st my Heart.

6

I clearly do confess to thee,
What never to another;
We'll keep our League of Privacy,
For thou art my sworn Brother.

7

'Twas but against damn'd *Papists* that
I falsely swore that time,
And who the Plague would e're have thought
That would have prov'd a Crime?

8

I thought no more harm, nor think still,
Than 'tis to kill a Dog,
And do believe That never will
My Soul and Conscience clog.

9

Ah *Shaftsbury*! didst thou survive,
That Doctrine still were good,
Which I'll maintain, as long as I live,
And Seal't with my last blood.

10

Then O brave We, old *Shaftsbury*,
I *Titus* and the *Devil*,
We can maintain, that *Perjury*
'Gaint *Papists* is not Evil.

11

Then hang'r, tho' whipt, and stript of all,
I have good Friends i'th' City;
I'll eat and drink, though *Papists* ball,
And cry the more's the pity.

12

No matter though my back do ache,
I'll look well to my Belly;
Since 'tis for Righteousness sake,
No matter still I tell ye.

13

Then courage Friends that me supply,
I *Oates* to you bequeath;

For

354 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

For you I will both swear and lye,
And stand in't to my Death.

14

Then hasten Saints to my relief,
And pity my sad Station,
In Prison Chain'd more like a Thief,
Than Saviour of a Nation.

*A Noddy of Pleasure growing in Venus's Garden. To
the Tune of Daniel Cooper.*

A Bony Lad came to the Court;
His name was *Donald Cooper*,
And he Petition'd to the King,
That he might be a *Trowper*:
He said, that he
By Land and Sea,
Had fought to admiration,
And with *Montross*
Had many blows,
Both for his King and Nation.

2

The King did his Petition grant,
And said he lik'd him dearly;
Which gave to *Donald* more content
Than Twanty Shillings yearly:
This wily Laird
Rode in the Guard,
And lov'd a strong Beer Barrel,
Yet stout enough,
To Fight and Cuff,
But was not giv'n to Quarrel.

3.

Till on a *Saturday* at Night,
He walked in the *Park* Sir,
And there he ken'd a weel fair'd Lass,
When it was almost dark Sir;

Poor

Poor *Donald*, he
Drew near to see,
And kist her bony Mow Sir,
He laid her flat
Upon her back
And bang'd her side 'Weam foo Sir.

He took her by the Lilly white Hand,
And kist'd his bonny *Mary*;
Then they did to the *Tavern* go,
Where they did drink *Canary*:
When he was Drunk.
In came a Punk,
And ask'd gan he wcu'd Mow her,
Then he again
With might and main,
Did bravely lay her o're Sir.

Poor *Donald* he rose up again,
As nothing did him ail Sir,
But little ken'd this bonny *Lass*
Had Fire about her Tail Sir.
When Night was spent,
Then home he went,
And told it with a *Hark* Sir,
How he did Kist
A dainty Miss,
And list'd up her *Sark* Sir.

But e're a Month had gone about,
Poor *Donald* walked sadly,
And ev'ry yeane enquir'd of him
What gar'd him leuk so badly?
A Wench [quoth he)
Gave Snuff to me
Out of her Placket-box Sir;
And I am sure
She prov'd a Whore,
And giv'n to me the *Pox* Sir.

7

Poor *Donald* he (being almost dead,)
 Was turn'd out of the Guard Sir,
 And never could get in again,
 Although he were a Laird Sir :
 When *Mars* doth meet
 With *Venus* sweet,
 And struggles to surrender,
 The Tryumph's lost ;
 Then never trust
 A Feminine Commander.

8

Poor *Donald* he went home again,
 Because he lost his place Sir,
 For playing of a Game at *Whisk*,
 And turning up an *Ace* Sir ;
 Ye Soldiers all,
 Both great and small,
 A Foot-man, or a Trooper,
 When you behold,
 A Wench that's bould
 Remember *Donald Cowper*.

*Monmouth Degraded, or James Scot, the little King in
 Lyme. Tune, Let the Thundring Canons roar.*

1

Come bear Alarm, sound a Charge,
 As well without as in the Verge,
 Let every Sword and Soul be large,
 To make our *Monarch* shine Boys :
 Let's leave off *Whores* & drunken Souls,
 And windy words o're brimming Bowls;
 Let *English* hearts exceed the *Poles*,
 'Gainst *Perkin*, King in *Lyme* Boys.

Such a Fop-King was ne'r before,
Is Landed on our *Western* shore,
Which our black Saints do all adore,
Inspir'd by *Tub-Divine* Boys :
Let us assume the Souls of *Mars*,
And March in Order, Foot and Horse,
Pull down the Standard at the *Cross*,
Of *Perkin* King in *Lyme* Boys.

³
Pretended Son unto a King,
Subject of Delights in sin,
The most ungrateful Wretch of Men;
Dishonour to the Shrine Boys ;
Of *Charles* and *James*, the undoubted Right
Of *Englands* Crown and Honours bright,
While he can find us work, let's Fight,
'Gainst *Perkin*, King in *Lyme* Boy.

⁴
The Sainted Sisters now look blew,
Their Cant's all false if God be true,
Their teaching Stallions dare not do,
Nomore but squeez and whine Boys :
Exhorting all the Clowns to fight
Against their *God*, *King*, *Church* and Right,
Takes cares for all their Wives at Night,
For *Perkin*, King in *Lyme* Boys.

⁵
Poor *Perkin* now, he is no more,
But *James* *Scot*, as he was before,
No Honour left, but Soul to soar,
Till quite expir'd with time Boy ;
But first he'll call his Parliament,
By *Ferguson* and *Gray*'s consent,
Trenchard and all the *Bears* in's Tent,
Fit for the King in *Lyme* Boys.

7

'Gainst theis mock King, each draw his Sword
 In Blood we'll Print them on Record,
 Traytors against their Sovereign Lord,
 Let's always Fight and joyn Boys;
 Now they'r block'd up by Sea and Land,
 By Treason they must fall or stand,
 We only wait the Kings Command,
 To burn the Rogues alive Boys.

8

But now we hear they'r sally'd forth,
 Front and Flank 'em, South and North,
 Nobles of brave Englands worth,
 Let your bright Honour shine Boys:
 Let Guns and Canons roar and ring,
 The Musick of a Warlike King,
 And all the Gods just Conquest bring,
 Against the Rogues in Lyme Boys.

*The King and Parliament; Or, the Destruction of Ar-
 gile. To the Tune of King James's Jigg.*



For

¹
FOr *Tories* now's the time to sing,
 And out of the Ashes great Souls to bring;
 Whose honours long in the Dust have ly'n
 Under the Oppression of Whiggish Whine;
 The Dog-Stars do now decline,
 And bright *Phæbus* begins to shine,
 Insects of Corruption he doth refine,
 The King and the Parliament now doth joyn

²
 The greatest Monarch in *Europe* is Crown'd,
 And hath called a Parliament Loyal and sound.
 The Bill of *Exclusion* is quite forgot,
 And sent to the Devil with *Oats's* Plot;
Argile we fear not, with mixed Crew,
 Of *French* and *Dutch*, the *Whig*, and the *Jew*,
 Since we have a Parliament Loyal and True,
 We'll pray for the King and the Parliament too.

³
 The *Scotch* Parliament Loyal and brave,
 Exposes their Fortunes the Kingdom to save;
 Our *English* in Emulation agree,
 We'll beat down the Rebels from hence to *Dundee*:
 Millions of Loyallists lie aside,
 Who wait all occasion to be employ'd,
 Whose service hath formerly been deny'd,
 Now hope again Rebels they may be try'd.

⁴
 Methinks I hear 'em cry, Fire for *James*,
 He Fought for his Subjects in all extreams :
 Hark, hark, the Canons go thump, thump, thump,
 Brave Boys fall on 'em, they stink of the Rump;
 Keep the Wind; secure the Plain,
 Wheel about, and Charge again;
 We'll Fight for King *James* through Fire and Flame
 All you cannot kill, drive 'em into the Main.

Argile

⁵
Argile shall know, that *Jemy's* the King,
 Protected by Angels, and Forces can bring,
 To make him feel the Dint of his Sword.
 More biting than his empty name of a Lord;
 Let *Argile*, *Monmouth*, *Lebb*, and *Gray*,
Danvers and *Charlton* Curse the day,
 And the rest of the Rebels each other betray
 And all Bastard pretentions cut off in the Fray.

⁶
 Our King and two Parliaments all agreed,
 We'll clear the Coast from the *Thames* to the *Tweed*;
 The 'States of all Loyal Subjects shall flie,
 For Men and for Moneys the King to supply:
 Let *Cesar* speak his mind from the Throne,
 Our Lives and Fortunes are all his own,
 His just Resolution formerly known,
 Is now in full splendor protecting the Crown.

The Whigs Lamentable Lamentation.

WHat have the Whigs to say,
 O *hone*, O *hone*.

Tories have got the day,

O *hone*, &c.

Lord *Shaftsbury* is dead

And Duke of *Monmouth* fled

We're bravely brought to bed,

O *hone*, &c.

²
 Our Gracious Sovereign too,

O *hone*, &c.

Is taken from us now;

O *hone*, &c.

Tho' he the best of men,

Yet we try'd too and agen,

Daily to Murther him

O *hone*, &c.

As we did *Charles* the first
O *hone*, &c.
For which we are accurst;
O *hone*, &c.
But He's to Heaven gone
Who we did trample on,
Old *James* sits on the Throne:
O *hone*, &c.

Many ways we did try,
O *hone*, &c.
The Crown him to put by:
O *hone*, &c.
We made this Conclusion,
Drew Bill of Exclusion,
To work his Confusion
O *hone*, &c.

But our late Sovereign Dear,
O *hone*, &c.
Declar'd *York* His Heir;
O *hone*, &c.
Then our good Parliament
Forc'd him to Banishment;
And wou'd to Hell him sent.
O *hone*, &c.

With rage we are inflam'd,
O *hone*, &c.
That he's each where proclaim'd;
O *hone*, &c.
But that which Plagues us most,
Is our dear *Knights o'th' Post*,
Do not now rule the Roast.
O *hone*, &c.

7

More and more we are vext,

O bone, &c.

That he's Crown'd *April* next,

O bone, &c.

A Parliament in *May*,

Shall be call'd he does say,

But there we'll hold him play.

O bone, &c.

8

For that is our last Game,

O bone, &c.

Or rather surest sham ;

O bone, &c.

If we must have our ends,

Our Associating Friends,

Must make us all amends.

O bone, &c.

9

But if these damn'd *Tories*,

O bone, &c.

In which he much Glories ;

O bone, &c.

We mean the Church of *England* Men,

Shou'd prove eleven to ten,

Then we're quite undone, (*Amen.*)

O bone, &c.

10

Then how like Rogues we sit,

O bone, &c.

And look as if beshit,

O bone, &c.

Scratching our Plotting Pates,

Forfeiting our dear Estates,

And Quarters on City-Gates.

O bone, O bone.

*The Hunting of the Fox. Tune, Now the Tories that
Glories, &c.*

1

Hay *Jowler, Ringwood, & Towzer,*
Ho *Smoaker, Drunkard, and Fly;*
Sweet-lips, Light-foot, and Bowzer,
Brave *Bowman, Lofty, and Cry;*
And four and twenty brave Couple,
To make a Pack for the *Downs,*
Sure footed, and their Limbs supple;
The Scent's hot yet on the *Grounds.*
The old *White Fox* is got loose again,
We think he's gone to katch *Goose* again;
His *Cubs* they sculk and desert amain,
Come let's beleaguer their Holes :
For they'r past Evil, to th' *Devil*
We'll send'em with thread-bare Souls.

2

They have left the City, 'tis pity,
And their damn'd Party i' th' Lurch :
It to be hang'd 'twould be pretty,
For *Treason* 'gainst *King and Church,*
For *Cinque-ports, Venus and Juno,*
For *Champion, Thunder and Spark;*
Let *Swift* beat for *Caralino,*
And *Nofer* wind 'em i' th' dark.
Like *Wasps & Flies,* they would bite us,
As *Wolves* do *Sheep* they would treat us;
Like *Crokadiles,* they would eat us;
They thirst for Innocent Blood,
Then never scruple, but grapple
For *King and Countreys* good.

3

Round the Dimension o' th Nation,
Beat all the *Banks* on the shore ;
And some leap o're the main Ocean,
If they are gone before.
O surround 'em, confound 'em,
From Sea-port to City-walls ;

364 *A Collection of Loyal Songs.*

If there they venture to shelter,
 'Zounds tear them out of their holes :
 For making Church into Stables,
 And vamping *Kings* up of Baubles,
 And forgeing *Plots* out of Fables,
 And seizing *Kings* in a trice ;
 That the crooked Piper might vapour
 Like *Rat* amongst fifteen *Mice*.

4

Scour the Globe to the Axles,
 From Pole to Pole ; then retire,
 And center at Mother *Creswells*,
 The *Fox* us'd to harbour there :
 There, there, both wives, whores & Virgins
 He had them all at his call,
 T'oblige his Captains and Surgeons,
 'Till better occasion fall,
 At *Oxford* late all his Cubs and he,
 To the *Exclusion* did all agree ;
 (Would not budge further) 'till sign'd and free,
 Yet *Rowly* rquized the *Rump*,
 And sent 'em all to *Peg Trantams*,
 And *Tapsky's* worn to the Stump.

5

Ah, *Swift's* returned, and *Naser*,
 Their hoofs are batter'd with Greet :
 The Game shews by the Opposer,
 He's lodg'd in *Aldersgate-street*.
 Come ring a Peal with a courage,
 The Grains o'th' Tap makes a train ;
 He lurks in hole to make Forrage
 Of all that uses his name.
 We'll fetch him out with *Mandamus*,
 And hang him with *Ignoramus* ;
 There's none but Rebels can blame us :
 More Pardons let him not hope ;
 For all his squinting and blinking,
 He must to the Hatchet or Rope.

The Rebel Captive. To the Tune of Sawny and Jockey.

¹
THree bony Lads were *Sawny, Cloud Hamilton,*
 And *Andrew Grier* the Captain that led 'em on,
 When for the Loons it proved a fatal day,
Argile was ta'n, and all his Men ran away.
 When *Duglas* Jiv'd him,
 Riv'd him,
 Driv'd him;
 And of all hopes his Stars had depriv'd him;
 Routed him, flouted him;
 The Deel bigotted him,
 And now the States a Rope have allotted him.

²
 On *June* the fifteenth, Oh! 'twas a fatal day;
Archibald fled, and all the Rogues run away,
 In a disguise the Loon thought to shun his Fate,
 Three bony Boys they stopped him on the Gate,
 In a blew Bonnet,
 On it.
 One hit

Such a bread Gash as made him tullown it,
 Oh! spare me,
 Disarm me,
 And do no more harm me.

For I am *Argile*, the Head o'th' *Whig* Army.

³
 Quarter, Oh! Quarters! I yield my self Prisoner.
 Here take my Sword too, that uselefs Tool of War,
 Footmen and Horses, now I all give you o're,
Dunbarton's Forces no Man can stand before.

But they will fight him,
 Right him,
 Fright him,
 The proudest Foe, will put to the flight him.

R. A.

Thunder

Thunder him,
Plunder him,
Dash all afunder him,
And make *Argile* himself truckle under him.

Thus having yielded up both his Sword and his Durk,
These bony Boys convey'd him to *Edinburg*;
Where with a Train he enters the Water-Gate,
The Hangman walking before in muckle State,
With a Hemp Garter,
The Martyr to Quarter,
And by the Lugs to cut the Loon shorter.
The same Fate
Ever wait,
To Crown the Rebels Fate,
And all such Traytors as dare oppose the State.

*A Loyal Scotch Song. To the Tune of, Bony Kate of
Edinburgh.*

Just as the Mist of Errour fled,
That Men through Town and Fields may see
The *Jayl-Birds* whistling through the Grates,
And Birds of Prey cleave to the Tree.
Peur *Titus* sat
Bewailing his Fate,
And dismal State,
For *Treason, Treason, Treason*, and sham *Plotting* too;
Alas cry'd he,
I hang'd shall be,
For *Ignoramus* cannot do.

Titus went lately o're to *Spain*,
Many wonders there he saw,
Black-Bills and *Pilgrims* float o'th' Main:
And tall fair *Don John* of *Austria*,

Titus

A Collection of Loyal Songs. 367

Titus with his Wiles
The Jesuits begiles,
Jack Presbyter smiles;
And something, something, something else he meant to
But all his hope [do,
Will end in a Rope, -
For Treason, and Sham-Plotting too.

3
The Sanhedrim was Titus's Friend,
And aided him 'gainst Kirk and Crown,
Exclusion Bills and Votes they fend,
To pull King, Duke, and Bishops down.
Now our Theam
Is all of him,
Who now does seem
Roguish, Roguish, Roguish, by each Oath and Vow;
Now Titus lies
Bereft of Joys,
For Ignoramus cannot do.

*The Kings-Bench Salutation, or a Dialogue between
Jack Ketch, and Titus Oates. To a New Tune.*



Frek.

Come Buggering Oates, prepare thy Neck,
Dost mean to live for ever?
How many Men have gone to wrack,
Since thou wast *Englands* Saviour?

R 4. Each

Each Gibbet in the Kingdom shakes,
 When thy black Name's repeated,
 For thee poor *Tyburn* daily quakes,
 Yet scorns for to be cheated,

Oates.

Insulting *Tory*, *Rascal*, *Pimp*,
 I have been thy Benefactor,
 My *Popish-Plot* and all that's in't,
 Though Perjur'd and Detractor.
 Thou hast got more *Gainey's* by my *Plot*,
 Than I that swore to make it,
 Or *Tongue* and *Bedloe*, now forgot;
 You Dog 'tis shame to speak it!

Jack.

Bobbing in *Kent*, and *Camberwel*,
 For which thy *Stock* lay waiting,
 Where's all that Money now, canst tell?
 If spent, thou'rt near to breaking,
 Lest *NoP Argeont* be left for me,
 I'll make thy days the shorter,
 Just like a Beast for all to see,
 I'll lead thee in a Halter.

Oates.

Oh Bloody Fiend! forc'd out of Hell,
 Dost see, I've Gold at pleasure,
 All Scoundrels here of our Cabal,
 I treat 'em all at leisure:
 Six Dishes serv'd up twice a day,
 Exceeding many a Courtier;
 The *Whigs* do all the Cost defray,
 They feed me like a Porker.

Jack.

That's just as *Smith* did *Powning's* Wife,
 That Leacherous Saint thy Brother:
 He lost his Ears, she sav'd his Life,
 Till she did all discover.
 What Sugar-Plumbs his Pockets sprung,
 Which her soft hand must dive for,

To raise his Spirit stiff and strong,
The sweetest Charm alive Sir.

Oats.

In spite of thy black dismal Trade,
I'll keep this Sanctuary,
No Laws nor Ropes that e're was made,
My Bones from hence shall carry.

Jack.

Then first to th' Pillory thou shalt gang,
The next for thy Blasphemy,
A red-hot Iron thrust through thy Tongue,
And then I'll Hang thee fairly.

The Plot Rent and Torn. Tune, Jones-Placket.

HAve you not heard of *Knaves*,
That ne're will be forgot?
Who for to make us *Slaves*,
Did hatch a *Pagan-Plot* :
But now 'tis rent, the Parliament,
Hath rent the *Plot* in twain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And will never be mended again;
'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,
'Tis rent and torn in twain;
The Plot is rent and torn,
And will never be mended again.

2

Fitz-Harris, Hetherington,
With Bedloe, Smith, and Prance,
The Doctor in his Gown,
Did gravely lead the the Dance ;
But now the Prig, another Jig
To Dance, alas is fain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And will never be mended again.
'Tis rent and torn, &c.

3 Then

3

Then Dugdale was a Saint,
 Till he the Cause forsook;
 And Dangerfield did rant
 In person of a Duke;
 With Cummins too, a Perjur'd Crew,
 Came swearing o're the Main,
Who the Plot so rent and tore,
That 'twill never be mended again. &c.

4

But now the Doctor's Flogg'd,
 And bras'd the Pillory twice;
 With Chains and Fetters Clogg'd
 For his curs'd Perjuries.
 And Dangerfield for all his skill,
 Is catcht in the same Chain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
'Twill never be mended again, &c.

5

The Joyner for his Zeal,
 Did Penance in a String,
 To save the *Commonweal*,
 The Doctor next will swing:
 And all the Gang in Order Hang,
 That wou'd their Plots maintain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And will never be mended again, &c.

6

Argile the Rebel Scot,
 With all the Factious Crew,
 In Bloody Arms are got,
 But see what did ensue;
 For all his hope, he found a Rope
 Did quickly end his Reign,
For the Plot's so rent and torn,
'Twill never be mended again, &c.

7
Now Royal JAMES is plac'd
Upon his Fathers Throne,
With every Virtue Grac'd,
That can adorn the Crown;
His Foes shall flye, the *Whigs* shall cry,
Our hopes are all in vain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And will never be mended again, &c.

8
To Him kind Heav'n has sent
(Heavens bounteous Gift alone ;)
A Loyal Parliament,
To fix Him on the Throne:
Who shall our King in every thing,
And His due Rights maintain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
But will never be mended again, &c.

9
This Parligment did Vote
The King a Royal Sum,
Which shall His Name promote
Above all *Christendom* :
And overcome His Foes at home ;
Who shew their Teeth in vain,
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And will never be mended again, &c.

10
May such a Parliament,
Support the Royal Cause,
To give His Friends content,
And to subdue his Foes ;
When all that Plot, are gone to Pot,
The King in Peace shall Reign ;
For the Plot is rent and torn,
And will never be mended again.
'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,
'Tis rent and torn in twain, &c.

A New Song. To an excellent New Tune.

O¹ld Chiron thus Peach'd to his Pupil *Achillis*,
 I'll tell you, I'll tell you, young Gentleman, what
 You my Boy, you my Boy, [the Fates will is,
 Must go,
 Must go,
 The Gods will have it so,
 To the Seige of *Troy*:
 Thence never to return,
 Thence never to return
 Never to return,
 Never to return
 To *Greece* again ;
 But before those Walls to be Slain,
 But before those Walls to be Slain,
 Before those Walls,
 Those Walls to be Slain,
 Let not your Noble Courage be cast down,
 Let not your Noble Courage be cast down,
 Let not your Noble Courage, let not your Noble Courage
 Be cast down;
 But all the while you lie before the Town, drink
 All the while, drink
 All the while you lie before the Town, drink
 And drive care away,
 Drink and be merry,
 You'll ne're go the sooner,
 You'll ne're go the sooner,
 You'll ne're go the sooner
 To the *Stygian-Ferry*.

F I N I S.



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